Aug. 24, 1987

THE NEW YORKER

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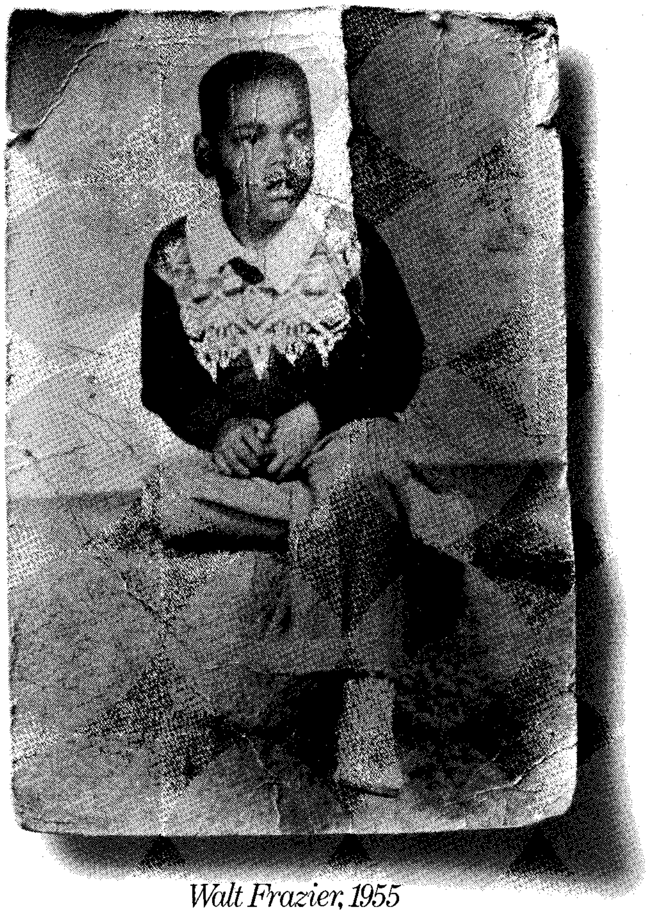

Walt Frazier, 1955

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for sure-fire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Philip Sterling, John Randolph, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. Starting Monday, Aug. 24, Elizabeth Franz will replace Miss Lavin. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bunker Reveries—A play by David Shaber. With Ralph Waite, Patricia Elliott, and Sheila MacRae. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 19. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Dreamgirls—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—A return engagement of a heavenly theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Wednesday at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursday at 8; and Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 9:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 22.)

Holy Ghosts—A wonderfully engrossing little play by Romulus Linney that was first presented in 1971 and is being given a topnotch production by the San Diego Repertory Theatre as the fourth, and final, offering of the 1987 American Theatre Exchange. The central conflict is between a rather brutish and excitable husband and his wife, who has left him to join a group of Pentecostal snake-handlers in the Deep South, and it turns into a sort of struggle for the young man's soul. Douglas Jacobs' direction is flawless, and there are some superb performances—most notably from Diana Castle as the wife. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre 890, Broadway at 19th St. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 5, and Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 242-0800.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 2.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **give my regards to broadway**, a musical loosely adapted by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Moms—A celebration of the great black comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 19
"IMAGINARY INTERVIEW: PETER HOLM" . . . *George W. S. Trow* 25
"MIDNIGHT MAGIC" . . . . . *Bobbie Ann Mason* 26
"LITTLE ELEGY WITH BOOKS AND BEASTS" (POEM) . . . *Nancy Willard* 28
"RAIN" (POEM) . . . . . *James Schuyler* 32
PERSONAL HISTORY (CALIFORNIA) . . . . *Ved Mehta* 34
THE THEATRE . . . . . *Mimi Kramer* 60
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 62
LETTER FROM EUROPE . . . . . *Jane Kramer* 66
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 79
BOOKS . . . . . *John Updike* 83

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COVER: *Susan Davis*

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Negro Ensemble Company—A revival of Trevor Rhone's 1985 farce **TWO CAN PLAY,** with Hazel Medina and Sullivan H. Walker. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2; Saturdays at 3; and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 30.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—This romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch—and significantly funnier than Mr. Busch's earlier work—uses the conventions of drag comedy to lampoon the mores and assumptions of heterosexual behavior. The production—which stars Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem—is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sherlock's Last Case—A play by Charles Marowitz, with Frank Langella as Holmes and Donal Donnelly as Watson. Directed by A. J. Antoon. Previews Wednesday, Aug. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 20. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—The setting of this first play by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and much of the content is the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. A rather pathetic story is told, as well. The performances are good, especially those of Betsy Aidem, Rosemary Prinz, and Kate Wilkinson. The impressive setting was designed by Edward T. Gianfrancesco; Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/87) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—The gifted Eric Bogosian appears in a strong and funny play of his own as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE COMMON PURSUIT:** Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach those standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 23.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,368 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Jack Klugman and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NEW YORK
STUART LEEDS

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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

MISCELLANY

Festival Latino in New York—A theatrical *celebración*, featuring plays (all in Spanish) from Latin America. Final performances: "La Señorita de Tacna," by Mario Vargas Llosa, with Norma Aleandro. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-23, at 8. (Simultaneous-translation sets available on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 22-23.) . . . ¶ "Los Payasos de la Esperanza," a 1977 play by Raúl Osorio and Mauricio Pesutic. A production of Chile's Taller Teatro Dos. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 19-22, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 23, at 3 and 8. (Simultaneous-translation sets available Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 19-21.) . . . ¶ "Concerto en Hi-Fi," a musical revue by Mirelsa Modestti. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 20-22, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 23, at 3 and 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.) . . . **NOTE:** There is also a program of Argentine films at the Public's movie theatre. (See "The Movie Houses," on page 10, for dates.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Saxophonist Ira Jackson leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22; the following weekend, Aug. 28-29, hard-bop trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** and two mates will be aboard. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. At nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, Ronald Reagan, pretending to be a virtuoso impressionist named **JIM MORRIS,** holds a very funny hour-long news conference.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **KENNY BURRELL'S** three-guitar quintet, a smooth-ticking little bop machine, trades sets with violinist **JOHN BLAKE'S** quartet through Sunday, Aug. 23. On Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 24-25, **KENNY DAVERN** sits in on clarinet and soprano saxophone with the **WIDESPREAD JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** a nine-piece, neo-Swing band whose repertoire includes Roy Eldridge's "Heckler's Hop" and Benny Carter's "Krazy Kapers." **CARMEN MC RAE** will be here starting Wednesday, Aug. 26. Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-

6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, New Agers, and rock-and-roll fundamentalists. Friday, Aug. 21, the **FUGS** (with original Fugs **ED SANDERS** and **TULI KUPFERBERG**) and their friend **ALLEN GINSBERG**, who will officiate at what is billed as a twentieth-anniversary celebration of the Summer of Love; Saturday, Aug. 22, debonair lounge singer **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Sunday, Aug. 23, Jon Butcher; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 24-25, **MASON RUFFNER**, a Texas-born, New Orleans-based, Jimi Hendrix-influenced guitarist and singer; Thursday, Aug. 27, Windham Hill guitarist Michael Hedges; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III**, whose mock-solemn confessional song "Career Moves" includes the line "It always amazes me when I get paid." Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **JACK WILSON** and **LEON (BOOTS) MALESON** collaborate through Saturday, Aug. 22, and on Monday, Aug. 24, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** take charge. Sunday, Aug. 23, belongs to trumpeter **DANNY MOORE'S** trio. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 19, South African singer Thuli Dumakude; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 20-21, the Spirit Ensemble; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 22-23, pianist Joel Smith's group, with Cuban trumpeter and reedman **MARIO BAUZA** and singer Griselle Colón; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 25, pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ'S** trio. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**. Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

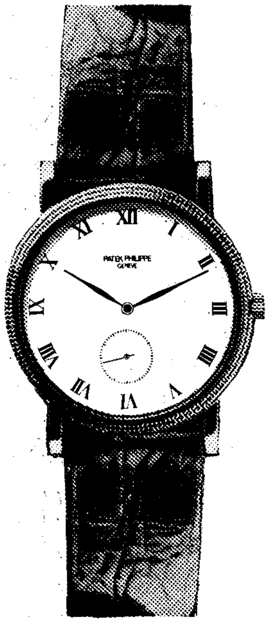
CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**RONNY WHYTE** sings and plays the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-thirty Mondays through Fridays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. **SCOTT HAMILTON**, the thirty-two-year-old tenor saxophonist whose big, sumptuous tone has led people to imagine they are hearing Coleman Hawkins or Ben Webster or some other ghost from the Swing Era, will be around through Sunday, Aug. 23, with a sextet that includes former Woody Herman and J.A.T.P. tenor star **FLIP PHILLIPS**. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 25, vibraharpist **GARY BURTON** and guitarist **RALPH TOWNER** join forces. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 19-20, Andy Laverne; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, Richard Kimball; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 25, **RAHN BURTON**. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar from which the human pageant (upper-middle East Side wing) is visible. Judy Niemack sings here Wednesdays through Saturdays; Sundays and Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio; and Tuesdays are claimed by bop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and his threesome. Music from ten.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-



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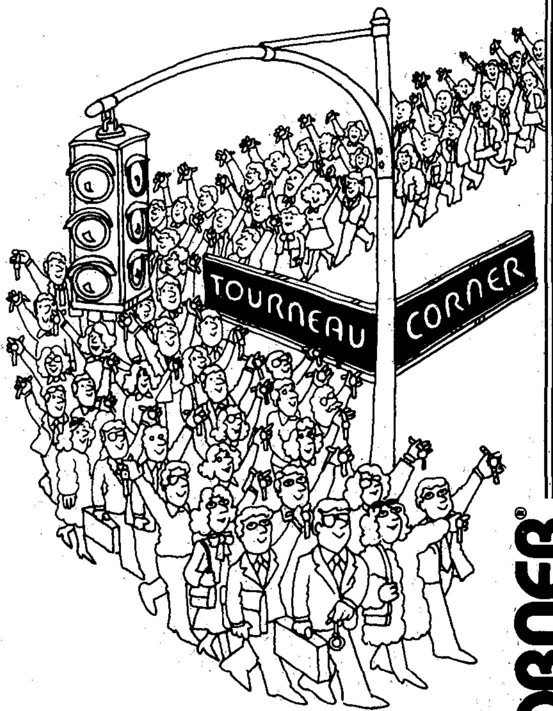

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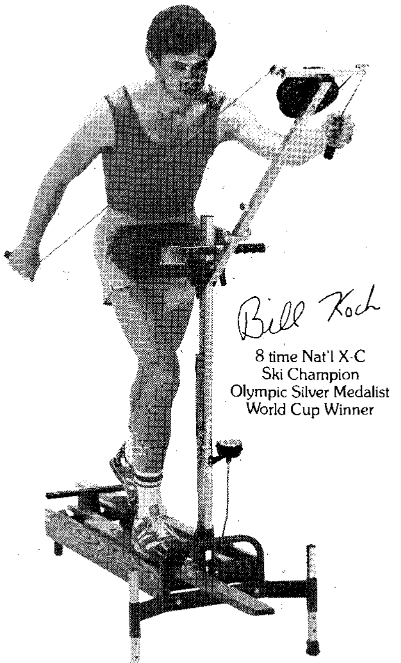

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railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. JOANNE BRACKEEN, a brilliant, million-noted romantic of a pianist, works with bassist CALVIN HILL through Saturday, Aug. 22, and on Tuesday, Aug. 25, veteran bebopper WALTER BISHOP, JR., comes in with bassist Paul Brown. Harry Connick flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced rock, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Wednesday, Aug. 19, British guitarist FRED FRITH; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 20-22, saxophonists TIM BERNE and JOHN ZORN, bassist Mark Dresser, and drummer Bobby Previte, who will play some Ornette Coleman ditties; Monday, Aug. 24, saxophonist Charles Gayle; Wednesday, Aug. 26, reedmen STEVE COLEMAN and GREG OSBY; and Friday, Aug. 28, Eugene Chadbourne. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Thursday, Aug. 20, Alex Harvey, Guy Clark, and Mickey Newbury; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, the New Riders of the Purple Sage and the OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS; Sunday, Aug. 23, the Tail Gators, an Austin-based blues-rock trio; Tuesday, Aug. 25, Max Creek; Wednesday, Aug. 26, a party for Texas singer-satirist-novelist KINKY FRIEDMAN, with Delbert McClinton and Bud Moffett; and Saturday, Aug. 29, the FLESHTONES. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub, Englished up with pictures of lions and monarchs and with mirrors that double as advertisements for vintage whiskeys. The fourteen-piece Great American Swing Band, conducted by clarinettist Walt Levinsky, is playing "King Porter Stomp," "Down South Camp Meeting," and other Benny Goodman numbers. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A popular, slightly north-of-chic upper West Side gathering place. Jazz, Latin jazz, R. & B., and a.c. are what the people come inside for. Saxophonist PAQUITO D'RIVERA'S Latin-jazz band performs on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29. Music from around ten. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. Pre-cotillion activities include watching videos, milling around, and showing the bartender the plastic wristband you have to wear if you want to drink. British guitarist Gary Moore's band performs on Thursday, Aug. 27, and Asbury Park's SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE JUKES will be here Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Closed through Wednesday, Aug. 26.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Wednesday, Aug. 19, Argentine bandonion whiz ASTOR PIAZZOLLA and his New Tango Quintet; Thursday, Aug. 20, at midnight, BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO, a Mamou, Louisiana, band led by accordionist and onetime Clifton Chenier sideman STANLEY (BUCKWHEAT) DURAL, JR.; Friday, Aug. 21, TABOU COMBO; Saturday, Aug. 22, PÉ-DE-BOI; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 26-27, light-voiced Brazilian singer ASTRUD GILBERTO; Friday, Aug. 28, MIKATA; and Saturday, Aug. 29, LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND. Music from nine Wednesdays and Thursdays and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. ABDULLAH IBRAHIM, the expatriate South African pianist and composer known before his conversion to Islam as Dollar Brand, will be here with his fine, lilting, seven-man band, EKAYA, through Sunday, Aug. 23. On Tuesday, Aug. 25, fellow expatriate Americans and fellow Thelonious Monk devotees STEVE LACY (soprano saxophone) and MAL WALDRON (piano) arrive with their quartet. On Mondays, GIL EVANS' electrified orchestra plays the maestro's swirling-color arrangements of such tunes as Mingus's "Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Silk Blue" and Jimi Hendrix' "Stone Free." Shows from about ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek room, which is offering Joey Dee & the Starlighters (the Jersey-born lounge band whose "Peppermint Twist" was a No. 1 hit in 1962) Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 20-22, and Arlene Smith & the Chantels (a girl group that flourished in the fifties) starting Thursday, Aug. 27. Music after nine. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. Weekends are given over to blues people, and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, acrobatic guitarist and singer EDDIE KIRKLAND will be onstage. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, belong to HUBERT SUMLIN, a slender, bespectacled, mild-looking guitarist who played lean, edgy, jumping solos behind Howlin' Wolf for twenty-two years. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Adept salsa bands perform in the refectory-like downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Aug. 24, three crackling pianists—EDDIE PALMIERI, HILTON RUIZ, and MICHEL CAMILO—and the bands of the first two will all be on hand. Pop-jazz pianist RAMSEY LEWIS and his trio perform on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, JUNIOR MANCE and MARTY RIVERA play lively piano-bass duets every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN'S Bach-to-blues trio is also present. Music from around ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. RED RODNEY, the *grand orange* of trumpeters, directs a sextet that features a young Australian multi-instrumentalist named James Morrison (he plays tuba, euphonium, trumpet, tenor and alto saxophones) through Sunday, Aug. 23. On Tuesday, Aug. 25, tenor saxophonist DAVID MURRAY descends the stairs with his quartet. The MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA works out on Mondays. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Tenor saxophonist Percy France leads a band through Sunday, Aug. 23, and on Wednesday, Aug. 26, trumpeter JORDAN SANDKE, a member of the Widespread Jazz Orchestra and of pianist JAKI BYARD'S wide-ranging (pre-bop to post-bop) Apollo Stompers, brings in a group that includes Mr. Byard. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a back room reserved for trenchermen and a front-room bar. Guitarists JIMMY RANEY and JACK WILKINS and bassist JOHN GOLDSBY are on duty Mondays through Saturdays. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Mötley Crüe—With Whitesnake. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8.)

Tina Turner—With Wang Chung. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Aug. 24, at 8.)

Roger Waters—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8.

Jazz Center of New York—Saturday, Aug. 22, at 9: The George Coleman quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 9 and 10:30: Adam Wade. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists,** 20 W. 57th St.: Prints dating from the sixteenth century to the present depicting various modes of transport. Through Sept. 3. . . . **esman,** 70 Greene St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists just arriving on the gallery scene. Through Sept. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at **alexander,** 59 Wooster St. . . . **fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **gruenebaum,** 415 West Broadway. . . . **marcus,** 578 Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **steinbaum,** 132 Greene St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Cindy Sherman—The Whitney Museum has a ten-year survey of her photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

German Photography of the Eighties—About a hundred prints by fourteen artists who have eschewed the documentary tradition in photography; their works fall into three categories: symbolic, representational, and experimental. Through Sept. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **note:** A show of black-and-white prints by Bill Burke of Southeast Asia in the early eighties is also on view.

Group Shows—At **lieberman & saul,** 155 Spring St.: Works by gallery artists and others, among them Zeke Berman, Katherine Fishman, Michael Spano, and Brian Wood. Through Friday, Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **witkin,** 415 West Broadway: Chairs are the common denominator in this show of prints by more than sixty photographers. Through Friday, Aug. 21.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ The museum has gone through the roof to provide a sculpture garden with spectacular views over the treetops of Central Park. The rooftop sculpture garden (all twentieth-century works) is open through October. Free tickets are issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Berlinart" covers paintings, plus photographs and handmade books, by artists (German and otherwise) who have been part of the Berlin art world in the past twenty-five years. Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, Eva-Maria Schön, Jonathan Borofsky, William Eggleston, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by the Italian industrial designer Mario Bellini, including computers, calculators, chairs, and lamps. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 29.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large-scale exhibition of high-spirited sculptural tableaux by Red Grooms, including "City of Chicago," "Ruckus Manhattan," and "Ruckus Rodeo." Also, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ A show of Cindy Sherman's photographs dating from 1977 to the present. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

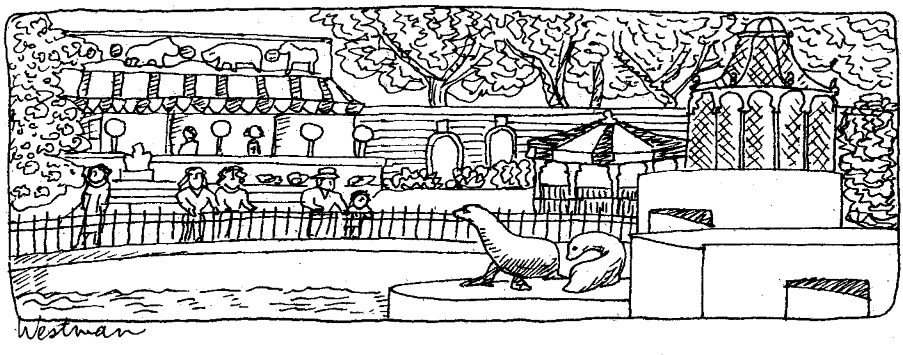
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings by twenty artists whose studios are in Brooklyn. Roxi Marsen, Dan Rice, George McNeil, and Irene Lipton are among them. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **note:** A jazz concert will be given in the museum's sculpture garden by Valerie Capers on Sunday, Aug. 23, at 3.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The museum's vast permanent collection of things old (fossils, skeletons, artifacts) is the main attraction just now. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of ceramics, with pieces by winners of the twenty-seventh national ceramics competition and by artists who influenced them, such as Mary Frank, Peter Voulkos, and Robert Arneson. Through Oct. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—An exhibit surveying three thousand years of Chinese celadons, a family of ceramics that reached its peak in the hands of Sung-dynasty (960-1279 A.D.) artisans, who perfected the jadelike texture of the glaze. Bells, funerary urns, covered boxes, ewers, vases, and bottles—nearly ninety works in all. Through Sept. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of decorative arts centering on the Parisian entrepreneur and Art Nouveau booster Siegfried Bing (1838-1905). The objects on display—painted porcelains by Edouard Vuillard, wall coverings by William Morris, prints by Edvard Munch—were among those seen in Bing's shop and workshop at 22 Rue de Provence. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings done by the eighteenth-century Scottish architect Robert Adam for Kedleston Hall, a Neo-Palladian mansion in Derbyshire, which is considered his crowning achievement. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednes-



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School of American Ballet student performance: Merrill Ashley. Copyright:Martha Swope, 1967.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A selection of early-nineteenth century furniture by New York artisan Duncan Phyfe and his contemporaries. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"Marcus Garvey: The Centennial Exhibition" documents (with photographs, manuscripts, paintings, and memorabilia) the life of this early champion of black nationalism. (Open Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. *Through Aug. 30.* (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Black-Eyed Susan in "Saint Joan," and Ethyl Eichelberger in "The Tempest," Friday through Sunday, Aug. 21-23, at 9.

Note: Dance performances. Georgia Stephens and Company in "Crosstalk," Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 20-22, at 8. . . . ¶ Llory Wilson in "Twin Falls," Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 27-29, at 8. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for the Meadowlands is 1-201 935-3900, for Shea Stadium 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 7:35, and Thursday, Aug. 20, at 1:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, Aug. 21, at 7:35; Saturday, Aug. 22, at 7:05; and Sunday, Aug. 23, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 24-26, at 7:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Thursday, Aug. 27, at 1, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 7:30.

Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 29, at 9.

Racing—At **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Fridays, at 1:30. Races begin at 3 on Fridays. Through Saturday, Sept. 5.The Iselin Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 22. . . . **atlantic city race course,** McKee City, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7; through Saturday, Sept. 5. . . . **saratoga:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 31. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 22, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 29.

Trotting—At the **meadowlands:** Weeknights, except Saturday, Aug. 22, at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 22. Post time on the final day will be 1. . . . **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Wednesday, Oct. 14. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

MUSIC

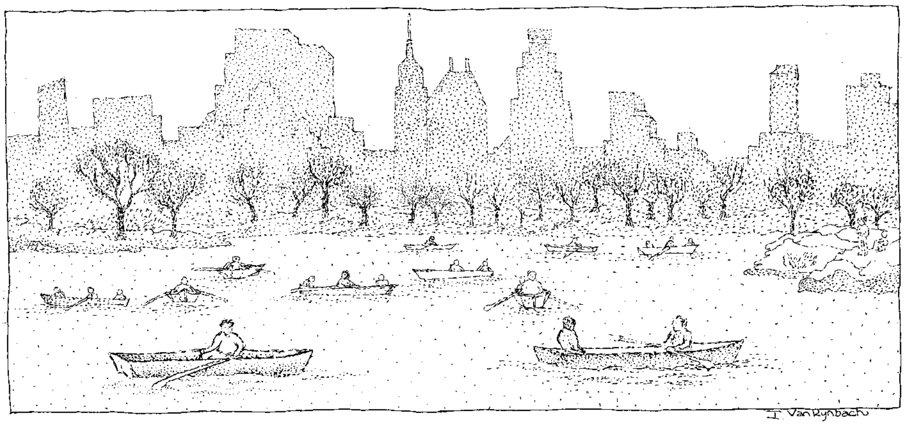
New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Aug. 19: "Die Zauberflöte," with Faith Esham, Rachel Rosales, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; conducted by Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 20: "Madame Butterfly," with Maria Spacagna, Jane Shaulis, John Stewart, and Robert McFarland; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 21: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Gianna Rolandi, Cynthia Rose, and Kurt Link; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 22: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Leslie Richards, Stefano Algieri, and Stanley Wexler; and "Pagliacci," with Margaret Cusack, John Absalom, Frederick Burchinal, and Robert McFarland. Sergiu Comissiona conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 22: "Die Zauberflöte," with Faith Esham, Rachel Rosales, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Friday evenings, Aug. 25-28, and Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 29: The company's première of Sigmund Romberg's "The Desert Song," with alternating casts; conducted by Jim Coleman. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of the season. Wednesday, Aug. 19: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Katia and Marielle Labèque, duo piano, and Matt Haimovitz, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20: Chamber music, with Young Uck Kim, violin; Yo-Yo Ma, cello; and Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Jorge Bolet, piano, and Carol Vaness, soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Nightly at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of the last of three productions to be presented at the Delacorte Theatre this summer: Starting Friday, Aug. 21, and running through Sunday, Sept. 13: **henry iv, part i,** directed by Joseph Papp. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller-beer people's summer series. Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 7: Hot Tuna, Johnny Winter, and The Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20, at 7:30: The Monkees. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 7:30: Los Lobos and the Smithereens. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 25-26, at 7: Echo & the Bunnymen, New Order, and Gene Loves Jezebel. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 7:30: Steel Pulse and Bernard Wright. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 7:30: The John Hiatt Band and the Robert Cray Band. (Pier 84, Twelfth



Ave. at 45th St. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 19-20, at 8:15: "The River," a pop-gospel work by Peter Link and William Spenser Reilly. With Jenny Burton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22: The Heavenly Tones at noon, the Sensational Golden Sons at 1, Taj Mahal at 2, the James Cotton Blues Band at 3, Tom Winslow at 4, Lee Baker and Sid Selvidge at 5, Junior Kimbrough at 6, Carrie Smith at 7, and the Clara Ward Singers, with Charles Williams, at 8. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23: Fala Brasil at noon, Anne Hills at 1, Archie Fisher and Garnet Rogers at 2, Magpie at 3, Tom Paxton at 4, the McLain Family Band at 5, Gerald Trimble and Satura at 6, Odetta at 7, and Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys at 8. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8:15: Dan Wagoner and Dancers.

Central Park Bandshell—Friday, Aug. 21, at 8: Charles Moulton and the Alchemedians. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 3: The John Renbourn Group. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 3: Beausoleil. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 8: Performance works by Holly Hughes, Mark Anderson, and Jerri Allyn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 3: The Manhattan Marimba Quartet and the Chelsea Percussion Ensemble. (For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

Prospect Park Bandshell—Friday, Aug. 21, at 8: Taj Mahal and Dave Van Ronk. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8: Beausoleil and Jim Bowie. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 8: Deuce, Ibis, and Judy Gorman Jacobs. (For rain-date information, call 1-718 768-0699.)

Music Cruises—Concerts on excursion boats. Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8: Sonny Rollins. . . . Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8: The Count Basie Orchestra. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St. For information about tickets, call 595-5272.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 6:30: Paquito d'Rivera. . . . Monday, Aug. 24, at 6:30: Roy Ayers. (South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. For information about tickets, call 964-9082.)

Riverside Park Rotunda—Mark Morganelli & the Jazz Forum All-Stars. (W. 79th St., near the Boat Basin. Sunday, Aug. 23, at 4.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Music Festival—Final performances of the season. Friday, Aug. 21, at 9: Elmar Oliveira, violin, and Robert McDonald, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Chris Gekker, trumpet; William Blount, clarinet; and Frank Morelli, bassoon. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 5:30: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturday trains leave Grand Central Terminal at 2:48 and 5:48, and are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Tanglewood—Final performances of the season. Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Emanuel Ax, piano; Young Uck Kim, violin; and Yo-Yo Ma, cello, in an all-Dvořák program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 7: Chamber music, with members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 9: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Andras Schiff, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Jessye Norman, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 8:30: Mr. Schiff, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8:30: Jazz, with Wynton Marsalis, trumpet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 30, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Susan Dunn, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Final performances of the season. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 19-22: The Merce Cunningham Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 25-29: David Parsons, with the Pillow Jazz Ensemble. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Aug. 23: A program of Argentine films.
From Aug. 25: At 6, "Sera Posible el Sur" (1985; directed by Stefan Paul; an Argentine film, in Spanish); at 8, "Rio 100°" (1955; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and, at 10, "The Good Father" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Nadine" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Lost Boys" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"No Way Out" (Roger Donaldson), with Kevin Costner and Gene Hackman.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Stakeout" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "RoboCop" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 20: "The Monster Squad" (Fred Dekker).
From Aug. 21: "The Big Easy" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 20: (Matinées only) "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Who's That Girl" (James Foley), with Madonna and Griffin Dunne.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Aug. 20: "The Monster Squad" (Fred Dekker).
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"La Bamba" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "Full Metal Jacket" (†). From Aug. 21: "The Big Easy" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin.
Theatre 2: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "Roxanne" (†). From Aug. 28: "The Lost Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "The Lost Boys" (†). From Aug. 28: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"RoboCop" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "A Man in Love" (†). From Aug. 28: "Matewan" (John Sayles), with Chris Cooper and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "Good Morning, Babylon" (†). From Aug. 21: "Inside Out" (Robert Taicher), with Elliott Gould.

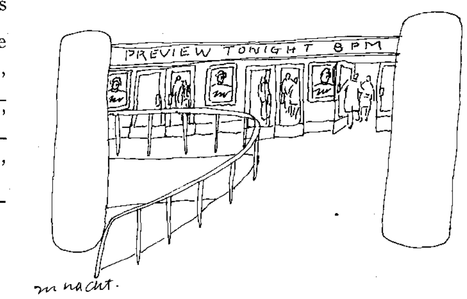
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "Masters of the Universe" (Gary Goddard), with Dolph Lundgren and Frank Langella. From Aug. 21: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nadine" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Stakeout" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "North Shore" (William Phelps). From Aug. 21: "Born in East L.A." (Cheech Marin), with Marin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Whistle Blower" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"No Way Out" (Roger Donaldson), with Kevin Costner and Gene Hackman.



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			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 20: "Who's That Girl" (James Foley), with Madonna and Griffin Dunne.
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

86th Street Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "La Bamba" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Lost Boys" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 2: "RoboCop" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Disorderlies" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash). From Aug. 21: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Where the Heart Roams" (directed by George Paul Csicsery).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: (Separate admissions) "The Girl" (Arne Mattson), with Franco Nero; and "Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden). From Aug. 21: "Working Girls."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "Eat the Peach" (†). From Aug. 29: A two-week festival of jazz films.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "Masters of the Universe" (Gary Goddard), with Dolph Lundgren and Frank Langella. From Aug. 21: "The Big Easy" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: (Matinées only) "The Care Bears Adventure in Wonderland;" and (evenings only) "Roxanne" (†). From Aug. 21: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Who's That Girl" (James Foley), with Madonna and Griffin Dunne.
Theatre 2: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "Rita, Sue and Bob Too" (†). From Aug. 28: "A Man in Love" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 20: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†). From Aug. 21: "Withnail and I" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 27: "Good Morning, Babylon" (†). From Aug. 28 (tentative): "The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "La Bamba" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "Disorderlies" (Michael Schultz). From Aug. 21: "Dirty Dancing" (†)
Theatre 3: "Stakeout" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"No Way Out" (Roger Donaldson), with Kevin Costner and Gene Hackman.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 27: "Who's That Girl" (James Foley), with Madonna and Griffin Dunne.
From Aug. 28: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Aug. 20: "The Girl" (Arne Mattson), with Franco Nero.
From Aug. 21: "Dirty Dancing" (†)

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Aug. 20: (Matinées only) "The Care Bears Adventure in Wonderland;" and (evenings only) "North Shore" (William Phelps).
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Withnail and I" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"My Life as a Dog" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Jean de Florette" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"No Way Out" (Roger Donaldson), with Kevin Costner and Gene Hackman.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Living on Tokyo Time" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "Wish You Were Here" (†). From Aug. 21: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "Full Metal Jacket" (†). From Aug. 26: "Backlash" (Bill Bennett).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Stakeout" (†).
Theatre 2: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 20: "Back to the Beach" (Lyndall Hobbs), with Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon. From Aug. 21: "Dirty Dancing" (†)
Theatre 4: "RoboCop" (†).
Theatre 5: "Nadine" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Lost Boys" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "The Monster Squad" (Fred Dekker). From Aug. 21: "The Big Easy" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin.
Theatre 2: "Stakeout" (†).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"La Bamba" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Lost Boys" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 20: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (directed by Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve. From Aug. 21: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).
Theatre 4: "Disorderlies" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 20: "Back to the Beach" (Lyndall Hobbs), with Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon. From Aug. 21: "The Untouchables" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Monster Squad" (Fred Dekker).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Aug. 20: "The Untouchables" (†).

From Aug. 21: "The Big Easy" (Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Stakeout" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 27: "Can't Buy Me Love" (Steve Rash). From Aug. 28: "The Rosary Murders" (Fred Walton), with Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 27: "La Bamba" (†). From Aug. 28: "Hamburger Hill" (John Irvin).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"The Living Daylights" (John Glen), with Timothy Dalton.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Aug. 20: (Matinées only) "The Care Bears Adventure in Wonderland;" and (evenings only) "North Shore" (William Phelps).

From Aug. 21: "Born in East L.A." (Cheech Marin), with Marin.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "Full Metal Jacket" (†). From Aug. 21: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

Theatre 2: "RoboCop" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

Through Aug. 27: "Masters of the Universe" (Gary Goddard), with Dolph Lundgren and Frank Langella.

From Aug. 28: "House II: The Second Story" (Ethan Wiley).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 20: "Betty Blue" (1986; directed by Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle; and "Le Boucher" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne.

Aug. 21-22: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys); and "The Decline of the American Empire" (1986; Denys Arcand; a Canadian film, in French).

Aug. 23: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

Aug. 24-25: "The 4th Man" (1982; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch), with Jeroen Krabbé and Renée Soutendijk; and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.

Aug. 26-27: "Marlene" (1986; Maximilian Schell), a documentary; and "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel.

Aug. 28-29: "Home of the Brave" (1986; Laurie Anderson), with Anderson; and "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 20: "The Creeping Unknown" (1956; Val Guest), with Brian Donlevy; "Enemy from Space" (1957; Val Guest), with Brian Donlevy; and "Five Million Years to Earth" (1967; Roy Ward Baker), with Andrew Keir.

Aug. 21-22: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller), with Mel Gibson; and "The Terminator" (1984; James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Aug. 23-24: "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

Aug. 25-26: "The Crazies" (1973; George A. Romero), with Lane Carroll; and "Day of the Dead" (1985; George A. Romero).

Aug. 27: "The Mysterians" (1959; Inoshiro Honda; a Japanese film, in English), with Kenji Sahara; and "The H-Man" (1959; Inoshiro Honda; a Japanese film, in English), with Yumi Shirakawa.

From Aug. 28: A program of fantasy and science fiction cartoons.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 19: "Christmas in July" (1940; Preston Sturges), with Ellen Drew and Dick Powell; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken.

Aug. 20-22: "It Started in Naples" (1960; Melville Shavelson), with Clark Gable, Sophia Loren, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.

Aug. 23-24: "Sullivan's Travels" (†); and "Hail the Conquering Hero" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Eddie Bracken and Ella Raines.

Aug. 25: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

Aug. 26: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Aug. 27-29: "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance; and "Hud" (1963; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Aug. 19: "Lions Love" (1969; Agnès Varda); and "Duet for Cannibals" (1969; Susan Sontag; in Swedish), with Adriana Asti.

Aug. 20: "Onibaba" (1963; Kaneto Shindo; in Japanese); and "Scandal" (1950; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 21-22: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Aug. 23: "Witness" (†); and "The Plumber" (1978; Peter Weir).

Aug. 24: "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio; and "Algiers" (†).

Aug. 25: "Caged Heat!" (1974; Jonathan Demme), with Juanita Brown and Roberta Collins; and "Jackson County Jail" (1976; Michael Miller), with Yvette Mimieux.

Aug. 26: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Départ" (1967; Jerzy Skolimowski; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Aug. 27: "Salvador" (†); and "Latino" (1986; Haskell Wexler).

Aug. 28-29: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "Le Gai Savoir" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 19: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

Aug. 20: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe.

Aug. 21-22: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955; Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "The Stranger" (1946; Orson Welles), with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

Aug. 23: "The Big Heat" (†); and "Human Desire" (1954; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and Broderick Crawford.

Aug. 24: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.

Aug. 25: "The Guardsman" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt; and "Private Lives" (†).

Aug. 26: "The Glass Menagerie" (1950; Irving Rapper), with Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, and Arthur Kennedy; and "The Rose Tattoo" (1955; Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Jo Van Fleet.

Aug. 27: "Marie Antoinette" (†) and "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935 †).

Aug. 28-29: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Aug. 20 at 2:30 and 6: "Zaza" (1939; directed by George Cukor), with Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Bert Lahr, and Helen Westley. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 2:30: "Kitty" (1945; Mitchell Leisen), with Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Patric Knowles, and Constance Collier. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 6: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 2: "Hold Back the Dawn" (1941; Mitchell Leisen), with Charles Boyer, Olivia de Havilland, Paulette Goddard, Victor Francen, and Walter Abel. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 5 and Aug. 23 at 2: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake, and William Demarest. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 5: "Hold Back the Dawn." . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2:30: "Wake Island" (1942; John Farrow), with Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, MacDonald Carey, Albert Dekker, and William Bendix. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6: "Kitty." . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 2:30: "Remember the Night" (1940; Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, Beulah Bondi, and Elizabeth Patterson. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 6: "Wake Island." . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 2:30: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 6 and Aug. 28 at 2:30: "Union Pacific" (1939; Cecil B. De Mille), with Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Akim Tamiroff, Robert Preston, Lynne Overman, Anthony Quinn, and Brian Donlevy. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 6: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 2: "Remember the Night." . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 5: "No Man of Her Own" (1950; Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Lund, Jane Cowl, Phyllis Thaxter, and Lyle Bettger.

Theatre 2: Aug. 20 at 6:30 and Aug. 22 at 4: "Working Title: Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980; Yvonne Rainer; in German with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 6:30 and Aug. 29 at 4: "Macumba" (1982; in German, with no English subtitles), with Magdalena Montezuma.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The final programs in a retrospective of films that opened at the New York Film Festival from 1963 to 1986, in celebration of the festival's twenty-fifth anniversary. Aug. 19 at 6:15: "Mephisto" (1982; István Szabó; in German). . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 9: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1982; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian). . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 6:15: "Eréndira" (1983; Ruy Guerra; in Spanish), with Claudia

Ohana and Irene Papas. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 8:30: “Stranger Than Paradise” (1984; Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Richard Edson, and Eszter Balint. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 6:15: “Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000” (1976; Alain Tanner; in French), with Miou-Miou and Jean-Luc Bideau. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 8:30: “When Father Was Away on Business” (1984; Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav). . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 2: “Lancelot of the Lake” (1975; Robert Bresson; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 4: “The Sacrifice” (1986; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 7: “Violette” (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 9:30: “French Can-Can” (1954; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 2: “A Sunday in the Country” (1984; Bertrand Tavernier; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 4: “Chloé in the Afternoon” (1972; Eric Rohmer; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6:15: “The Big Chill” (1983; Lawrence Kasdan), with Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Mary Kay Place, Meg Tilly, and JoBeth Williams. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 8:30: “The Decline of the American Empire” (1985; Denys Arcand; a Canadian film, in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 24 and Aug. 25 at 6:15: “Les Vampires” (1915; Louis Feuillade; a French silent film). This nearly eight-hour film will be shown in two parts—Part I on Aug. 24 and Part II on Aug. 25. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Sept. 26: “Elvis Presley: The Television Work,” a retrospective. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—“Body and Soul” (1925; Oscar Micheaux; a silent film), with Paul Robeson, Julia Theresa Russell, and Mercedes Gilbert. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin. (Aug. 26 at 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (873-3400)—“Sweet Smell of Success” (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), with Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis. (Aug. 23 at 2.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Algiers (1938)—An entertaining piece of kitsch, featuring a torrid romance between Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr, making her American film début. Directed by John Cromwell, it’s a remake of the infinitely superior French film “Pépé le Moko”—and so close a remake that many of the original sequences are followed shot by shot. Yet this version is pure Hollywood, sacrificing everything to glamour, and the heavy makeup and studio lighting make it all seem so artificial one can get giggly. Boyer plays Pépé, the French crook who is safe in the Casbah, where he lives like a lord, but who longs for Paris. And Lamarr, with her slurry German-English, plays a Parisienne visiting Algiers. With Sigrid Gurie, Joseph Calleia, and Gene Lockhart. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 24.)

La Bamba—Written and directed by Luis Valdez, this is the life story of the Chicano rock ’n’ roller Ritchie Valens (Lou Diamond Phillips), who had three hit records before he died at seventeen in a plane crash, in 1959. Valdez isn’t primarily concerned with Ritchie Valens as the bullet of talent he must have been. The film’s Ritchie is simply a warm, friendly Latino version of the boy next door. Ritchie Valens’ music, as it’s performed by the group Los Lobos, with David Hidalgo singing for Phillips, is what carries the movie along, but even with the music and brief appearances by Stephen Lee, Brian Setzer, and Howard Huntsberry, this is a leaden, lachrymose piece of filmmaking. (No doubt many people are susceptible to the film’s mythmaking; you can hear their enthusiastic weeping in the theatre.) With the fiery, hammy Esai Morales as Ritchie’s tormented, bad-boy half brother, Bob; Elizabeth Peña (she has a comic side) as Bob’s wife, who keeps looking at him with disgust; Rosana De Soto as the boys’ mother; Joe Pantoliano as Bob Keene; and Marshall Crenshaw as Buddy Holly. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/10/87.) (Plaza, 86th Street Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Columbia Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Aug. 27.)

The Big Heat (1953)—Sidney Boehm’s solid, hard-nosed script might have been made into a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style. The movie is all of a piece; it’s designed in light and shadows, and its underworld atmosphere glistens with the possibilities of sadism—this is a definitive *film noir*, with a few stunningly choreographed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is Dave Bannion, a police lieutenant who investigates a big-time gangster (Alexander Scourby). A bomb is planted in Bannion’s car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is blown up. Full of hate, Bannion leaves the department to find revenge. When one of the gangster’s henchmen (Lee Marvin) throws scalding coffee at his mistress (Gloria Grahame), and she wants vengeance, too, she joins up with Bannion, and the film accumulates corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. From a novel by William P. McGivern. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 23.)

Dirty Dancing—With Jennifer Grey and Patrick Swayze, directed by Emile Ardolino. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin; starting Aug. 21.)

Eat the Peach—Whimsical, with an element of desperation underneath. The setting is an Irish village just a few miles across the border from Northern Ireland. Thrown out of work when the local Japanese computer factory closes down, Vinnie (Stephen Brennan) and his brother-in-law, Arthur (Eamon Morrissey), watch a cassette of Elvis Presley in the 1964 “Roustabout” and see a motorcyclist ride in a carnival Wall of Death—a round; wide, high, barrel-like track where centrifugal force keeps the rider up in the air circling. Soon they’re building their own Wall of Death. This engaging, informal movie—it’s loose, with a lot of humor—is about the deep-seated eccentricity of a man like Vinnie, who solves only those problems that tease his imagination. Building the Wall keeps his brains and hopes from rotting. The director, Peter Ormrod, and the producer, John Kelleher, wrote the script together; they tell the story (which is based on actual events) as if it were a simple one, taking care to let it expand in our minds. This is not like any other film you’ve seen; at times you may feel a little tuned out, but then the vision comes together. When Vinnie’s little daughter, her face as determined as his, rides her tricycle along the Wall, trying to climb it, there’s nothing coy about the kid. And when she wakes up one night and rushes outside, her hair streaming back from her head, she’s the soul of Ireland, the way Sara Allgood was when she played in “Juno and the Paycock.” With Catherine Byrne as Nora, Niall Toibin as Boots, and Bernadette O’Neill as the blond barmaid. (7/27/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Aug. 27.)

Full Metal Jacket—Stanley Kubrick’s Vietnam film stays reasonably close to its source, Gustav Hasford’s compressed, white-hot novel “The Short-Timers,” yet the novel has an accumulating force of horror and the movie doesn’t. The first three-quarters of an hour is basic training in the Marines stripped down to a cartoonish horrorshow; it’s military S & M, and the pounding compulsiveness can easily be taken for the work of a master director. After that, the movie becomes dispersed, and you can’t get an emotional reading on it. Kubrick probably believes he’s numbing us by the power of his vision, but he’s actually numbing us by its emptiness. The script is by Kubrick, Michael Herr, and Hasford. Shot in England, with Matthew Modine as Private Joker, who wears a Peace symbol; Vincent D’Onofrio as poor, doughy-faced Pyle; Lee Ermey as the gunnery sergeant; and Arliss Howard, Dorian Harewood, and Adam Baldwin. (7/13/87) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin, and National Twin; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Aug. 21.)

The Good Father—Directed by Mike Newell, it has the festering gloom and dissatisfied-with-itself hatefulness that seem to be the current English badge of integrity. Anthony Hopkins plays Bill Hooper, who was once a college radical and aspiring writer, and is now a grimy-souled marketing executive with a publishing house. He came of age in the sixties, believing in equal rights for women; he’s still pro-feminist but when he thinks of the wife he has left he hears himself muttering “Bloody bitch.” (And he has horrible, guilty dreams of murdering his tiny son.) Based on the 1983 novel by Peter Prince, this is an attempt to get at the new complications in the sex wars and perhaps at the whole modern English muddle. There are glimmers of truth in this movie, and it holds you, yet there’s no clarity or relief in its truth. Everything seems blue and damp and constricted. If Newell has a goal, it seems to be to leave you with a sense of impacted bleakness. You never see Bill Hooper (or the director) take pleasure in anything. Newell keeps showing you what lice Englishmen are. (Englishwomen seem exempt from the moral pollution—they’ve been made a shade too tender and decent.) With Jim Broadbent, Fanny Viner, Harriet Walter, and bravura turns by Simon Callow as a beady-eyed little devil of a barrister and Miriam Margolyes as a feminist lawyer up against a reactionary judge. Screenplay by Christopher Hampton. (4/6/87) (Public Theatre; starting Aug. 24, showings at 10.)

Good Morning, Babylon—The first film made in English by the Taviani brothers tells the story of two teen-age Tuscan workmen (Vincent Spano and Joaquim de Almeida), from a family of church builders and restorers, who go off to seek their fortune in the New World. Eventually they find jobs as plasterers in San Francisco, working on the Italian Pavilion of the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition, and then in Hollywood, working for D. W. Griffith (Charles Dance), building the elephants for the Babylonian set of “Intolerance.” But it takes them too dismally long to get to the West Coast: the film’s poetic, storybook style slumps into masochism during their hardships in this country, when they work at bizarre, humiliating jobs along the way. And even after they reach L.A. and meet the people associated with Griffith they seem pitiable, and it takes forever (and more humiliation) before the great man gives them the nod. There are some lovely effects, but the attempt to show that the magic of movies comes out of anonymous, egalitarian teamwork makes your tongue feel coated. With Greta Scacchi, Desiree Becker, Omero Antonutti, and Margarita Lozano. Based on an idea by Lloyd Fonvielle, the screenplay is by the Tavianis and Tonino Guerra. The music is by Nicola Piovani; the cinematography is by Giuseppe Lanci. Early L.A. was recreated in Italy and the Grand Canyon sequence was shot in Spain. (The Tavianis don’t speak English.) (8/10/87) (Cinema II; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 27.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears “GOOD MAN” in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read “He has poetry in his soul.” Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there’s no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it’s agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be followed, later this year, by "Manon of the Spring." The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. The wide-screen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Paris.)

Living on Tokyo Time—Steven Okazaki's low-budget independent comedy has a fair number of good, knowing jokes about rock 'n' roll around the edges, but its center—a mild anecdote about a marriage of convenience between a girl from Tokyo who wants to stay in San Francisco and a painfully quiet Japanese-American guitarist—is strictly easy-listening. This is a culture-clash movie: Kyoko (Minako Ohashi) isn't very fluent in English, and Ken (Ken Nakagawa) has no Japanese, so they can't communicate. The problem is, they look like they wouldn't know what to say anyway—and that's the movie's problem, too. Okazaki's real interest seems to lie in Ken's basement-band subculture: the world of dim, marginal rock 'n' rollers whose drug of choice, or economic necessity, is junk food, whose T-shirts and posters (Ken's include Patti Smith, Johnny Thunders, and the Velvet Underground) are more expressive than their music. He's funny and accurate in this milieu, and the movie might have been more than an amiable diversion if he and his co-scenarist, John McCormick, had thought to use the music dramatically—as a possible line of communication between the politely disconnected newlyweds. The lively supporting players, culled mostly from Bay Area theatre and improvisational groups, include Mitzi Abe, Bill Bonham, Jim Cranna, Alex Herschlag, Keith Choy, Judi Nihei, and McCormick.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Lost Boys—Or, "I Was Almost a Teen-age Vampire." The only distinction of this brainless horror comedy is that it adds an especially convenient new concept to the lore of vampire movies: the reversible vampire. The hero (Jason Patric) and the heroine (Jami Gertz) are "half-vampires," who drink blood, but only from the bottle; they haven't made their first kills yet. And, according to the new rules, if they can find and destroy the head vampire, they'll be normal kids again—completely detoxed. It's a half-movie. Its director, Joel Schumacher ("St. Elmo's Fire"), has been given more than a taste of Hollywood's lifeblood—serious studio money—but his filmmaking lacks a killer instinct. He wouldn't know a real movie if it swooped out of the dark and bit him on the neck. The kid cast includes Corey Haim, Corey Feldman, and, as the most ferocious of the adolescent bloodsuckers, Kiefer Sutherland. Adults Dianne Wiest, Edward Herrmann, and Barnard Hughes slum morosely.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 86th Street Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting Aug. 28.)

A Man in Love—Writer-director Diane Kurys's fourth feature, about an affair between an egocentric married American actor (Peter Coyote) and a young English-Italian bit player (Greta Scacchi), alternates hot love scenes with cold showers of bad ideas. He's playing the lead in a film about Cesare Pavese, the Italian writer who committed suicide in 1950; her mother (Claudia Cardinale) is dying of cancer. Love, Death, the Cinema, we're meant to think, as Kurys's camera scans Coyote's face for masculine treacherousness and drools over the soft curves of Scacchi's body. The young actress seems bubble-brained throughout, but in the end she becomes a Writer, to the accompaniment of Georges Delerue's swelling music. This is art-movie making at its most dishonest.

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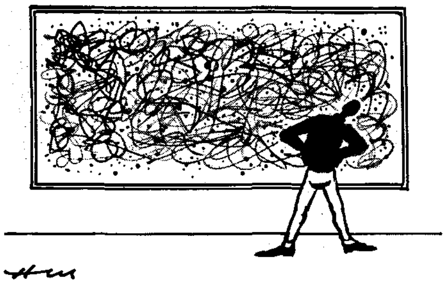
The unusually attractive cast, which also includes Peter Riegert and Jamie Lee Curtis, flounders through one toneless scene after another. In English, French, and Italian.—T.R. (Cinema I; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 28.)

Marie Antoinette (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Versailles, and Adrian designed 1,250 gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The effort to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of romance; meant for leavening, this doomed affair only adds to the sodden weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 27.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting Aug. 21.)

Nadine—With Jeff Bridges and Kim Basinger, directed by Robert Benton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Prick Up Your Ears—Joe Orton wrote some of the liveliest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 20.)



Private Lives (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication, and somehow, in its own terms, it works. This M-G-M version of the Noël Coward play was made soon after the play came out, and perhaps the play's style and excitement carries the cast along. Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Robert Montgomery is very, very good. Directed by Sidney Franklin. With Reginald Denny, Una Merkel, and, in a role added in the film, Jean Hersholt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25.)

Rita, Sue and Bob Too—Amiable, married Bob (George Costigan), who lives in a treeless suburb of Bradford, in the north of England, is the kind of middle-class Don Juan who starts looking devilishly handsome around closing time at the pub. In grim Bradford, it always feels like closing time, so Bob has no trouble getting his bit on the side—two bits on the side, actually, in the chunky forms of Rita (Siobhan Finneran) and Sue (Michelle Holmes), a pair of teen-age babysitters from the housing projects. Alan Clarke, the director, deserves credit for trying to make a raunchy farce in these bleak, unlikely settings, and he partially succeeds. The movie is plain and unpretentious, doesn't moralize about its characters, and never becomes sentimental about the conditions of their lives. Clarke is right to go for laughs rather than pathos, but too often he doesn't get them; and his faulty comic timing exposes the thinness of Andrea Dunbar's script. Also with Lesley Sharp and Kulvinder Ghir.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 27.)

RoboCop—In this punk sci-fi revenge fantasy, the near future is played for depravity, for kicks. Set in a Detroit of cloud-topped skyscrapers and a decaying older part of the city where rapists and vandals run wild and every day is open season on cops, the movie is shot in a deliberate sicko-sleazo comic-book style. (Body parts are treated as if they were autobody parts.) When Murphy (Peter Weller), a young cop employed by the all-powerful conglomerate OCP, is blown apart by a gang of scummy sadists, OCP's scientists use his remains as part of a cyborg—an experimental model for an organic, automated cop that requires food but is virtually indestructible and is programmed to keep order. Part man, part tank, this virtuous knight in heavy metal clumps through the city. The picture keeps telling you that its leering brutishness is a terrific turn-on, and maybe it is if you're hooked on Wagnerian sci-fi comic books. The Dutch director, Paul Verhoeven, was nastily witty in "The 4th Man," but here, working in English, he doesn't have the timing or the spirit for that. This isn't gallows humor—it's just gallows pulp. As Murphy's woman-cop partner, Nancy Allen has the right soft tones to give the movie a little differentiation; it makes sense that she would get through to RoboCop's human memory. (When he removes his steel hood, his tense, pained face has the imaginative beauty that stirs audiences at classic horror films.) With Kurtwood Smith, Miguel Ferrer, Daniel O'Herlihy, Ronny Cox, and Robert DoQui. Written by Edward Neumeier and Michael Miner. Shot in Dallas (with added matte paintings of skyscrapers) and in a rusted abandoned steel mill outside Pittsburgh. (8/10/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, D. W. Griffith, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

Roxanne—Steve Martin is improbably light on his feet in this airy, modern love comedy based on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He seems to crossbreed the skills of W. C. Fields and Buster Keaton, with some Fred Astaire mingled in. And as the stargazer Roxanne Daryl Hannah gives off a womanly radiance—a combination of carnality and moonglow. Directed by Fred Schepisi, from Martin's script, this film is unabashedly romantic. It's set in the ski-resort town of Nelson, Washington (nestled against the mountains, it seems a dream-built locale, but it's actually Nelson, British Columbia). You want to go to the town; you want to go back to the movie. It has a mellow, dotty charm. With Shelley Duvall, Rick Rossovich, Shandra Beri, and a squad of volunteer firefighters

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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

who are like Keystone Cops. Cinematography by Ian Baker; music by Bruce Smeaton. (6/15/87) (Waverly; through Aug. 20, evenings only. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Aug. 27.)

Salvador (1986)—The director, Oliver Stone, is probably aiming for a Buñuelian effect—a vision so intensely scummy that it clears the air. If the result, with its grime and guilt, comes closer to suggesting a hyperkinetic, gonzo version of Graham Greene, that's still nothing to be ashamed of. Written by Stone and the free-lance foreign correspondent Richard Boyle, the movie presents the civil war in El Salvador during the years 1980 and 1981 as some kind of ultimate bad trip. James Woods, perhaps the most hostile of all American actors, plays Boyle as a scroungy hustler who knows how to function in chaos: the squalid confusion wires him up, and he feels on top of things. The title doesn't refer just to the country: "Salvador" means "savior," and Woods' Boyle is the one who needs to be saved. What Stone has here is a right-wing macho fantasy joined to a left-leaning polemic. With Elpidia Carrillo as the peasant madonna, Jim Belushi as Doctor Rock, John Savage as the dedicated photojournalist, and Michael Murphy, Tony Plana, and Cynthia Gibb. Cinematography by Robert Richardson; music by Georges Delerue. (7/28/86) (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 27.)

Stakeout—With Richard Dreyfuss, Emilio Estevez, and Aidan Quinn; directed by John Badham. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., Metro Cinema, and Embassy.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Writer-director Preston Sturges' comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, Margaret Hayes, and many of the actors Sturges delighted in and used repeatedly. (Regency; Aug. 23-24.)

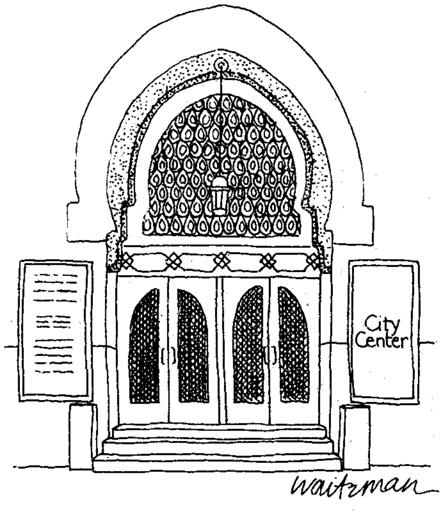
A Tale of Two Cities (1935)—In this most popular version of the least typical of Dickens' novels, Ronald Colman is Sydney Carton, who gives up his life so that another man may live. As Madame Defarge, Blanche Yurka dominates the film; a menace in the grand manner, she knits like a house afire and takes the Bastille practically single-handed. The story has been simplified so that it can be told very clearly. It's a creditable though unadventurous film, handsomely staged in the M-G-M backlot style for classics. Jack Conway directed, with Val Lewton and Jacques Tourneur working on the Revolution sequences. The immense cast includes Edna May Oliver, Elizabeth Allan, and Basil Rathbone. Reputedly there were seventeen thousand extras used in the mob scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 27.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Aug. 21.)

The Whistle Blower—A gray, muted British thriller about double-dealing and intricate coverups in the intelligence service. Julian Bond's script (from a novel by John Hale) aims for the tone of civilized amorality familiar to readers of John le Carré, and the director, Simon Langton, has worked this territory before—he directed the memorable TV adaptation of "Smiley's People." But this story isn't quite complex or surprising enough to engage us fully—the fiendish overelaboration of a le Carré plot is missing. It's painless, though, thanks mostly to its good cast. Michael Caine is, as always, effortlessly convincing; Sir John Gielgud provides yet another of his impeccably chiselled cameos; Barry Foster does a spectacular drunk scene; and Nigel Havers, Felicity Dean, James Fox, and Gordon Jackson mill competently through the background.—T.R. (68th St. Playhouse.)

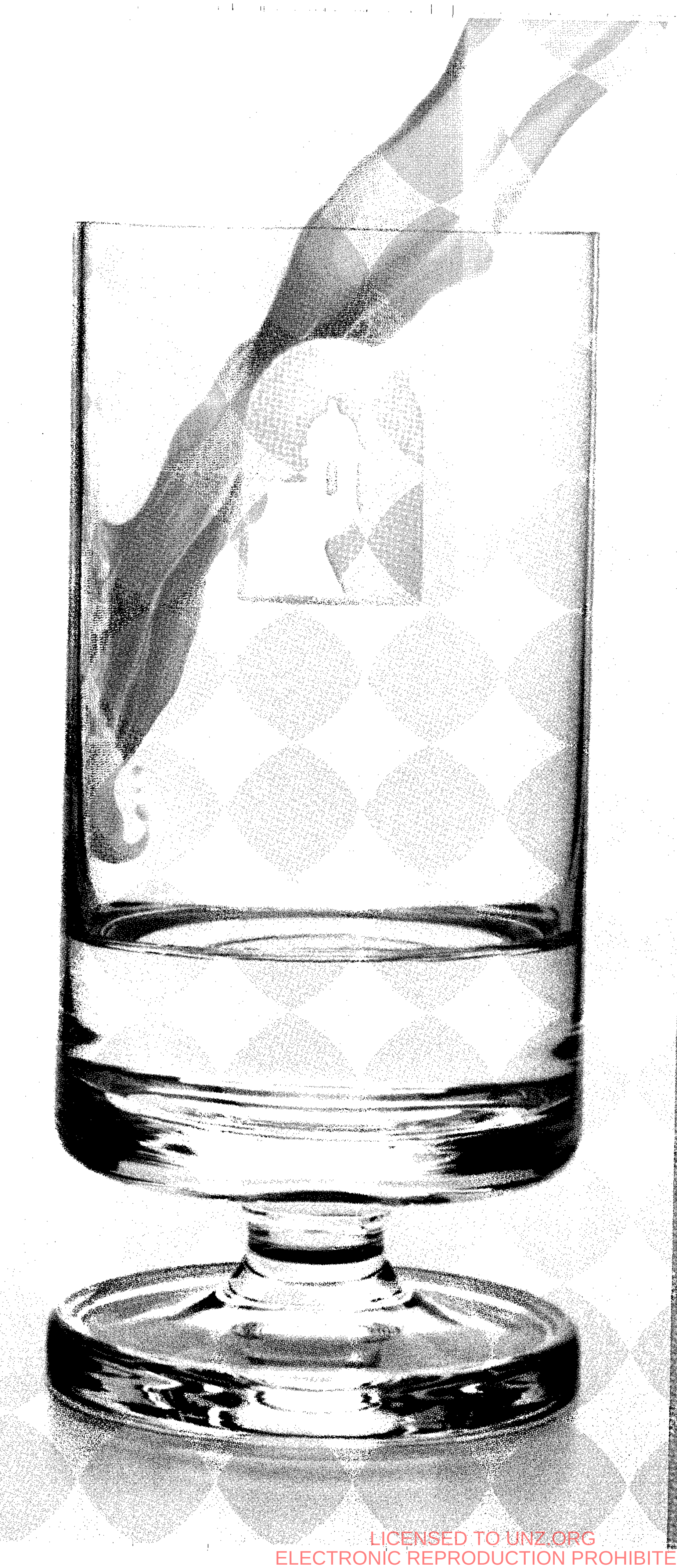
Wish You Were Here—Set in a seaside town on the south coast of England and shot in warm, sunny flesh tones, this English comedy has a satirical yet dreamlike texture. It's about an uncontrollably ribald girl who flaunts her sexuality the same way she flaunts taboo words. It's 1951; she lifts up her skirts to show off her Betty Grable legs and gives men a good look at her knickers. The sixteen-year-old Emily Lloyd, who plays the part, has the kind of freshness and youthfulness that can't be faked on camera; she embodies everything that the writer-director David Leland is trying to say about the spontaneity, the honesty, and the happy, rude extroversion that kids have pressured out of them. The film is based on the early years of Cynthia Payne, who was the inspiration for the madam in "Personal Services" (which Leland wrote). The first-rate cast includes Tom Bell as the girl's bookie lover, Geoffrey Hutchings as her father, Jesse Birdsall as her bus-conductor boyfriend, Pat Heywood as her aunt, and Heathcote Williams as the psychiatrist she's taken to. The film has its banal side, but it's never visually banal; the cinematography is by Ian Wilson. (7/27/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)



The Witches of Eastwick—It wavers between satirizing a hyper-sexed male's misogyny and revelling in it. Directed by George Miller (of the "Mad Max" movies), from a rickety script credited to Michael Cristofer, the movie resembles its source, John Updike's 1984 novel, only in its high gloss, the general outlines of the leading characters, some purloined lines of dialogue, and Jack Nicholson's entertainingly uncouth turns of phrase. As "your average horny little devil" he is so repulsive he's funny, and he has invented some furiously demented slapstick; he's an inspired buffoon. The three beauties whose combined longing for a man is potent enough to lure this devil from New York City to the (fictional) New England town of Eastwick are Cher as a sculptor, Susan Sarandon as a cellist and music teacher, and Michelle Pfeiffer as a reporter on the *Word*. (A brunette, a redhead, and a blonde, they have lost their husbands by death, divorce, and desertion.) About half the scenes don't make much sense, and the final ones might as well have a sign posted: "We're desperate for a finish." But even at its trashiest the movie keeps bumping along. And those women are a supple trio—not a brittle bone among them. Nicholson has waited all his acting life for a harem like this. With Veronica Cartwright as an unlucky puritan. Cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (6/29/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

Withnail and I—This first film directed by Bruce Robinson is a very peculiar comedy about a pair of young unemployed actors living in London in 1969. This isn't the bright, swinging London of sixties legend but the damp and sunless city that always was and always will be—a claustrophobic, mildewy atmosphere lightened only by sporadic blasts of undergraduate wit. The heroes are extremely funny in the first half hour, using jokes and a variety of intoxicants to keep the rot from seeping into their bones. Then Robinson (who also wrote the screenplay) transplants them to a decrepit country cottage, and the picture—almost literally—bogs down: there hasn't been this much mud onscreen since the last hour of "The Seven Samurai." He never completely runs out of comic energy, though, and Richard E. Grant, as the flamboyantly dissolute Withnail, is wonderful throughout. This crumbling hippie/dandy is never so drunk or so stoned that he can't launch a brittle bon mot, in a perfect upper-class accent. He suggests, simultaneously, George Sanders and Keith Richards—no small accomplishment. With Paul McGann (as "I"), Richard Griffiths, and Ralph Brown as a drug dealer who attaches himself like a mold to the heroes' sofa.—T.R. (Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 21.)

Witness (1985)—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubeš. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 23.)



GIVE A TRADITIONAL DRINK A WHOLE NEW SPIRIT.

The notion of ordering a Screwdriver with rum rather than vodka may sound odd.

But let it sink in a moment, because it makes a lot of sense.

You see, not all vodkas are aged for smoothness. Rums from Puerto Rico are.

They are the only rums that are aged by law for a minimum of one year. And if given proper time, a rum will become mellower and smoother.

So with maturity guaranteed, our rums not only add a fine, distinctive taste to orange juice, they're as right for tonic as any gin or vodka.

And they're as appropriate on the rocks or with soda as any whiskey.

Put us to the test. Who knows, you may start a whole new tradition.

And that can be a very refreshing experience.

THE SPIRIT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

RUMS
OF
PUERTO
RICO

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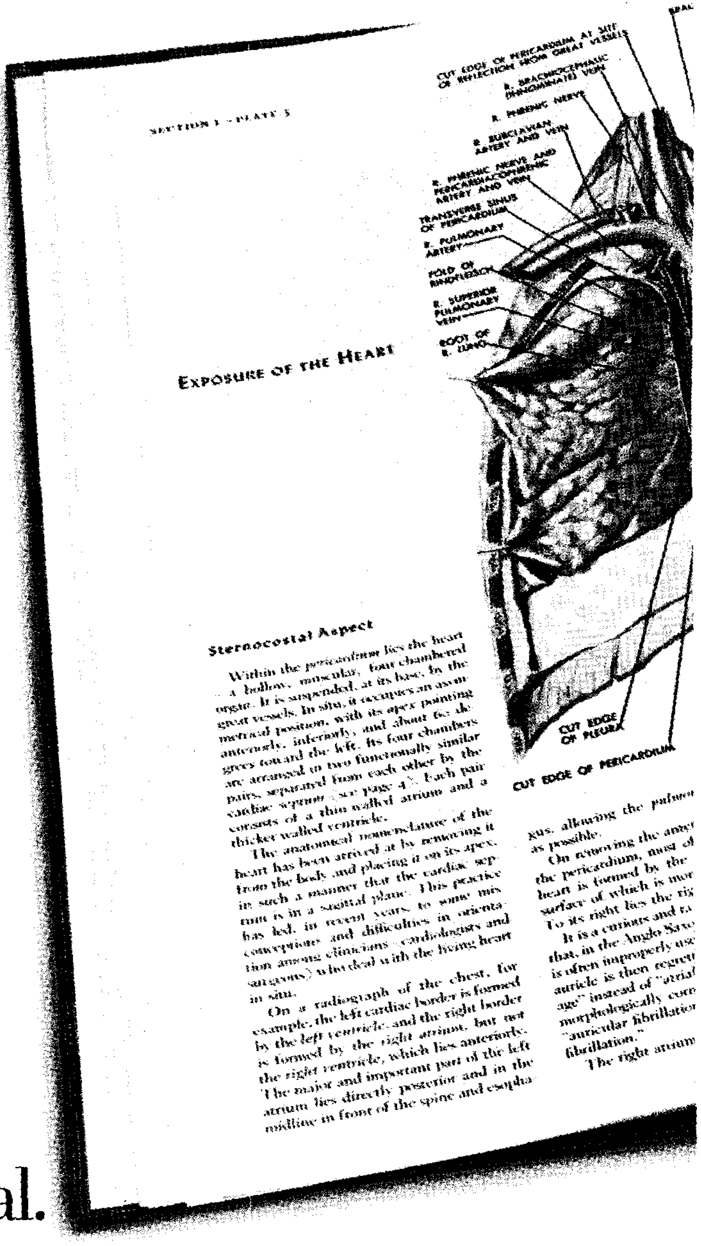
SECTION I – PLATE 5
EXPOSURE OF THE HEART
Sternocostal Aspect
CUT EDGE OF PERICARDIUM
CUT EDGE OF PLEURA

No medical treatment can save the life of a hospital.

In 1980, MacNeal Hospital was suffering from inefficiency.

They decided to call IBM. That decision began a business relationship that would grow over the next seven years.

Their specialists and IBM's specialists analyzed the symptoms. This Berwyn, Illinois, hospital was financially unhealthy. Beds were empty. Morale was low.

A new system was needed to get at the cause of the problem; one that used computers to integrate information and permitted every department to communicate efficiently.

IBM's Patient Care System was installed. Computer terminals were placed at every nursing station. Crucial patient information was available in seconds.

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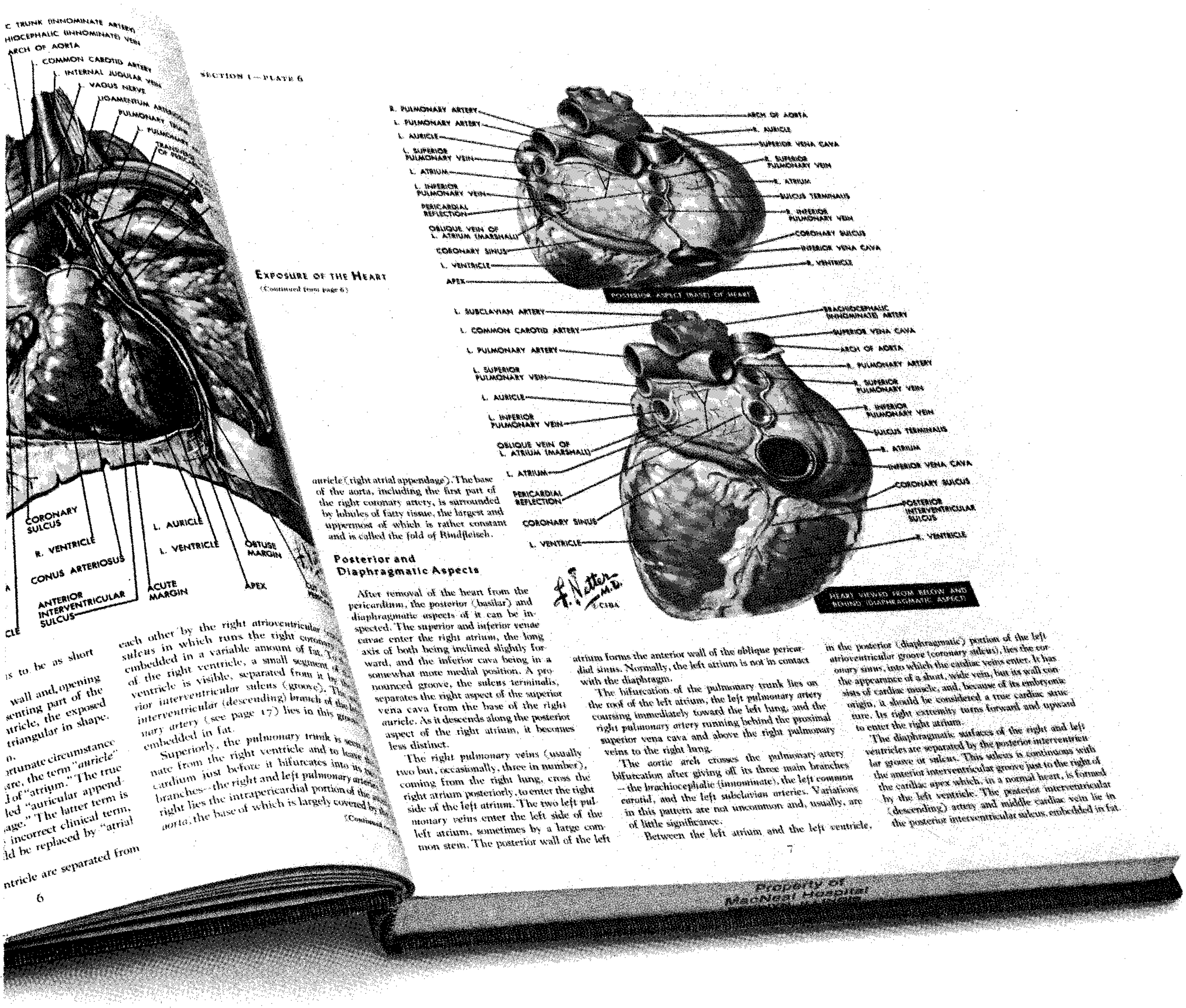
R. PULMONARY ARTERY
L. PULMONARY ARTERY
L. AURICLE
L. SUPERIOR PULMONARY VEIN
L. ATRIUM
L. INFERIOR PULMONARY VEIN
PERICARDIAL REFLECTION
OBLIQUE VEIN OF L. ATRIUM (MARSHALL)
CORONARY SINUS
L. VENTRICLE
APEX
ARCH OF AORTA
R. AURICLE
SUPERIOR VENA CAVA
R. SUPERIOR PULMONARY VEIN
R. ATRIUM
SULCUS TERMINALIS
R. INFERIOR PULMONARY VEIN
CORONARY SULCUS
INFERIOR VENA CAVA
R. VENTRICLE
POSTERIOR ASPECT (BASE) OF HEART
L. SUBCLAVIAN ARTERY
L. COMMON CAROTID ARTERY
L. PULMONARY ARTERY
L. SUPERIOR PULMONARY VEIN
L. AURICLE
L. INFERIOR PULMONARY VEIN
OBLIQUE VEIN OF L. ATRIUM (MARSHALL)
L. ATRIUM
PERICARDIAL REFLECTION
CORONARY SINUS
L. VENTRICLE
BRACHIOCEPHALIC (INNOMINATE) ARTERY
SUPERIOR VENA CAVA
ARCH OF AORTA
R. PULMONARY ARTERY
R. SUPERIOR PULMONARY VEIN
R. INFERIOR PULMONARY VEIN
SULCUS TERMINALIS
R. ATRIUM
INFERIOR VENA CAVA
CORONARY SULCUS
POSTERIOR INTERVENTRICULAR SULCUS
R. VENTRICLE
HEART VIEWED FROM BELOW AND BEHIND (DIAPHRAGMATIC ASPECT)
F. Netter M.D.
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CORONARY SULCUS
R. VENTRICLE
CONUS ARTERIOSUS
ANTERIOR INTERVENTRICULAR SULCUS
L. AURICLE
L. VENTRICLE
ACUTE MARGIN
OBTUSE MARGIN
APEX
ARCH OF AORTA
COMMON CAROTID ARTERY
INTERNAL JUGULAR VEIN
VAGUS NERVE
LIGAMENTUM ARTERIOSUM
PULMONARY TRUNK
Property of MacNeal Hospital

is to be as short

wall and, opening
senting part of the
uricle, the exposed
triangular in shape.

n.
rtunate circumstance
are, the term "auricle"
l of "atrium." The true
led "auricular append-
age." The latter term is
incorrect clinical term,
ld be replaced by "atrial

ntricle are separated from

each other by the right atrioventricular
sulcus in which runs the right coronary
embedded in a variable amount of fat.
of the right ventricle, a small segment
ventricle is visible, separated from it by
rior interventricular sulcus (groove). The
interventricular (descending) branch of the
nary artery (see page 17) lies in this groove
embedded in fat.

Superiorly, the pulmonary trunk is seen
nate from the right ventricle and to leave
cardium just before it bifurcates into its two
branches—the right and left pulmonary arteries
right lies the intrapericardial portion of the
aorta, the base of which is largely covered by

(Continued on

6

SECTION I—PLATE 6

EXPOSURE OF THE HEART

(Continued from page 6)

auricle (right atrial appendage). The base of the aorta, including the first part of the right coronary artery, is surrounded by lobules of fatty tissue, the largest and uppermost of which is rather constant and is called the fold of Rindfleisch.

Posterior and Diaphragmatic Aspects

After removal of the heart from the pericardium, the posterior (basilar) and diaphragmatic aspects of it can be inspected. The superior and inferior venae cavae enter the right atrium, the long axis of both being inclined slightly forward, and the inferior cava being in a somewhat more medial position. A pronounced groove, the sulcus terminalis, separates the right aspect of the superior vena cava from the base of the right auricle. As it descends along the posterior aspect of the right atrium, it becomes less distinct.

The right pulmonary veins (usually two but, occasionally, three in number), coming from the right lung, cross the right atrium posteriorly, to enter the right side of the left atrium. The two left pulmonary veins enter the left side of the left atrium, sometimes by a large common stem. The posterior wall of the left atrium forms the anterior wall of the oblique pericardial sinus. Normally, the left atrium is not in contact with the diaphragm.

The bifurcation of the pulmonary trunk lies on the roof of the left atrium, the left pulmonary artery coursing immediately toward the left lung, and the right pulmonary artery running behind the proximal superior vena cava and above the right pulmonary veins to the right lung.

The aortic arch crosses the pulmonary artery bifurcation after giving off its three main branches—the brachiocephalic (innominate), the left common carotid, and the left subclavian arteries. Variations in this pattern are not uncommon and, usually, are of little significance.

Between the left atrium and the left ventricle, in the posterior (diaphragmatic) portion of the left atrioventricular groove (coronary sulcus), lies the coronary sinus, into which the cardiac veins enter. It has the appearance of a short, wide vein, but its wall consists of cardiac muscle, and, because of its embryonic origin, it should be considered a true cardiac structure. Its right extremity turns forward and upward to enter the right atrium.

The diaphragmatic surfaces of the right and left ventricles are separated by the posterior interventricular groove or sulcus. This sulcus is continuous with the anterior interventricular groove just to the right of the cardiac apex which, in a normal heart, is formed by the left ventricle. The posterior interventricular (descending) artery and middle cardiac vein lie in the posterior interventricular sulcus, embedded in fat.

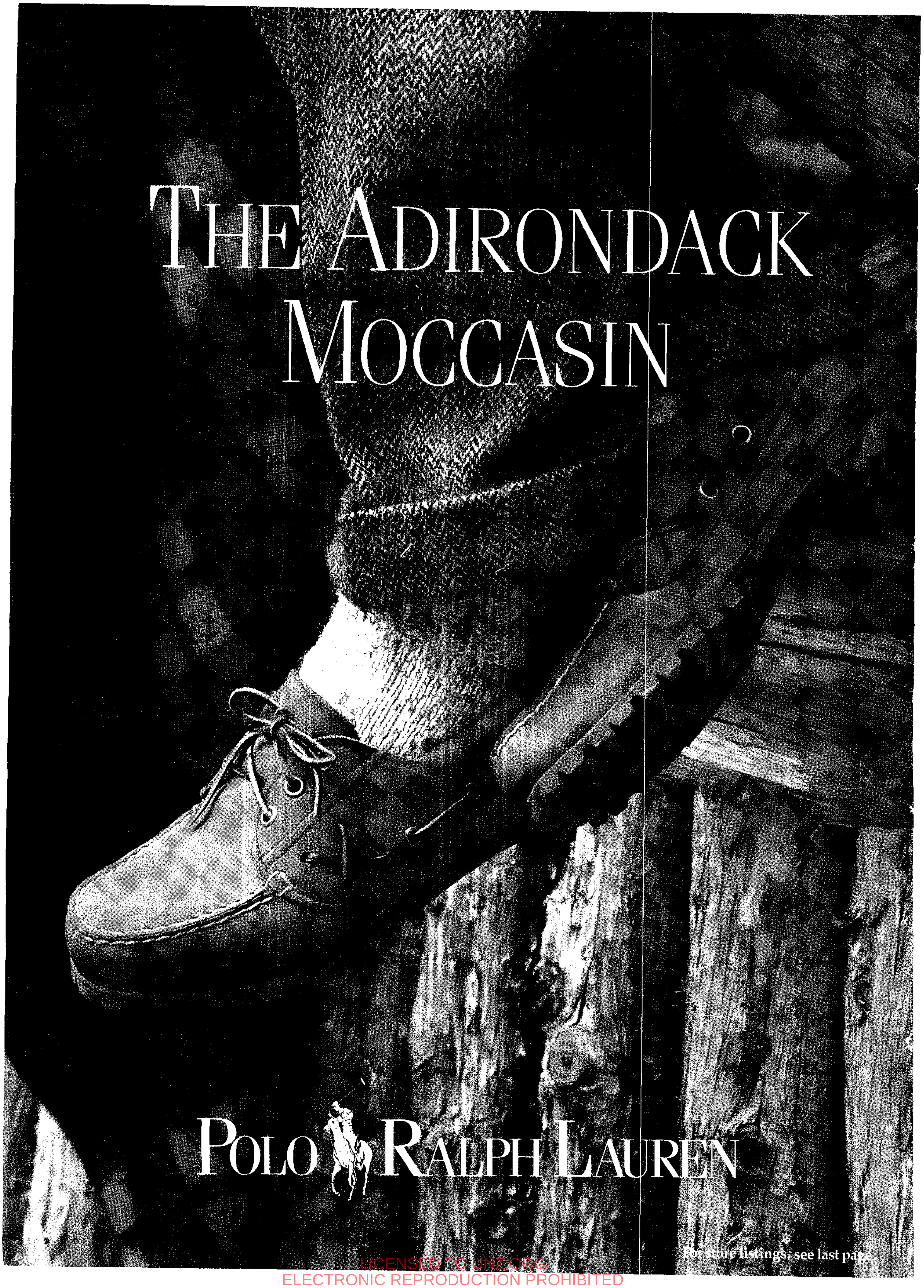
7

The time that was spent doing paperwork was now better spent doing patient work.

Over the years MacNeal has come to depend on IBM's service just as the community depends on MacNeal's. Both IBM and MacNeal are there 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

The system designed by MacNeal and IBM put the hospital back on its feet. In fact, it grew a new wing. A $62 million totally computerized facility was constructed four years ago.

MacNeal is running in the black. The hospital that had no future has become the hospital of the future. We'd like to think the ongoing partnership between MacNeal and IBM is exactly what the doctor ordered.


THE ADIRONDACK
MOCCASIN
POLO RALPH LAUREN
For store listings, see last page.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Peter Weiss is a trademark lawyer here in New York. He has defended, among many others, the appellations Superman, Chanel, and Ultrasuede against those who would make free with them. We called him up last week to talk about the Supreme Court's decision in June that the United States Olympic Committee had the right, under the Amateur Sports Act of 1978, to exclusive domain, for purposes of public identification and promotion, over the word "Olympics." The decision came in a case called San Francisco Arts & Athletics, Inc., and Thomas F. Waddell v. United States Olympic Committee, in which the U.S.O.C. sought to enjoin the defendants from using the name Gay Olympics in promoting an event ultimately called the Gay Games. (The games were held in San Francisco in 1982 and again last year.)

Mr. Weiss became involved in the matter as an informal consultant on the side of the San Francisco group. We wanted to talk to him because of a lingering feeling we had that there was something extremely peculiar about removing a general, ancient, and, indeed, religious word from our language and "awarding" it, even if only for certain purposes, to some committee. The people on the side of the Gay Olympics claimed that their right to use the word was protected under the First Amendment. They also argued that the U.S.O.C. had acted discriminatorily, having allowed the International Police Olympics, the Special Olympics, the K-9 Olympics, and the Senior Olympics (to say nothing of the Rat Olympics, the Armenian Olympics, and the Eskimo Olympics) to go unscathed while relentlessly pursuing the homosexuals who had gathered in San Francisco for a week of athletic and cultural activities.

Mr. Weiss vastly strengthened our impression that the Amateur Sports Act and the Supreme Court decision upholding its constitutionality amounted to a linguistic theft, and that the decision was kind of crazy in its details. "It's preposterous—a genuine howler of an error," he told us. "The U.S.O.C. got its power over the word directly from Congress, so obviously the action the U.S.O.C. takes with regard to this so-called trademark is the equivalent of state action. It's also pretty obvious that the U.S.O.C. has acted in a discriminatory way in this case. Furthermore, the Court upheld a statute that didn't even allow S.F.A.A. the traditional defense in such cases—that there was no likelihood of confusion, that no one would have associated the Gay Olympics with anything the U.S.O.C. might sponsor. And it's not straining at all to think of the name Gay Olympics as political speech and therefore protected by the First Amendment: the group involved was trying to make a political point against stereotyping homosexuals as being unathletic. And, by the way, there was a dissenting opinion that made that point very strongly when the case was heard by the full Ninth Circuit Court, and the judge who wrote the dissent is generally regarded as an ultraconservative."

We asked Mr. Weiss what sort of precedent this decision might set.

"Terrible," he said. "Say the Association of International Marathons went to Congress and pointed out that many marathons in this country were bringing in people from all over the world and a lot of money, and that the whole thing needed to be regulated, and so forth, and they asked for trademark rights to the word 'marathon.' It would be a very similar set of circumstances and a perfectly logical development. If Congress passed such a law and the President signed it, that would mean that the association could dole out the word to whatever events it deemed worthy and withhold it from those it felt were undeserving. In essence, Congress actually *sold* a word to the Olympic Committee, because back in 1978 the committee said that the government would end up losing money if they—the committee—couldn't regulate the term. And it's the only instance I know of where the government has given a private party exclusive rights over a single, descriptive word."

After we hung up, we realized what it was, specifically, that had prompted us to call Mr. Weiss in the first place and what was adding immeasurably to our distress about the turning of a word into a commodity: an account we'd just come across in the San Francisco *Examiner* of a memorial service for Dr. Thomas Waddell, one of the defendants in the U.S.O.C. suit, who had died of AIDS. (Dr. Waddell was the head of San Francisco Arts &

Richard Edes Harrison

Athletics, Inc.) The service was held in the rotunda of San Francisco's City Hall, and in the course of it Dr. Waddell's wife, Sara Lewinstein, announced that the U.S.O.C. had officially removed a lien it had placed on Dr. Waddell's house to defray its legal costs in pursuing its case. Evidently, the house, which Dr. Waddell had renovated himself, was his major asset, and he'd wanted to pass it on to his four-year-old daughter, Jessica. He died not knowing for certain whether he would be able to do so.

The sad irony in all this is that Dr. Waddell was an Olympian—even Congress and the Olympic Committee would have had to allow him access to the noun, by virtue of his participation in the Mexico City Games, in 1968, as a member of the United States decathlon team. He finished a much-more-than-respectable sixth, within shouting distance of the gold medallist, Bill Toomey. At the Mexico City Games, Dr. Waddell supported the American sprinters John Carlos and Tommie Smith after they gave clenched-fist Black Power salutes during the medal ceremony, and his conduct made the U.S.O.C. angry. And as a physician in the Army, in the sixties, Dr. Waddell openly criticized this country's involvement in the Vietnam War; he came close to being court-martialled for his anti-war statements. Ultimately, Dr. Waddell became a tireless fighter for gay rights and gay pride. He was, it seems clear, a man with the courage of his convictions, and by all accounts he was a gentle, intelligent, and charming person. It's unlikely that he would ever have threatened to take away a dying man's legacy to his daughter.

The one bright light among these gloomy events was Dr. Waddell's bravery in facing his illness. Everyone around him was awed and inspired by his will and humor and strength of character. His last words were "Well, this should be interesting."

• •

Holography

"HOLOGRAPHY is like a siren," Ana Maria Nicholson said the other morning as she and her assistant, Tim Schmidt, prepared her equipment in the basement of the Museum of Holography, on Mercer Street. "It lures you and lures you, and then you are in deep water. You take Jonathan, for example. For years, he's been saying that he must get out of holography, but now he's building his own studio."

"In my garage, in New Jersey," Jonathan Klempner, her colleague, volunteered.

It sounded to us like an expensive undertaking, and we said so.

"I just concluded that I'm spending sixty per cent of my income on holographic equipment," Mr. Klempner said.

"What does your wife call you?" Ms. Nicholson asked.

"A photon surfer," Mr. Klempner said. "That's what she calls all holographers."

"It's this incredible insane fraternity all over the world," Ms. Nicholson said.

"It's a very small fraternity," Mr. Klempner said. "If you dropped a bomb here this morning, three-tenths of the profession would be wiped out—a slight exaggeration."

Here's how Ms. Nicholson explains holography (please imagine an excited voice and a Spanish accent): "A hologram is really two wave fronts interfering with each other. The laser beam comes out, and you split the beam in two. Then one part becomes what we call the reference beam, which covers the emulsion plate with an even light. The other beam we call the object beam. It's more adventurous: it explores what it finds and becomes all helter-skelter, and in a sense it tells the story of what it sees to the reference beam. Of course, I'm being silly."

Here's how *we* would have explained holography before we met Ms. Nicholson (please imagine the lofty tone of one who has generally racked up better grades in English than in science, though he has been to Forty-seventh Street Photo in his time): The modern world presents for our perusal all kinds of remarkable phenomena. Some, having appeared, become our constant companions, and require, in some degree, our understanding. Others, mercifully, have no sooner shot over the horizon than they disappear into a long parabolic orbit around our consciousness, remaining invisible for such long intervals that, when they eventually reappear, if we merely relax, breathe deeply, and nod hello, who will suspect we *really haven't the foggiest idea what they're all talking about*? Of course, we're being silly.

If you had asked us to imagine a holographer, we might have pictured someone in the computer-programmer mode: young, male, floppy of hair, dress, and deportment—someone, in short, like Mr. Klempner (who turns out to be a computer programmer as well as a holographer). We would certainly not have pictured Ms. Nicholson, a former model from Spain, now into her forties, statuesquely tall, blond, and smart about clothes and jewelry.

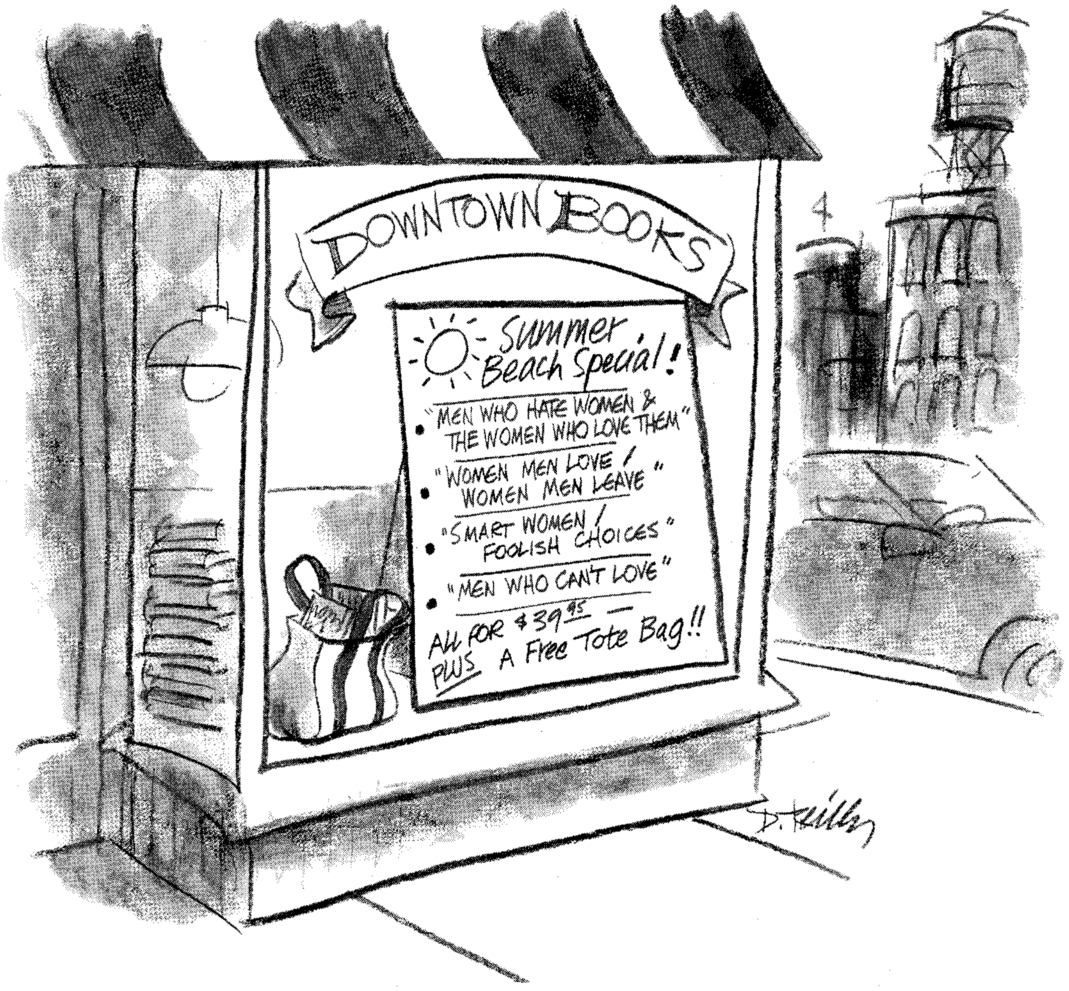
We asked her how she got into this line.

"My husband is an artist," she said, "and his work at one time was very illusionistic. This was 1973, 1974. He thought holograms might be an answer to his artistic problem, so he did a lot of work with holography, and I helped. Then he decided that his art could be better expressed by painting and sculpture, and he gave up holography. But I loved it. From the moment I saw a hologram, I loved the medium and the technology. There are many difficulties. The slightest disturbance—perhaps the phone ringing—and the hologram is ruined. But the experience of three-dimensionality is so enriching that we must all have faith that it will take off. I think that within the next year holography will be considered an art form."

That hope, we learned, has lately been nourished by advances in pulse-laser holography, a technique that makes it possible to do portraits of people (or animate objects) without requiring them to hold still for several seconds or more. "There are two kinds of lasers—the continuous-wave and the pulse," Ms. Nicholson said. "With the C.W., you plug it in and the laser beam just comes on. This is a pulse laser." She pointed to a long boxlike appliance on a table—a sixty-thousand-dollar item, we learned later. "You gather the energy and then it explodes in a burst."

The Museum of Holography has

mounted an exhibit of pulse-laser holograms, some largely of aesthetic interest (Boy George, an homage to Marcel Duchamp, an exploding cocktail glass) and others of scientific interest (the core of a nuclear reactor, the tracks of subatomic particles, the peat-preserved remains of a two-thousand-year-old man who, it has been theorized, was the victim of a ritual axe murder). In addition, the museum is offering to let members of the ordinary public sit for pulse-laser portraits, at fifteen hundred dollars a shot. As of our visit, only three customers had taken the plunge, and the museum, by way of getting the ball rolling, had invited several members of the not so ordinary public to sit for complimentary portraits. On this particular morning, Ms. Nicholson, Mr. Klempner, and Mr. Schmidt were awaiting the arrival of the first of the free customers—David Byrne, the lead singer of the Talking Heads.


DOWNTOWN BOOKS
Summer Beach Special!
• "MEN WHO HATE WOMEN & THE WOMEN WHO LOVE THEM"
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ALL FOR $39.95
PLUS A Free Tote Bag!!
D. Reilly

"What I'm doing now is checking the reference beam and the object beam," Ms. Nicholson said. She was holding a remote control joined by a cable to the pulse laser, the business end of which faced an array of mirrors. Ms. Nicholson pressed a button, and a flash of red light darted from the laser, bounced this way and that, and, after passing through a window that separated the gadgetry from the chair where Mr. Byrne was to be seated, landed behind the chair on a sort of easel, which held an emulsified glass plate—the holographic equivalent of film.

At Ms. Nicholson's instructions, Mr. Schmidt adjusted the mirrors this way and that, until the red light was properly centered on the plate.

Still, Ms. Nicholson seemed restless. "How tall is David Byrne?" she asked. She explained that she had been getting conflicting reports—some sources said five feet ten, some said six feet two—and it was hard to set up the laser without knowing for sure. "I don't know if the chair is high enough," Ms. Nicholson said. "We mustn't have David Byrne sitting on a phone book."

The issue was settled a few minutes later by the arrival of Mr. Byrne himself. Five feet ten. Out came the phone book.

"I got a message to wear a white shirt," Mr. Byrne said after introductions all around. "Why is that?"

"Because I would like to do you against these black and white cubes," Ms. Nicholson said, pointing to some cardboard boxes that had been prepared as a backdrop. "With your classical face, I feel, the white shirt would be best."

"And I have this pair of funny glasses," Mr. Byrne said. He submitted them for Ms. Nicholson's inspection. They were holographic glasses, with the image of an eye built into each lens.

Ms. Nicholson looked uneasy. "Why don't we try one or two shots . . ."

"Without the glasses?" Mr. Byrne said.

She nodded, and Mr. Byrne took his seat in front of the cardboard cubes. "Can I keep my eyes open?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, absolutely," Ms. Nicholson replied.

"So there's no effect on my retina?"

"The danger has been greatly exaggerated," Ms. Nicholson said. "I've been doing my son since he was two. He's thirteen now. The laser is less bright, when you really come down to it, than a flashlight."

"The pulse lasts for twenty nanoseconds," Mr. Klempner said, adding that a nanosecond is a billionth of a second—time enough for light to travel a distance of one foot.

"The laser is ready," Ms. Nicholson said. "Are you ready?"

"I'm ready," Mr. Byrne said.

She pressed the button, and for the next twenty billionths of a second Mr. Byrne's face turned red.

A second shot followed. Then a third, for which Ms. Nicholson gave Mr. Byrne carte blanche in posing. "I'm going to shake my head—distort my features," he said.

"That's an interesting idea," Ms. Nicholson said noncommittally.

After the third shot, everybody thanked everybody else, and Ms.

Nicholson promised Mr. Byrne that the finished hologram, of what she judged to be the best of the three shots, would be ready in a week or two. (One copy would be presented to Mr. Byrne, another kept for the museum's collection.) Mr. Byrne departed, and soon the three holographers were in a darkened hallway viewing, behind the developed plate, the disembodied head of Mr. Byrne. When our turn came, we reached out toward the apparition, and our hand went slicing through space.

The consensus of the group was that the second shot was best, in a stark and dramatic way. Mr. Byrne would be pleased, everyone agreed. Ms. Nicholson seemed pleased already. "It's so rare in holography that the concept and the end product match even a little bit," she said.

Freedom

Freedom Place is the short, broad road that runs from West Sixty-sixth Street to West Seventieth between West End Avenue and the old rail yards. The road was built about twenty years ago, on top of a dirt hill that was left over after Lincoln Towers was put up. The west side of Freedom Place is a fence and a retaining wall, and the east side is the backs of parking garages. Nothing has an address on Freedom Place, no one lives on it, and it goes nowhere, but it has enormously wide sidewalks and the roadway itself is roughly twice as wide as an ordinary city street. There's talk that it was built because no one knew what else to do with the hill. But Freedom Place serves a valuable purpose: it is one of the very few places in Manhattan where cars can roam free, and we learned while spending a day there recently that it's popular both with student drivers and with the people they're most terrified of—cabdrivers, who enjoy nothing better than spending their lunch hours on Freedom Place heckling the novices.

9 A.M.: A gold Corolla with a bright-yellow "John Jay College of Criminal Justice Special Programs" roof-top sign and a "Student Driver" sign in the back window creeps around the corner from West Seventieth Street. A long-necked young man with a blond crewcut is at the wheel. The instructor is an older man with thick glasses. The car shudders to a stop in the middle of the street, then inches around in a broken-U-turn and heads back.

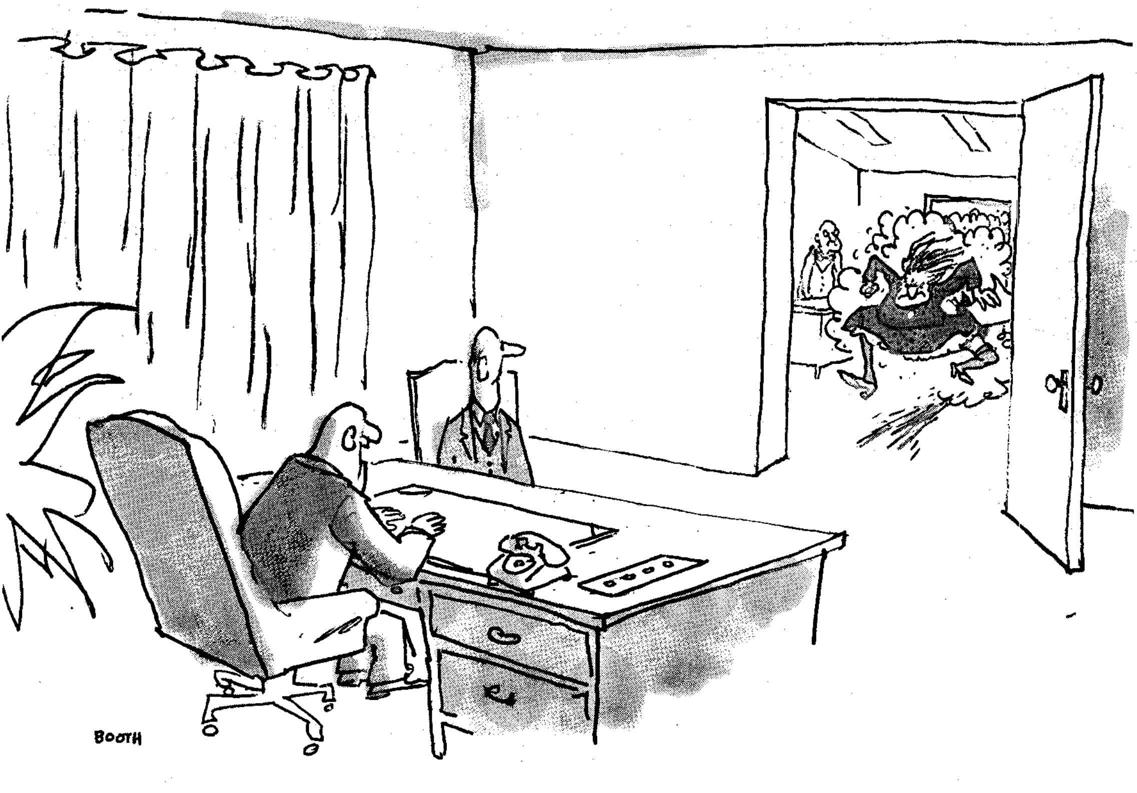
10 A.M.: The gold Corolla swings around the corner at an improved clip. At the south end of the street—the end near the television studios on West Sixty-sixth where the soap operas "Ryan's Hope" and "Loving" are taped—a red Chevette bearing a small "Student Driver" sticker and driven by a small, harried-looking woman appears. The two training cars approach each other, hesitate. The Chevette sputters and begins to stall.

10:15 A.M.: Butch De Monte, the manager of the GMC garage, which has one of its two entrances on Freedom Place, steps out of his office to check the action. "I've been here thirteen years, and I've seen it day in and day out," Mr. De Monte says. "I once saw a woman try hour after hour to make a U-turn, and she got so frustrated that she finally jumped out of the car. That gave the cabdrivers a kick. There are sometimes a hundred cabs back here in a day, and the drivers all know each other, and gather in little groups. Sometimes they bring guitars or bongos, and sometimes they just talk. The student drivers are sort of a sideshow. I sometimes start to recognize a driving-school car when it comes through here a lot, and if it's nice and new at the beginning of the year, by the end it's demolition derby. Come to think of it, a lot of students end up hopping out of their cars because they get so frustrated. Luckily, there's so little traffic on Freedom Place you can get out and stand here having a fit. You couldn't really do that anywhere else. Even one little block away, on West End Avenue, it gets pretty cruel."

10:30 A.M.: A man and his young son have pulled up beside a fire hydrant, parked, dragged out their floor mats, and started washing them. The man explains to us that when he's not doing anything else he likes to wash his car mats and, for his money, Freedom Place is the best spot in the city for car-mat washing.

10:31 A.M.: A fire inspector who is checking a sprinkler system on West Sixty-sixth stops to scold the man with the car mats for using the hydrant. "I think they should close this street," the fire inspector says. "I don't think it serves any purpose."

11 A.M.: Another



"Here comes our first V.P., Mrs. Byers, now. Mrs. Byers is results-oriented."

John Jay driver-education car heads up the street, stops beside a parked car, and attempts to parallel-park. The rear tires bump the curb, and when the vehicle is straightened, the front tires jam against it. The student, a woman in a chintz shirt, who is giggling nervously, clasps the steering wheel as if it were a life preserver. The teacher opens his door, peers at the sidewalk, looks back at the student, and makes the international sign for "You're too close, and now you're on the curb" (forefinger and thumb pressed together). "We're learning to park today," the teacher says to us in a hushed voice. "We will start here on Freedom Place, and then we will work our way up. This is her third lesson, and she's calmed down quite a bit." The student nods vigorously, and says, "I like driving here a lot."

SUBWAY
DOWNTOWN

11:15 A.M.: An elderly man parks his crusty blue four-door in front of a fire hydrant, pulls out the *News*, and starts reading.

11:30 A.M.: We're in a phone booth talking with a police officer from the Twentieth Precinct, which is responsible for patrolling Freedom Place. "The street was popular with bad guys before ABC built the soap-opera studios there," the officer says. "Cars used to be taken onto Freedom Place and chopped up. Bad guys used it as an escape route, because they could jump over the fence and go down and hide in the rail yards. Now it's cleaned up quite a bit, although it's still a lover's lane. If they closed it, you could play stickball on it, but it does give the driving schools somewhere to go."

12:15 P.M.: Six cabdrivers have arrived for lunch. One, whose taxi is air-conditioned, is sitting in it with the engine running while he eats a sandwich. The rest are sitting on the sidewalk with their backs against the wall of the GMC garage. A brown Corolla training car chugs down Freedom Place, stops near the cabdrivers, and begins to execute a three-point turn with some difficulty. The cabdrivers stop eating to watch. They laugh when the Corolla rolls backward toward a hydrant.

1:30 P.M.: We're on the phone again, talking with Ed Gunther, of Community Board Seven—Manhattan, which includes most of the upper West Side. "My apartment overlooks Freedom Place, which was named in 1965 for the three civil-rights workers who were killed in Mississippi," he says. "I'm pretty happy with the street the way it is, but why people think it's safer than other streets I don't know. There are a lot of accidents, because you come around the corner fast without realizing there's a student driver making these crazy maneuvers in the middle of the street. You can't even tell if they're going forward or backward. There was a period when several people were also back there learning to drive motorcycles, and the noise level was something. When they pick out the garage I use, and practice parking there, I get very angry. It's just incredible to get held up in traffic here in the middle of nowhere."

4 P.M.: A guy with pancake makeup and an ebbing hairline steps out of a limousine and into the ABC studios. A red sedan with a discreet student-driver bumper sticker putters into sight on Sixty-sixth. The student at the wheel tries to peek into the limousine, then regains her composure and turns the corner into Freedom Place.

4:05 P.M.: Red sedan loops by again.

4:10 P.M.: Ditto.

4:30 P.M.: A black livery car stops in the middle of the block, and the driver climbs out. "I have a pickup at Lincoln Center in fifteen minutes, so I come here to kill time," he tells us. "Freedom Place is the only place to do that around here. Everybody uses it. The student drivers go around and around all day, because this is like a circular thing, like infinity. The yellow cabs come here. The trucks come here. Everyone comes here, and people all feel they can do whatever they want. That's what this street is all about."

Who's That Girl

A MIDDLE-AGED cub reporter writes:

I have always taken my responsibilities as Camilla's godmother very seriously, and so last Thursday evening I found myself standing next to her on top of a Popsicle cart at the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Broadway, waiting for Madonna to appear at the première of her new movie, "Who's That Girl," at the Cineplex Odeon National Twin. Camilla lives in a small Tuscan city called Montalcino, which she refers to unappreciatively as Mortalcino, and she was enjoying being part of a screaming mob considerably larger than her home-town population. "Fifteen thou," one of the mounted policemen told her while she whispered endearments, in Italian, to his bay gelding, and I rubbed the ankle I had twisted jumping down from our first perch, a telephone booth. Then he told us to get behind the barricades, and the horse sidestepped away toward the intersection of Forty-fifth and Seventh, where a number of motorists who had obviously not planned on seeing Madonna were honking like crazy.

We hadn't planned on seeing Madonna, either. My ex-husband read about the event while Camilla was spending a few days with him out in the Hamptons. He also sent her back with four Madonna cassettes—an imaginative present from a guy who kept all my rock-and-roll records when we got divorced, claiming that I never listened to them. Camilla played "Material Girl" for me on the drive in from the country, while I reflected on a promise I made to her parents when she was a baby: that when she turned sixteen I would take her to Paris to lose her innocence. You speak loosely when a babe is in her cradle and you yourself are barely out of miniskirts, but you feel somewhat different sixteen years later, when she emerges from the customs bay at Kennedy Airport—a five-foot-nine-inch Amazon with tigery green eyes and a mane of Titian hair.

I had been relieved to discover that Camilla was still an unspoiled kid from a small town, who wanted to visit Tower Records and the Statue of Liberty, to stock up on Grape-Nuts and peanut butter (delicacies unavailable even in Siena), to see the new Superman and James Bond movies, and to scour the antique-clothing shops on St. Mark's Place for, among other things, a skull-and-crossbones earring for her brother and, for herself, a pair of D.M.s—Dr. Marten's men's orthopedic oxfords with metal-reinforced toes, the perfect footgear for a Madonna opening.

At seven o'clock, a stylish half hour late, Madonna emerged from her limo, wearing a form-hugging bugle-beaded silver cocktail dress. The Popsicle vender and his friend—Cosmos and Ari, both formerly of Athens—abandoned their nonchalance and jumped aboard the cart with us. Cosmos, from his vantage point on my foot, saw the star first; Camilla saw her second; and I saw her name alternating with her likeness on the computer-animated screen on One Times Square, above the news of Reagan's peace plan for Central America. I also heard an announcer for a radio station that was carrying the event "worldwide" tell us over a P.A. system how much this turnout meant to a girl from Michigan who only ten years before had arrived in New York with thirty-five dollars in her pocket.

"How much is that in lire?" Camilla asked me.

"You Italian?" Cosmos asked her. "I'm Greek, but people think I'm Italian, because I sell Italian ices. You're standing on the lemon, and she's standing on the raspberry."

"I think Madonna is looking at us," Camilla said. Madonna had apparently taken the mike, and I heard the words "big thrill," and "getting Broadway closed off to traffic," but her husky voice barely carried over the now mutinous horn-blowing. The star then disappeared into the theatre, and the ushers started rolling up red carpet from under the wheels of taxis that were trying to drive over it, and the crowd sieved its way back into the subways. We dawdled for a while in a poster-and-joke shop, where Camilla bought a remote-control rubber scorpion and a leather wristband with metal studs, and then we went back to my apartment, to dress for the "Who's That Girl" party, which was to begin at nine o'clock, at the Cadillac Bar, on West Twenty-first Street.

Camilla couldn't appreciate the moral complexities of the various 213 and 818 phone calls that had produced the messenger with her invitation. All she knew as she moussed her hair, experimented with my eye makeup, and squeezed into my only pair of stiletto heels and her own new stretch-denim minidress from Patricia Field was that she was going to be in the same room as Madonna.

Although the Cadillac Bar is only a few blocks from my apartment, I have never dined there. Tex-Mex cuisine washed down with jumbo frozen Margaritas generally disagrees with me, and I shy away from places with Z-plate limos parked in front of them. Camilla thought it would have been fun to drive up on a scooter, and as I watched her walk the gantlet of paparazzi, security guards, and Madonna fans, brandishing her invitation and teetering a little on my Maud Frizons, I was left wondering where you rent one.

The party, I had been warned, was "absolutely, positively, and with no exceptions" (however humble, was the implication) closed to the press, so I can only give you Camilla's report of it. She didn't recognize any of the famous actors or publicity-shy rock-and-roll stars who were supposed to be there, although someone did point out the brother of a defunct comedian, and the model for the jeans ad on the back of the M7 bus. She refused the champagne and a second helping from the free Tex-Mex buffet, and stuck to tomato juice. When people asked her what she *did*, she told them that she went to high school.

Madonna, she recounted, spent the evening holding court on the restaurant's balcony. It was hard to get a good spot below her table, but Camilla managed to, breathing in Madonna's exhalations and eavesdropping on her wisecracks. The star looked "much thinner" than she had expected, but "just as beautiful," and as Madonna was making her exit Camilla was able to exchange a few words with her. Their conversation is going to enliven many a dull school night in Montalcino, and has already enlivened the annual club barbecue at the lake where I spend my summers (though one of the older members thought I was telling a story about some actor named McDonough).

"I love you, Madonna," my godchild had said. "Will you sign my poster?"

"Hey, what's this? No autographs."

"But, Madonna, I came all the way from Italy."

"That's nice, kid. So did my ancestors."

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW: PETER HOLM

George Trow: Do you recognize this document, Peter?

Peter Holm: Yes, I do. This is Case Number D 180 933, Superior Court of the State of California.

G.T.: Your divorce from Joan Holm, a.k.a. Joan Collins?

P.H.: It's very painful.

G.T.: I'll try to be gentle. That's a very handsome watchband you're wearing, Peter. You have nice wrists.

P.H.: Thank you. I do recognize the document. It was drawn up by my lawyers. Could I have another water biscuit?

G.T.: In a minute, Peter. May I read from it?

P.H.: I trust you not to make me look foolish.

G.T.: I'll do my best. Now, when you say "We both," in this document, you mean you and Joan Holm, a.k.a. Joan Collins?

P.H.: That is correct.

G.T.: Very well, I'll begin. This is from the section entitled "Standard of Living of the Parties During the Course of the Marriage."

(*Reads.*) "We both have friends and business acquaintances throughout Europe and the United States. We have been entertained by such people as PRESIDENT REAGAN and we were invited on December 4, 1984, to the White House.

"Also during the summer of 1986 while visiting LONDON we enjoyed being included in the company of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS QUEEN ELIZABETH II, PRINCE CHARLES and LADY DIANA, along with SIR GORDON WHITE at the famous ASCOT RACES in England."

G.T. (*looks up*): That's very impressive, Pete.

P.H.: Thank you, George.

G.T. (*resumes reading*): "We dined out at restaurants on an average of five to six nights per week at places such as:

RESTAURANTS IN EUROPE:

ANNABEL'S, CONNAUGHT HOTEL, HARRY'S BAR, LANGAN'S BRASSERIE, MR. CHOW, MR. KAI, SAN LORENZO, TRADER VIC'S, TRAMP, WHITE ELEPHANT, MAXIM'S.

RESTAURANTS IN CALIFORNIA:

BISTRO GARDEN, BOMBAY PALACE, CHASEN'S, LA SCALA, LA SERRE, MA MAISON, MR. CHOW, MORTON'S, NICKY BLAIR'S, NIPPERS, PASTEL, SCANDIA, SPAGO, STUDIO GRILL, TRAMP, TRUMPS

at an average cost of one hundred dollars per person. . . .

"We were always part of the local HOLLYWOOD party scene, and attended, for example, parties at the homes of, or with:

JOHNNY CARSON, ROGER MOORE, LINDA EVANS, JACKIE BISSET, SAMMY CAHN, MICHAEL CAINE, DYAN CANNON, ALLAN CARR, BARBARA CARRERA, DIAHANN CARROLL, CHRIS CAZANOVE, MARVIN DAVIS, SAMMY DAVIS, JR., KIRK DOUGLAS, TIMOTHY DALTON, MORGAN FAIRCHILD, JAMES FARENTINO, FREDDIE FIELDS, JOHN FORSYTHE, EVA GABOR, ZSA ZSA GABOR, REGINE, LARRY HAGMAN, GEORGE HAMILTON, DAVID HASSELHOFF, HUGH HEFNER, LAUREN HUTTON, JULIO IGLESIAS, JOHN JAMES, DON JOHNSON, GENE KELLY, IRVING LAZAR, MICHELE LEE, LIZA MINNELLI, MICHAEL NADER, CATHERINE OXENBERG, RYAN O'NEAL, FARRAH FAWCETT, GREGORY PECK, JOANNA POITIER, STEFANIE POWERS, NORMAN PARKINSON, JEAN-PIERRE AUMONT, JANE SEYMOUR, ROBERT WAGNER, ESTHER WILLIAMS, RAQUEL WELCH, JOAN RIVERS, HAROLD ROBBINS, ADNAN KHASHOGGI." (*Pauses, then flips to another page and resumes reading.*)

"Because I am presently unemployed, and all savings during the marriage were invested in our Cabrillo home, my cash flow is at present zero." (*Stops reading.*)

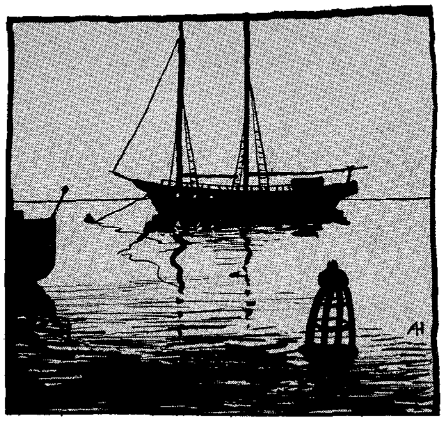
P.H.: (*sighs*).

G.T.: Zero.

P.H.: Zero.

G.T.: What's ahead for you now, Peter?

P.H.: Luckily, George, I'm very strong, very dynamic. Another man in my position might turn to a WEIRD PSYCHIC CULT run by a SADISTIC FATHER FIGURE.



G.T.: The consolation of religion.

P.H.: I'm very sensitive.

G.T.: Anything else?

P.H.: A person might turn to drink, utilizing such brands as ROYAL FAVORITE BLENDED WHISKEY. This life style would lead to stays at INEXPENSIVE BOARDING HOUSES and CHEAP HOTELS, such as the DOME, the NADEAU, the CARLETON, and the ST. ANGELO ANNEX, which were all in the FAMED BUNKER HILL DISTRICT of LOS ANGELES, which has now been COMPLETELY RAZED.

G.T.: Kind of hard to stay there, then, Pete. I mean as a realistic thing.

P.H.: Hard to stay here in COSTLY BEVERLY HILLS with a ZERO CASH FLOW, George.

G.T.: True. Pete, sometimes we have to ask the hard questions—I know you understand.

P.H.: Shoot.

G.T.: Are you what is called a *gigolo*?

P.H.: George, I always had a kind word. In fact, I had hundreds of them, including HI, HELLO, FINE THANK YOU, I LOVE THOSE EARRINGS, STRIPES MAKE YOU LOOK SLIMMER, SHALL I FILL THE POOL? and BYE NOW. It was part of our life style to use these words regardless of cost. We used words like EXCESS, SURPLUS, LUXURY, OVERDOSE, VANTAGE SPOT, BETTY FORD CLINIC, and other similar words in our life style. But now it's over, and frankly I don't know what's to become of me. I'm glad I'm not a weak person, because a weak person might slit his wrists. If you slit your wrists they just take you to the HOSPITAL, which is simply exhausting, even if it's a top-notch hospital like PRODUCERS' PRESBYTERIAN or the BEL AIR DEACONESS HOSPITAL. And I'm sick of staying home. Last night I thought about PRESIDENT REAGAN. And then I thought about MR. CHOW, but it didn't do any good. I tried to think about them both at once, as in PRESIDENT REAGAN at MR. CHOW, or as in MR. CHOW disassembled piece by piece and erected on the WHITE HOUSE LAWN, but it didn't make sense. I just don't have a scholarly mind.

G.T.: Here's a water biscuit.

P.H.: Thank you. (*Pause*) Can you put in that I have a pretty watch?

G.T.: I think so. Yes.

P.H.: I'd be very grateful.

—George W. S. Trow

MIDNIGHT MAGIC

STEVE leaves the supermarket and hits the sunlight. Blinking, he stands there a moment, then glances at his feet. He has on running shoes, but he was sure he had put on boots. He touches his face. He hasn't shaved. His car, illegally parked in the space for the handicapped, is deep blue and wicked. The rear has "Midnight Magic" painted on it in large pink curlicue letters with orange-and-red tails. Rays of color, fractured rainbows, spread out over the flanks. He picked the design from a thick book the custom painters had. The car's rear end is hiked up like a female cat in heat. Prowling in his car at night, he could be Dracula.

Sitting behind the wheel, he eats the chocolate-covered doughnuts he just bought and drinks from a carton of chocolate milk. The taste of the milk is off. They do something weird to chocolate milk now. His father used to drive a milk truck, before he got arrested for stealing a shipment of bowling shoes he found stacked up behind a shoe store. He had always told Steve to cover his tracks and accentuate the positive.

It is Sunday. Steve is a wreck, still half drunk. Last night, just after he and Karen quarrelled and she retreated to his bathroom to sulk, the telephone rang. It was Steve's brother, Bud, wanting to know if Steve had seen Bud's dog, Big Red. Bud had been out hunting with Big Red and his two beagles, and Big Red had strayed. Steve hadn't seen the stupid dog. Where would he have seen him—strolling down Main Street? Bud lived several miles out in the country. Steve was annoyed with him for calling late on a Saturday night. He still hadn't forgiven Bud for the time he shot a skunk and left it in Steve's garbage can. Steve popped another beer and watched some junk on television until Karen emerged from the bathroom and started gathering up her things.

"Why don't you get some decent dishes?" she said, pointing to the splotched paper plates littering the kitchen counter.

"Paper plates are simpler," he said. "Money can't buy happiness, but it can buy paper plates." He pulled her down on the couch and tousled her hair, then held her arms down, tickling her.

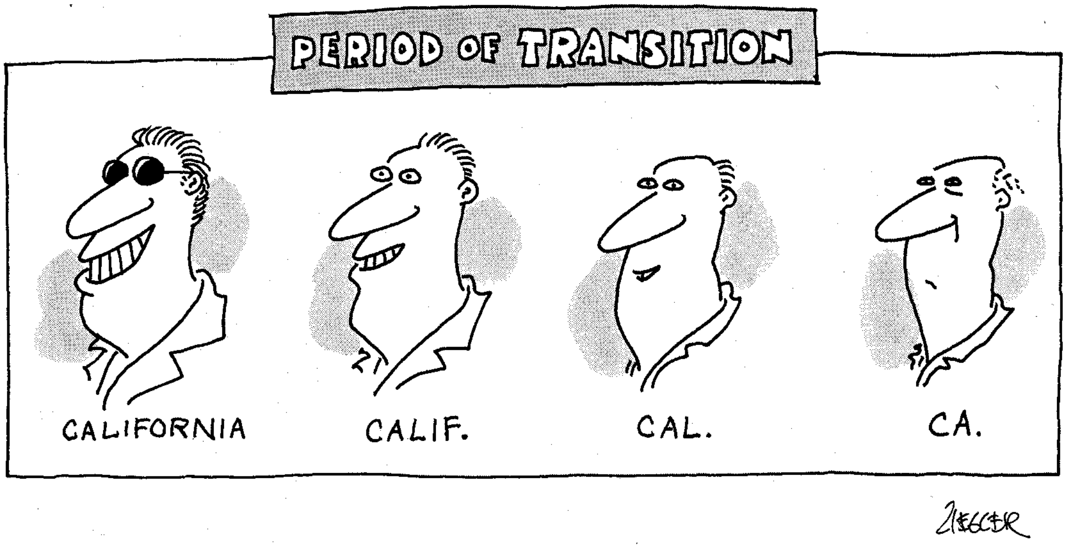
"Quit it!" she squealed, but he was sure she didn't mean it. He was just playing.

"You're like that old cat Mama used to have," she said, wrenching herself away from him. "He always got rough when you played with him, and then he'd start drumming with his hind legs. Cats do that when they want to rip out a rabbit's guts."

Steve will be glad when his friends Doran and Nancy get home. Whenever Doran wrestled Nancy down onto the couch at Steve's apartment and tickled her, she loved it. Doran and Nancy got married last week and went to Disney World, and Steve has promised to pick them up at the airport down in Nashville later today. Doran met Nancy only six weeks ago—at the Bluebird Cocktail Lounge and Restaurant, over in Paducah. Doran was with Steve and Karen, celebrating Karen's twenty-third birthday. Nancy and another waitress brought Karen's birthday cake to the table and sang "Happy Birthday." The cake was sizzling with lighted sparklers. Nancy wore clinging sports tights—hot pink, with black slashes across the calves—and a long aqua sweatshirt that reached just below her ass. Doran fell in love—suddenly and passionately. Steve knew Doran had never stayed with one girl long enough to get a deep relationship going, and suddenly he was in love. Steve was surprised and envious.

Nancy has a cute giggle, a note of encouragement in response to anything Doran says. Her hips are slender, her legs long and well proportioned. She wears contact lenses tinted blue. But she is not really any more attractive than Karen, who has blond hair and natural blue eyes. And Nancy doesn't know anything about cars. Karen has a working knowledge of crankshafts and fuel pumps. When her car stalls, she knows it's probably because the distributor cap is wet. Steve wishes he and Karen could cut up like

"They bought a cow, and now they call it a ranch."



Nancy and Doran. Nancy and Doran love "The New Newlywed Game." They make fun of it, trying to guess things they should know about each other if they were on that show. If Nancy learned that grilled steak was Doran's favorite food, she'd say, "Now, I'm going to remember that! That's the kind of thing you have to know on the 'Newlyweds.' "

During those weeks of watching Doran and Nancy in love, Steve felt empty inside, doomed. When Karen was angry at him last night, it was as if a voice from another time had spoken through her and told him his fate. Karen believes in things like that. She is always telling him what Sardo says in the Sunday-night meetings she goes to at the converted dance hall, next to the bowling alley. Sardo is a thousand-year-old American Indian inhabiting the body of a teen-age girl in Paducah. Until Karen started going to those meetings, she and Steve had been solid together—not deliriously in love, like Doran and Nancy, but reasonably happy. Now Steve feels confused and transparent, as though Karen has eyes that see right through him.

IN his apartment, on the second floor of a big old house with a large landlady (gland problem), he searches for his laundry. Karen must have hidden his clothes. If he's lucky, she has taken them home with her to wash. The clipping about Nancy's wedding flutters from the stereo. He is saving it for her. "The bride wore a full-length off-white dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves, dotted with seed pearls." There's a misprint in the story: "The bridegroom, Doran Palmer, is employed at Johnson Sheet Metal Co." Steve smiles. Doran will get a kick out of that. Before he and Nancy left for Florida, Doran told Steve he felt as though he had won a sweepstakes. "She really makes me feel like somebody," Doran said. "Isn't that all anybody wants in the world—just to feel like somebody?"

Steve's clothes are under his bed, along with some dust fluffs. From the television screen a shiny-haired guy in a dark-blue suit yells at him about salvation. There is an eight-hundred-number telephone listing at the bottom of the screen. All Steve has to do is send money. "You send *me* some money and I'll work on *your* soul," Steve tells the guy. He flips through all the stations on cable, but nothing good is on. He picks up the telephone to call Karen, then replaces it. He has to think of what to say. He cracks his knuckles. She hates that.

Steve stuffs all his laundry into one big bag, grabs his keys, and slams out of his place. As usual, the bag slung over his shoulder makes him think of Santa Claus. At the laundromat he packs everything into one machine. He pours powder in and rams in the quarters, pretending he's playing a slot machine. The laundromat is crowded. It's surprising how many people skip church nowadays. But it's good that there are fewer hypocrites, he decides. Catholic priests are dying from AIDS, and here in town half the Baptists are alcoholics. A pretty woman in purple jeans is reading a book. He considers approaching her, then decides not to. She might be too smart for him. He leaves his clothes churning and cruises past McDonald's and Hardee's to see if there's anyone he knows. Should he go over to Karen's? While he thinks about it, he pulls into the Amoco station and gasses up. Steve's friend Pete squirts blue fluid on Steve's windshield—a personal service not usually provided at the self-serve island. Pete leans into Steve's car and tugs the lavender garter dangling from the rearview mirror. "Hey, Steve, looks like you got lucky."

"Yeah." It was Nancy's, from the wedding. It was supposed to be blue but she got lavender because it was on sale. Doran told Nancy that her blue-tinted contact lenses would do for "something blue." Nancy threw the garter to Steve—the same way she tossed her bridal bouquet to her girlfriends. He thought that catching her garter meant he was next in line for something. Something good—he doesn't know what. Maybe Karen could ask Sardo, but whatever Sardo said, Steve wouldn't believe it. Sardo is a first-class fake.

Steve has been banging on the pump, trying to get his gas cap to jump off the top. When it does, he catches it neatly: infield-fly rule. The gas nozzle clicks and he finishes the fill-up.

"Well, Steve, don't you go falling asleep on the job," Pete says as Steve guns the engine.

That's an old joke. Steve works at the mattress factory. The factory is long and low and windowless, and bales of fibrefill hug the walls. Steve steers giant scissors across soft, patterned fabric fastened on stretchers. After he crams the stuffing into the frame, Janetta and Lynn do the finishing work. The guys at the plant tease those girls all day. Janetta and Lynn play along, saying, "Do you want to get in my bed?" Or, "Let's spend lunch hour in the bed room." The new mattresses are displayed beneath glaring fluorescent lights—not the sexiest place to get anything going. But Steve likes the new-bed smell there. He likes the smell of anything new. The girls are nice, but they're not serious. Lynn is engaged, and she's three years older than Steve.

AT the laundromat he transfers the soggy, cold load into a dryer and flips each dime on the back of his hand before inserting it. Two heads, two tails. He slides a dollar bill into the change machine and watches George Washington's face disappear and turn into dimes. He laughs, trying to imagine George Washington coming back in the twentieth century and trying to make sense out of laundromats, Midnight Magic, and crazy women. The woman in the purple pants is still there, reading her book. He drives off, screeching loudly out of his parking spot.

Karen's apartment is above a dry cleaner's, next to a vacant lot. It's a lonesome part of town, near the overhead bridge that leads out of town. The parking lot has four cars in it, including her red Escort. An exterior wooden stairway with several broken steps leads to her apartment. There's a rapist in town, and he has struck twice in Karen's neighborhood. Now she sleeps with a knife beside her bed and a shotgun beneath it.

"Are you still mad at me?" he asks when she opens the door. She just woke up and her hair is shooting off in several directions.

"Yeah." She chains the door and returns to her bed.

"What did I do?" He sits down on the edge of the bed.

She doesn't answer that. She says, "When I came in last night I was too nervous to sleep, so I painted that wall." She points to the bedroom wall, now a pale green. The other walls are pink. The colors are like the candy mints at Nancy and Doran's wedding. "The landlord said if I paint everything he'll take it off the rent," Karen says.

"He ought to put bars on the windows," Steve says. Lined-up Coke bottles stand guard on the windowsills, along with spider plants that dangle their creepy arms all the way to the floor.

"If that rapist comes in through the window I'll be ready for him," she says. "I'll blast him to kingdom come. I mean it, too. I'll kill that sucker *dead.*" She scrunches up her pillow and hugs it. "I need some coffee."

"Want me to go get you some? I can get some at McDonald's when I go get my clothes out of the dryer."

LITTLE ELEGY WITH BOOKS AND BEASTS

(IN MEMORY OF MARTIN PROVENSEN, 1916-1987)

I

Winters when the gosling froze to its nest
he'd warm it and carry it into the house praising
its finely engraved wings and ridiculous beak,
or sit all night by the roan mare, wrapping
her bruised leg, rinsing the cloths while his wife
read aloud from "Don Quixote," and darkness hung
on the cold steam of her breath,
or spend five days laying a ladder for the hen
to walk dry-shod into the barn.

Now the black cat broods on the porch.
Now the spotted hound, meeting visitors, greets none.
Nestler, nurse, mender of wounded things,
he said he didn't believe in the body.
He lost the gander, elder of all their beasts
(not as wise as the cat but more beloved),
the night of the first frost, the wild geese
calling—last seen waddling south
on the highway, beating his clipped wings.

II

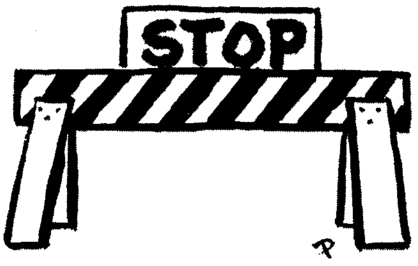
He stepped outside through the usual door
and saw for the last time his bare maples
scrawling their cold script on the low hills
and the sycamore mottled as old stone
and the willows slurred into gold by the spring light,
and he noticed the boy clearing the dead brush—
old boughs that broke free under the cover of snow—
and he raised his hand, and a door in the air opened,
and what was left of him stumbled and fell
and lay at rest on the earth like a clay lamp
still warm whose flame was not nipped or blown
but lifted out by the one who lit it
and carried alive over the meadow—
that light by which we read, while he was here,
the chapter called Joy in the Book of Creation.

—NANCY WILLARD

• •

"I'll just turn on the coffeepot," she says, swinging out of bed. She's wearing a red football shirt with the number forty-six on the front. Steve thumps his fist on the mattress. It's a poor mattress. He doesn't like sleeping with her here. He wanted her to stay with him last night.

Karen flip-flops into the kitchen and runs water into her coffeepot. She measures coffee into a filter paper and sets it in the cone above the pot, then pours the water into the top compartment of the coffee-maker. He envies her. He can't even make a pot of coffee. He should do more for her—maybe get her a new mattress, at cost. Her apartment is small, decorated with things she made in a crafts club.

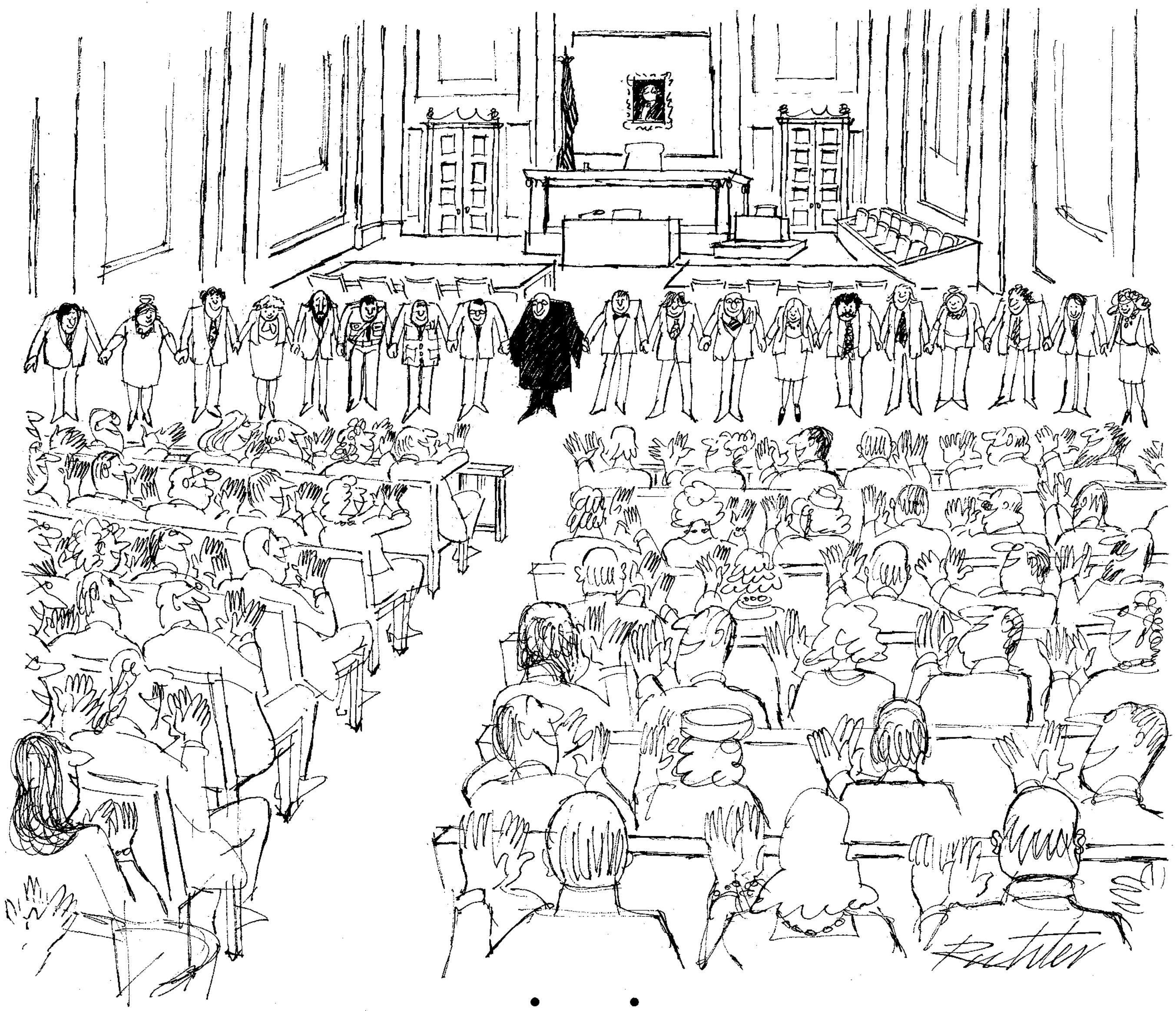


"You ought to move," he says.

She laughs. "Hey! I'm trying to lure the guy here. I want that five-thousand-dollar reward!"

"You could move in with me." He's never said anything like that before, and he's shocked at himself.

She disappears into her bedroom and returns in a few minutes wearing jeans and a sweatshirt. The dripping coffee smells like burning leaves, with acorns. Steve likes the smell but he doesn't really like coffee. When he



was little, the smell of his mother's percolator in the morning was intoxicating, but when he got old enough to drink it he couldn't believe how bitter it was.

"Did you find your clothes?" Karen asks after she has poured two mugs of coffee and dosed them with milk and sugar.

"Yeah, I had to haul 'em out from under the bed. Some fluffy little animals had made their nests in them." He reaches over and draws her near him.

"What kind of animals?" she says, softening.

"Little kittens and bunnies," he says into her hair.

She breathes into his neck. "I wish I knew what to do about you," she murmurs.

"Trust me."

"I don't know," she says, pulling away from him.

He starts playing with the can opener, opening and closing the handles.

"Don't do that," she says. "It makes me nervous. I didn't get enough sleep. I'm not going to get a good night's sleep till they catch that guy."

"Why don't you ask Sardo who that rapist is? Old Sardo's such a know-it-all."

"Oh, shut up. You never take anything seriously."

"I *am* serious. I asked you to move in with me."

She drinks from her coffee mug, and her face livens up. She says, "I've got a lot to do today. I'm going to write letters to my sister and my nephews in Tallahassee. And I want to alter that new outfit I bought and clean my apartment and finish painting the bedroom." She sighs. "I'll never get all that done."

As she talks, he has been playing air guitar, like an accompanying tune. He turns to box playfully at her. "Go to Nashville with me today to get Doran and Nancy," he says.

"No, I've got too much to do before tonight's meeting. It's about recognizing your inner strength." She stares at him, in mingled exasperation and what he hopes is a hint of love. "I have to get my head together. Leave me alone today—O.K.?"

JITTERY on Karen's coffee but feeling optimistic, he drives back to the laundromat. He spends half his life chasing after his clothes. Traffic is heavy; families are heading home from church for fried chicken and the Cardinals game. People getting out of church must feel great, he thinks. He has heard that religion is a sex substitute. Karen told him Sardo is both sexes. "Double your pleasure, double your fun" was Steve's reply. Karen said, "Sardo says the answers are in yourself, not in God." On TV, the evangelists say the answers are in God. When people bottom out, they often get born again and discover Jesus. That's exactly what happened to Steve's father. He sends Steve pathetic letters filled with Bible quotations. His father used to live for what he could get away with, but now he casually dumps his shit in Christ's lap. Steve hopes he never gets that low. He'd rather trust himself. He's not sure he could trust anybody, especially Sardo—even if Sardo's message is to trust yourself. He's afraid Karen is getting brainwashed. He has heard that the girl who claims to be Sardo is now driving a Porsche.

At the laundromat he finds his clothes piled up on top of the dryer, which is whirring with someone else's clothes. His laundry is still damp and he has to wait till another dryer is free. Fuming, he sits in the car and listens to the radio, knowing that his impatience is pointless, because when his laundry is finished all he'll probably do is drive around and listen to the radio. "Keep it where you got it," says the d.j. "Ninety-four-five FM."

Through the window, he sees the woman in purple pants remove her laundry from the dryer he had used. He slouches out of Midnight Magic and enters the laundromat. Her laundry, in a purple laundry basket, includes purple T-shirts and socks and panties.

"Looks like you're into purple," he says to her as he wads his damp clothes into the vacated dryer.

"It's my favorite color, is all," she says, giving him a cool look. She grabs the panties in her laundry just as he reaches for them. She's quick.

"Do you want to hear a great joke?" he asks.

"What?"

"Why did Reagan bomb Libya?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"To impress Jodie Foster."

"Who's Jodie Foster?" she asks.

"You're kidding!" When Doran told Nancy that joke she got the giggles.

The woman folds a filmy nightgown into thirds, then expertly twines together a pair of purple socks. No children's T-shirts, no men's clothes in her pile.

"I just had some coffee and it makes me shake," he says, holding out his hand in front of her face. He makes his hand tremble.

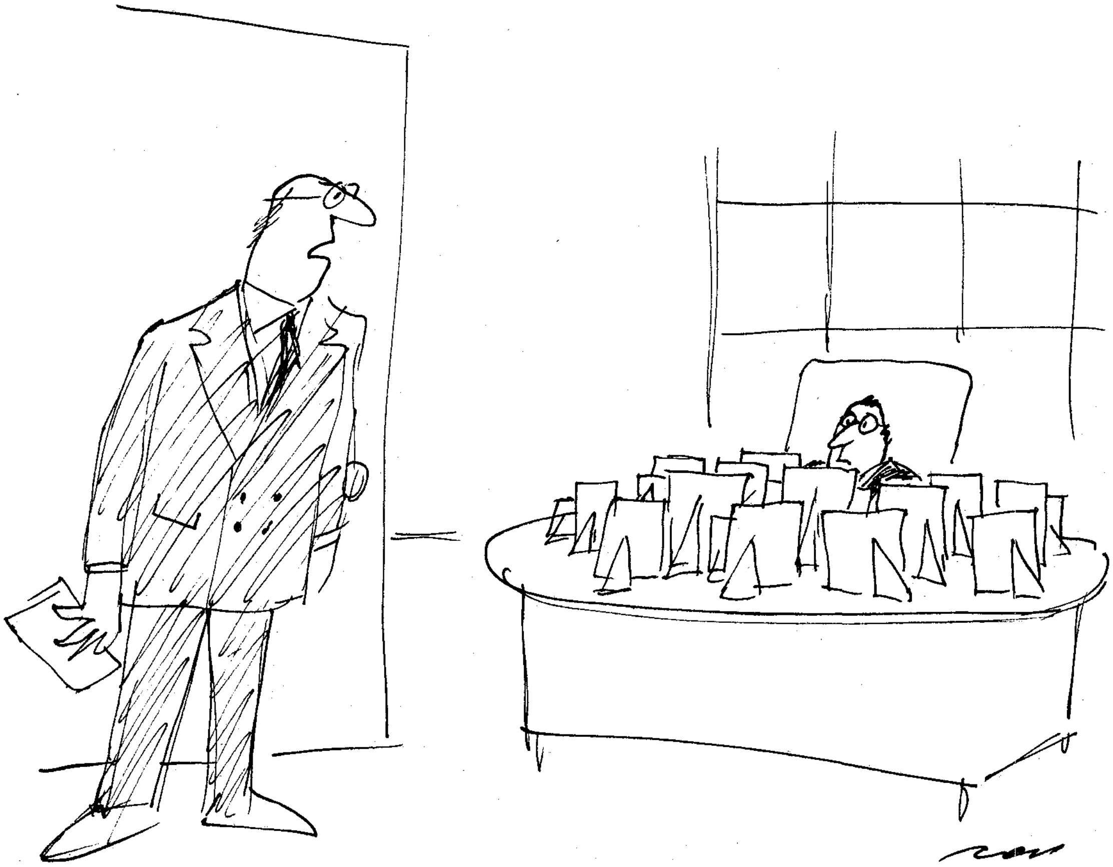
"You oughtn't to drink coffee, then," she says.

"You really know how to hurt a guy," he says to her. "When you say something like that, it's like closing a door."

She doesn't answer. She hip-hugs her laundry basket and leaves.

THE red light at the intersection of Walnut and Center Streets is taking about three hours, and there's not a car in sight, so Steve scoots through. He drives back to Karen's apartment building and pulls in beside her Escort, trying to decide what to do. The small parking lot is wedged between Karen's building and the service entrance of a luncheonette. After business hours the place is deserted. Karen's windows look out on the roof of the luncheonette. At night the parking lot is badly lighted. He hates himself for letting her drive home alone last night, but he was too drunk to drive and she refused to let him. Last night, he suddenly remembers, he pretended to be the rapist. That was why she was so furious with him. But she didn't say anything about it today. Maybe he terrified her so much she was afraid to bring it up. "Don't do that again!" she cried when she broke free of his clutches last night. "But wouldn't it be a relief to know it was only me?" he asked. That was where tickling her on the couch had led. He couldn't stop himself. But it was just a game. She should have known that.

If he were the neighborhood rapist scouting out her apartment, he would hide in the dark doorway of the delivery entrance of the dry cleaner's downstairs, and when she came in at night, pointing the way with the key, he'd grab her tight around her waist. His weapon, hidden in his jacket, would



"Klenson, I'd like a word with you—alone."

press into her back. Catching her outside would be easier than coming through the window, smashing bottles to the floor and then being attacked by those spider plants of hers. Steve shudders. The rapist would simply twist her knife out of her hand and use it on her. He would grab her shotgun away from her, as easily as Steve pinned her on the bed last night.

Steve eases into reverse and creeps out of the parking lot. At a stop sign a pickup pulls around him, beeping. It's Bud.

"I found Big Red!" Bud yells. "He turned up at the back door this morning, starved." Big Red wobbles in the truck bed, his tongue hanging out like a handkerchief from a pocket.

"I knew he'd come back," Steve calls over.

"You didn't know that! Irish setters take a notion to run like hell and they get lost."

"Tell Big Red to settle down," says Steve. "Tell him some bedtime stories. Feed him some hog fat."

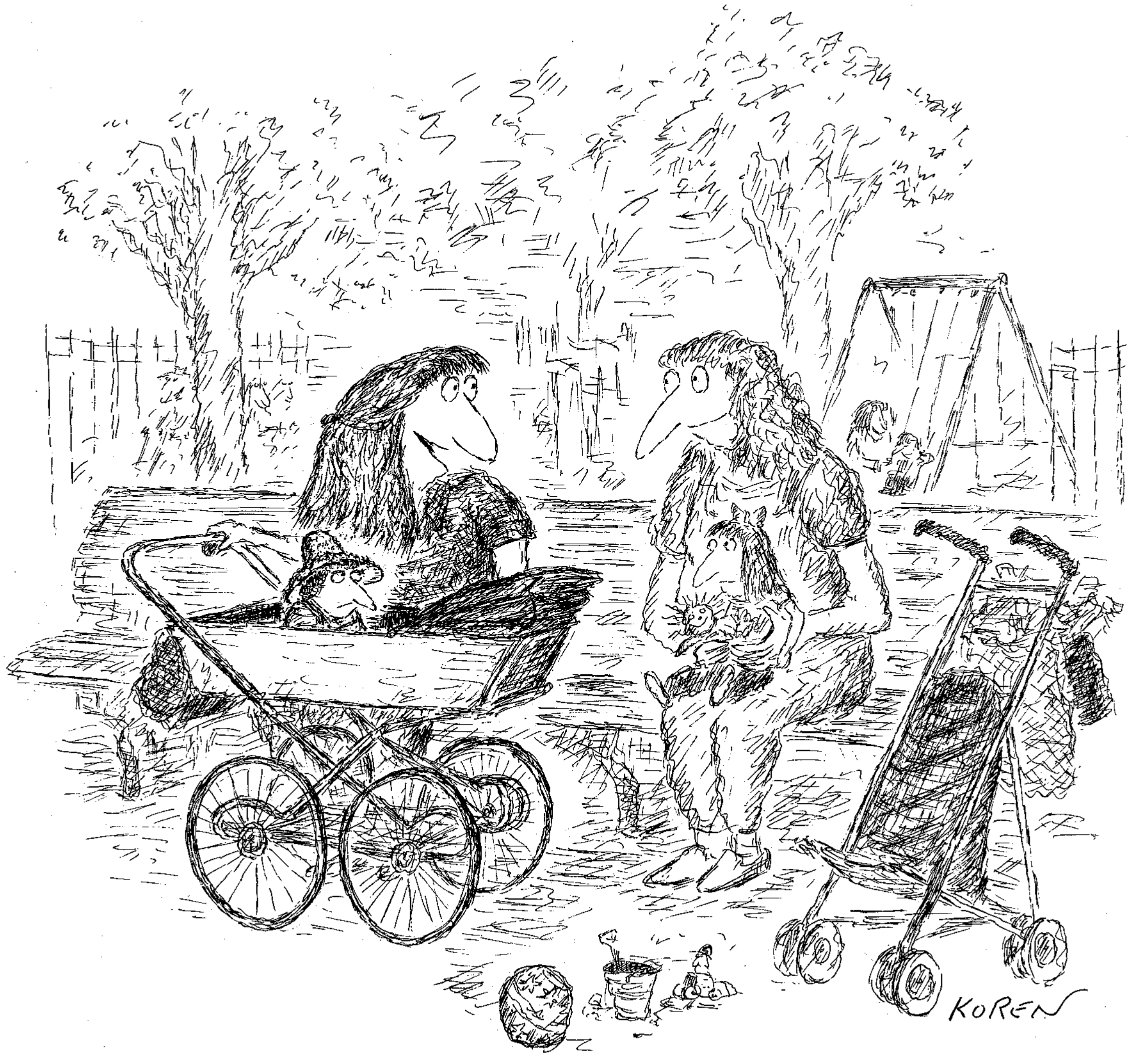
"Are you O.K., Steve?"

"Yeah, why?"

"You look like death warmed over." A car behind them blows. "Take it easy," says Bud.

Steve takes home a Big Mac and a double order of fries and eats in his kitchen, with a beer. The Cardinals game is just beginning. He feels at loose ends. Sometimes he has sudden feelings of desperation he can't explain—as if he has to get rid of something in his system. Like racing the engine to burn impurities out of his fuel line. He realizes a word has been tumbling through his mind all morning. Navratilova. The syllables spill out musically, to the tune of "Hearts on Fire," by Bryan Adams. Navratilova—her big arms like a man's. He imagines Nancy coming over—in her leg-of-lamb sleeves, her hot-pink tights. She's always in a good mood. He's sure she would be an immaculate housekeeper. Everything would be clean and pretty and safe, but she wouldn't mention how she slaved over it. Steve has noticed that most people feel sorry for themselves for having to do what they have actually maneuvered themselves into doing. His dad complaining about the food in jail. Bud moaning about his lost dog. Karen painting her wall. Or having to get her chores done so she won't be late to her meeting. When she had to get new tires, she fussed about the cost for weeks. He realizes he and Karen can never be like Doran and Nancy. There has to be some chemistry between two people, something inexplicable. Why is he involved with someone who follows the bizarre teachings of a teen-ager who says she's a reincarnated Indian? In a moment, he realizes how illogical his thoughts are. He wants something miraculous, but he can't believe in it. His head buzzes.

He finishes eating and surveys the damage. His place is straight out of Beirut. The waste can overflows with TV-dinner boxes and paper plates. In the oven, he finds a pizza box from last Sunday. Two leftover slices are growing little garden plots of gray mold. He locates a garbage bag and starts to clear out his kitchen. He's aware he's cleaning it up for Karen to move in; otherwise he wouldn't bother until it got really bad. If she moves in, she can have the alcove by the bedroom for her crafts table. He pops another beer. The Cards' game is away in a domed stadium. He can never really tell from TV what it would feel like to be inside such a huge place. He can't imagine how a whole ball field, with fake



"She's very driven."

• •

grass, can be under one roof. Playing baseball there seems as crazy as going fishing indoors. He picks up an earring beside the couch.

Then the telephone rings. It's Doran. "Steve, you crazy idiot! Where in Jesus' name are you?"

"I'm right here. Where are you?"

"Well, take a wild guess."

"I don't know. Having a beer with Mickey Mouse?"

"Nancy and me are at the Nashville airport, and guess who was supposed to meet us."

"Oh, no! I thought it was tonight."

"One o'clock, Flight 432."

"I wrote it down somewhere. I thought it was seven o'clock."

"Well, we're here and what are we going to do about it?"

"I guess I'll have to come down and get you."

"Well, hurry. Nancy's real tired. She had insomnia last night."

"Are you still in love?" Steve blurts out. He's playing with Karen's earring, a silver loop within a loop.

Doran laughs strangely. "Oh, we'll tell you all about it. This has been a honeymoon for the record books."

"Go watch the ballgame in the bar. And hang on, Doran. I'll be there in two and a half hours flat."

"Don't burn up the road—but hurry."

Steve puts the rest of the six-pack in a cooler and takes off. He heads out to the parkway that leads to I-24 and down to Nashville. He can't understand Doran's tone. He spoke as though he'd discovered something troubling about Nancy. Steve is miles out of town before he remembers he didn't pick up his laundry. He wishes Karen were along. She likes to go for Sunday drives in his car. He considers turning around, giving her a call at a gas station. He can't decide. On the radio a wild pitch distracts him and he realizes he's already too far along to turn around. The beer is soothing his headache.

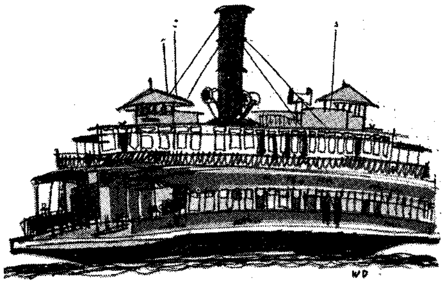
Steve passes the Lake Barkley exits and zooms around a truck on a hill. The highway is easy and open, no traffic. As he drives, the muddle in his mind seems to be smoothing out, like something in a blender. Early in the summer he and Karen spent a Saturday over here at the Land Between the Lakes. At one of the tourist spots they saw an albino deer in a pen. Later, as they cruised down the Trace, the highway that runs the length of the wilderness, Karen said the deer was spooky. "It was like something all bleached out. It wasn't all *there.* It was embarrassing, like not having a tan in the summer."

"Maybe we ought to get Ted Turner to come here and colorize it," Steve said. "Like he's doing those movies."

Karen laughed. He used to be able to cheer her up like that before she got tangled up with Sardo. Before Sardo—B.S. Maybe he should become a cult-buster and rescue her. He has no idea how much money Sardo is costing her. She keeps that a secret.

Before long, he crosses the Tennessee line. Tennessee, the Volunteer State. For several miles, he tries to think of something that rhymes with Tennessee, then loses his train of thought. Suddenly he spots something lying ahead on the bank by the shoulder. It is large—perhaps a dead deer. As he approaches, he tries to guess what it is. He likes the way eyes can play tricks—how a giant bullfrog can turn out to be a cedar tree or a traffic sign. As he approaches, he realizes it's a man, lying several yards off the shoulder. He wonders if it's just a traveller who has stopped to take a nap, but there is no car nearby. Steve slows down to fifty. It is clearly a man, about twenty feet from the shoulder, near a bush. The man is lying face down, in an unnatural position, straight and flat—the position of a dead man. He's wearing a plaid shirt and blue running shoes and faded jeans. Lying out there in the open, he seems discarded, like a bag of trash.

Steve glides past the nearby exit, figuring that someone has probably already called the police. With beer in the car and on his breath, Steve doesn't want to fool with the police. They would want to know his license number, probably even bring him in



RAIN

quilts the pond and
out from under its plumped-upness
a snapping turtle
pokes its head and
munches a morsel of water lily leaf.
The sky
falls down in bits and pieces.
Does the face
of the pond
show the level of the water table?
Mebbe yes,
mebbe no.
A girl,
no,
an ironwood tree
stands there
so young, so sinewy and slim,
as though soft-water rinses were
all it ever wanted.
A branch
heavily shifts
its leaves.
Something—
a frog?—
goes plop.
The rough-cut grass,
stuck randomly
with flowers,
accepts the world's shampoo.

—James Schuyler

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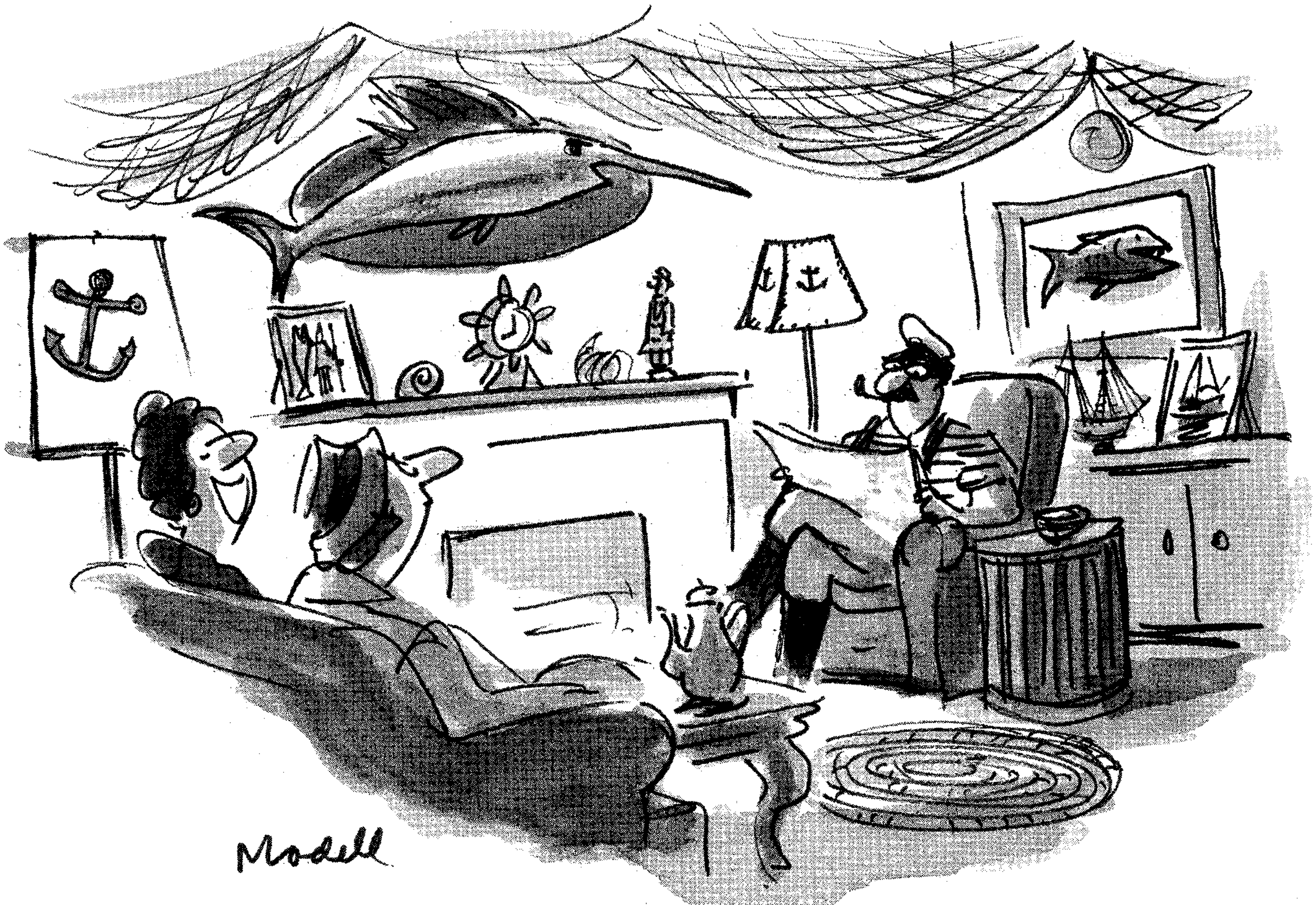

"The moment I saw Ted I fell for him hook, line, and sinker."

• •

for questions. If he stopped, he might leave footprints, flecks of paint from Midnight Magic. For all he knows, the mud flaps could have flung mud from Steve's driveway straight toward the body as he passed. But he's letting his imagination run away with him. He tries to laugh at this habit of his. He gulps some beer and tunes the ballgame in over another station. It was fading away. Karen says to trust yourself, your instincts—know yourself.

"You don't need a thousand-year-old Indian to tell you that," he told her a few days ago. "I could have told you that for free."

The Clarksville exit is coming up. "Last Train to Clarksville" runs through his mind. The man lying out there in broad daylight bothers him. It reminds him of the time he fell asleep at lunch hour in the mattress room, and when he woke up he felt like a patient awakening after surgery. Everyone was standing around him in a circle, probing him with their eyes. Without really planning it, he curves onto the exit ramp. He slows down, turns left, then right. He pulls up to the side of a gas station, in front of the telephone booth. He leaves the motor running and feels in his pocket for a quarter. He flips the quarter, thinking heads. It's tails. There are emergency numbers on the telephone. The emergency numbers are free. He pockets the quarter and dials. A recorded voice asks him to hold.

In a moment, a woman's voice answers. Steve answers in a tone higher than normal. "I was driving south on I-24? And I want to report that I saw a man laying on the side of the road. I don't know if he was dead or just resting."

"Where are you, sir?"

"Now? Oh, I'm at a gas station."

"Location of gas station?"

"Hell, I don't know. The Clarksville exit."

"North or south?"

"South. I said south."

"What's the telephone number you're speaking from?"

He spreads his free hand on the glass wall of the telephone booth and gazes through his fingers at pie-slice sections of scenery. Up on the interstate, the traffic proceeds nonchalantly, as indifferent as worms working the soil. The woman's voice is asking something else over the phone. "Sir?" she says. "Are you there, sir?" His head buzzes from the beer. On his knuckle is a blood blister he doesn't know where he got.

Steve studies his car through the door of the phone booth. It's idling, jerkily, like a panting dog. It speeds up, then kicks down. His muffler has been growing throatier, making an impressive drag-race rumble. It's the power of Midnight Magic, the sound of his heart. —BOBBIE ANN MASON

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WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[Adv. in the Newport (R.I.) Daily News]

COMMERCIAL type freezer, sleeps 3 and electric stove $500.

PERSONAL HISTORY

AMONG THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

"YOUR first reading assignment for this class will be 'The Bear,' " Mr. Mulhauser said, opening the freshman-level English course at Pomona College, in Claremont, California. It was the end of June in 1952. I was eighteen, and I was back in class only a month or so after leaving the Arkansas School for the Blind, in Little Rock, where I had gone to high school. This was the first day of Pomona's six-week summer session, which I had enrolled in as soon as my arrangements for attending the college were completed. I was taking one course in the hope that it would help me familiarize myself with the campus, and to learn how to go about hiring and using readers—a good way to work out a general system of living and studying at college, before it formally opened. "The story is by an important American writer named William Faulkner. As you read 'The Bear,' ask yourselves what the bear is a symbol of. Can anyone tell us what a symbol is?"

People shifted in their desks, and the wooden floor creaked.

"Young lady in the second row?" Mr. Mulhauser said, apparently acknowledging a raised hand.

"It's a sign," a girl said. She had a lovely, confident voice, and I thought she would say more, but she stopped, as if she didn't know how to go on.

"Sign for what?" Mr. Mulhauser pressed. He was talking and smoking at the same time, and sounded as if his cigarette was hanging from the corner of his mouth and about to drop off.

No one volunteered an answer. Whether the members of the class were shy or ignorant or were slow students taking summer school to catch up I never found out.

"Well, can anyone tell me what a metaphor is, then? What about a simile? Someone must know what that is. Come on—this is something you must have learned in your high-school English class." I had the impression that he would have liked to make fun of us but was too good-natured and indulgent to actually do it.

I like his voice and manner and his way of teaching, even though he's putting us on the spot, I thought. I remember, however, feeling overwhelmed by the thought that I knew nothing, that I was an ignoramus. I felt that I had wasted my time learning useless things in high school, that I would probably not be able to keep up with the demands of college work, that I didn't deserve to be in a college at all. The fact that everyone else appeared just as ignorant didn't console me; for once, I didn't compare myself with anybody. I just felt crushed by my own deficiencies.

By the time the hour was over, I thought I had never attended a class in which I learned so much so quickly—a class that stirred me up so much. I thought that Mr. Mulhauser was some kind of paragon, with stores upon stores of marvellous knowledge. I wanted to be his most passionate student—to give up eating, sleeping, everything, to read and reread his assignments and win his praise. I wanted to commit the text of everything he assigned to memory, to know it better than anyone else, perhaps better than the author himself. But how was I even going to read "The Bear" —the assignment for the next day? (It was a matter of general knowledge that practically everything required for college work in those days was unavailable in Braille or on Talking Books.) Who would read it to me? How was I going to set about finding a reader in less than twenty-four hours? How would I take notes? Using Braille was so slow that it was out of the question; typing raised the problem of who would read the notes back to me—the problem of finding a reader all over again—and anyway it would disturb the class.

The bell rang, and the people around me stood up, audibly stretching and yawning, shuffling notebooks and tucking them under arms. I sat paralyzed in my chair, dreading the walk by myself back to my room in Clark Hall, the main residence for men.

I had arrived at the college just that morning—a friend, Mrs. Thind, had driven me, along with my father. My father, who was a visiting Fulbright professor at the medical school of the University of California at Los Angeles, had wanted to show me around the college, or, at least, walk with me a couple of times from Clark Hall to the classroom. He knew as well as I that I needed to walk a route a few times with someone, so that it would become fixed in my feet and I could go back and forth confidently. But people were milling about, and I didn't want them to watch me being taken around the place, however discreetly. I was impatient, as usual, and made my father and Mrs. Thind think that I would be able to find my way, like anybody else. Actually, I imagined that I could. (Years later, I realized that almost from the time I lost my eyesight, at the age of four, a fiendish fantasy that I could see had taken hold in my head.) I practically pushed Mrs. Thind and my father to leave, to go back to Los Angeles, when they had barely shown me the way from my room to Frary Dining Hall, and before I had stopped to think about how I would get anywhere else.

As it turned out, I was easily able to get to class. Mr. Mulhauser came to my room and walked over with me. His kindness flabbergasted me. Walking in the exalted company of a professor made me feel shy, like a child. All the same, I shrugged off his hand on my arm and walked beside him, as if I didn't need his help—and in certain respects I didn't. He kept on irritatingly pointing out steps and doors, which I could tell by myself, by means of sound-shadows.

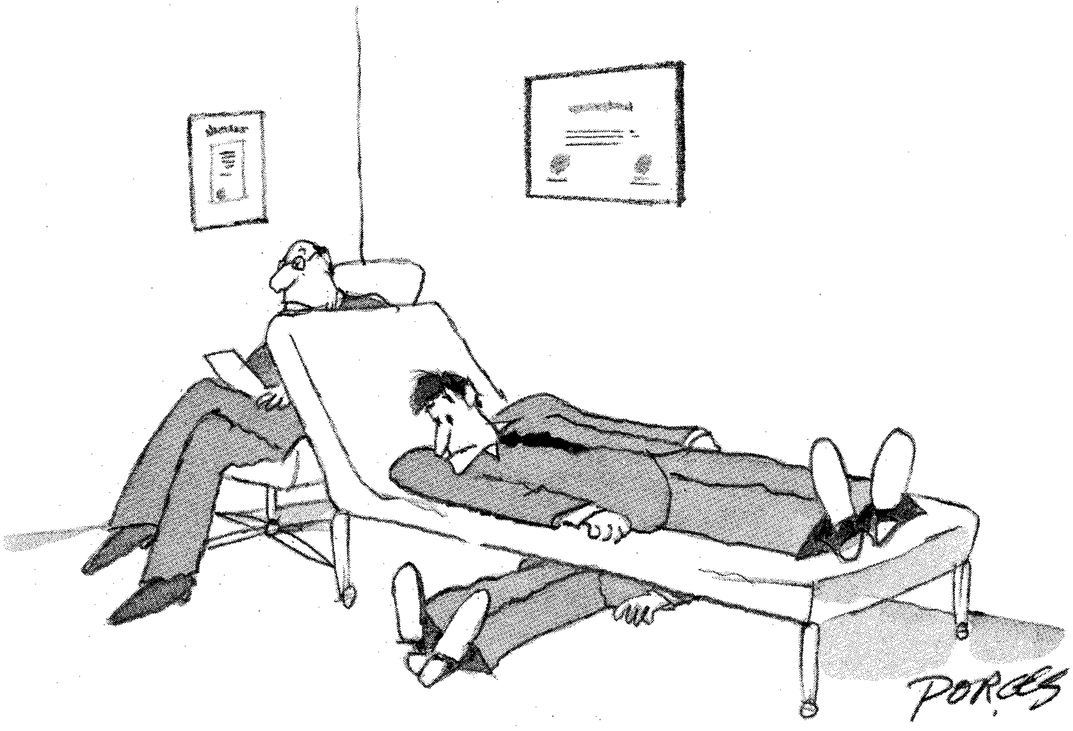
Now two or three students were standing around Mr. Mulhauser, asking him how long "The Bear" was, whether the reading assignments for the course were going to be heavy, what the last day was on which people could switch courses. I waited, in panic, wondering what I would do with myself when I somehow did get back to my room.

"Would you like to come with me to my office next door?" It was Mr. Mulhauser, addressing me from above my head. I jumped up.

"How are you going to read the

story?" Mr. Mulhauser asked as soon as we had sat down in his office. Then he lit a fresh cigarette. He sounded as if he were gazing at me intensely.

I was so encouraged by the interest he was taking in me that I found myself sketching out a plan for him that until then hadn't occurred to me. "I have to find readers," I said. "I think the best way of finding them is for you to announce in class that I need readers and that I'm able to pay seventy-five cents an hour. I think some students might like to do it, because they would be getting through their assignment while they were earning money reading it to me. If it's a boy, he can read to me in my room. If it's a girl, we could possibly read in an empty classroom."



"It's wonderful," Mr. Mulhauser said. "You have it all figured out. I wish we had had this talk before class, because now I can't do anything about it until tomorrow. Do you know how to find your way back to Clark Hall, or do you want me to walk back with you?"

"I know my way," I said, trying to sound confident, and I stood up.

Although I was unsure of the route, I didn't so much walk as run to Clark Hall, as if to prove to all the people I passed along the way that I was independent and self-sufficient. I felt that if someone as much as lifted a finger to help me I would hit him. Once in my room, I slammed the door shut and slumped into a chair, feeling weak and lost. Most of the day and the night were ahead of me. I had no Braille books or Talking Books, no radio; the idea of my attending summer school had come up so suddenly that there hadn't been time to get in touch with the local library or to arrange for my things to be sent from Arkansas. I tried to busy myself by arranging my clothes, but it took hardly any time to hang up a couple of old discarded suits that Mr. G. J. Watumull, whose family foundation had awarded me a grant to attend Pomona, had given me as a present, and that had been altered for me in a hurry. My room had a campus telephone on the wall, but I could think of no one to call. I had, however, brought along the gramophone with my one record, Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne." I put the record on and collapsed on my bed, an arm under my head, wishing that I had eyes—that I could find the college bookstore without asking for help, buy the book, and read "The Bear" myself. The record played through and repeated itself again and again, but I scarcely heard its happy melodies.

I had been needing to go to the bathroom for some time. I half raised myself, then thought, I can wait a little longer, and slumped back. I am finally not at an institution for the blind but at a proper school, an ordinary college for normal people, I thought. This should be the happiest day of my life. Here I am at the destination that, in a sense, I've been waiting to reach ever since I was five years old and was put on the train for that wretched boarding school for blind orphans in Bombay. Yet I feel utterly miserable. The inside of my head feels like a school bell without a clapper, like the wheels of a car spinning on a road without traction. I am a dunce, going nowhere.

ON the second day, Mr. Mulhauser closed the class, which had been spent talking about "The Bear," by saying, "Ved Mehta, the blind student in our class, would like to find people to read to him. He is able to pay seventy-five cents an hour. Anyone interested should see him now."

I rose and stood at one side of the classroom waiting for people to come to me, the blood rushing to my face. No one will come up to me, I thought. What will I do then? How will I read the assignments? I'm not as independent and self-reliant as the boy in the story after all. I'm just a helpless blind person.

"I'd like to be a reader." It was a girl's voice, a little on the heavy side, but with good volume—and she was applying for the job. "I've never read aloud before, but I think I would like to learn."

"There's not much to learn," I said, sounding more offhand than I felt. She was the only applicant, and the first reader I had ever hired. "Speed is all I care about."

"I'd like to try."

After lunch, my reader and I sat in an empty classroom and started reading "The Bear." We read for hours. I had never had anything read to me for that long, and I felt transfixed, as if I had learned a whole new language in a matter of a day.

I DREADED going to meals. I would enter Frary Dining Hall, where all the men ate, and start purposefully walking along the line that snaked around the hall, listening to the voices, so that I wouldn't bump into people and could gracefully take my place at the end, but a hand would reach out and grab me, as in a scary dream. Either I would be pulled willy-nilly into the line wherever the strang-

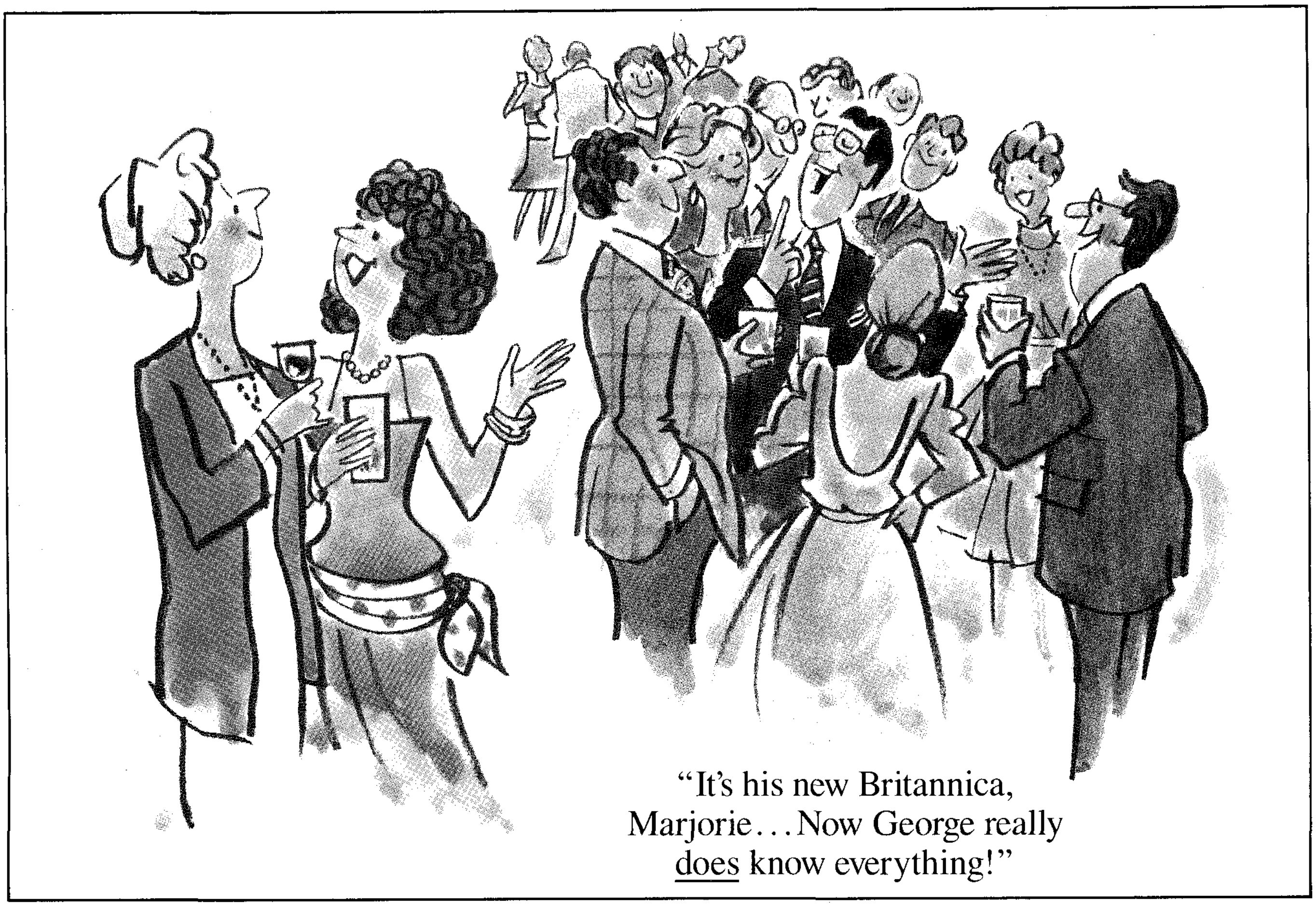
“Mmm! Qu’est-ce que c’est?”

• •

er who had grabbed me was standing, as if my blindness exempted me from waiting my turn, or some officious fellow would propel me to the end, as if I were a cart of dishes that had to be got out of the way. If I somehow managed to get to the end of the line by myself, without such indignities, and was allowed to proceed, unmolested, to the counter where the trays were stacked, someone was sure to pick up a tray for me and jab it into my ribs. Or, if I escaped that indignity, too, someone was sure to try to get my food for me, although I was perfectly capable of pushing my own tray along the cafeteria rails and getting my own food, since the student workers who served up the food behind the rails always called out the fare. Instead, I would have to walk along the rails empty-handed. Once the food was on the tray, there would be much to-do about directing me—or misdirecting me—to a table: “Take my arm. Hold on to me.” “Follow me. Left—no, right.” Once at the table, I would reach for my milk or my salad only to discover that the person who helped me had forgotten to get it. I couldn’t go back for it without creating a fuss. Once I was safely stowed away in my seat, no one would have anything more to do with me, as if I were an object of interest only when people thought I needed assistance.

I felt both angry and guilty. I wanted to hit out at everyone and everything, but was also overwhelmed with guilt at the thought that all these people were only trying to be helpful—that they were nothing if not well-meaning. I would resolve to initiate a conversation, but wouldn’t know how to go about it. I would sit there envying my easygoing blind-school friends, who, I imagined, would have butted into the conversation of their neighbors, told jokes, forced themselves on people’s attention, and gradually got people to accept them on their own terms. How I wished I had the common touch, so that I, too, could joke and laugh, could make friends. Instead, I retreated into my shell, ignored the people around me as they ignored me, and felt as soft inside as I must have appeared severe outside. Any word of warning (“Watch out! You’re going to get gravy on your sleeve”) would raise my hackles, and I would strike back (“No I’m not. Mind your own business”) and then feel sorry but not say I was sorry, leaving the impression that I was abrasive and arrogant, when actually I ached with the wish to be loved.

In the first few days, without knowing it, I developed a manner that made people fearful of offering advice or help. I was allowed to do everything myself from start to finish in Frary Hall. When I automatically stepped up to or down from a curb, crossed College Avenue, or put my hand on the doorknob as I reached a door, people in the vicinity might hesitate for a moment, as if reassuring themselves that I was all right, that I knew what I was doing. I could feel them staring at me, as if they were awestruck, as if they thought my getting around was some kind of mysterious feat. In my hearing, they would exclaim, as if I were deaf, things like “He must have a sixth sense,” “He has ESP,” and “He must count steps.” But a few weeks into the summer session people stopped making such remarks, as if my doings were of no consequence. Now, perversely, I regretted not having the little exchanges I’d had in the days when people tried to help me on the street or in Frary Hall. That help, however embarrassing and nettling to my pride, at least gave me contact with the people around me. But to be held in exaggerated respect, endowed with abilities I did not have and could not have, to be thought superior to every-



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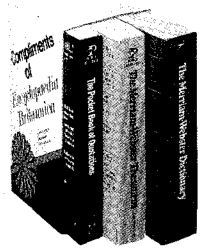
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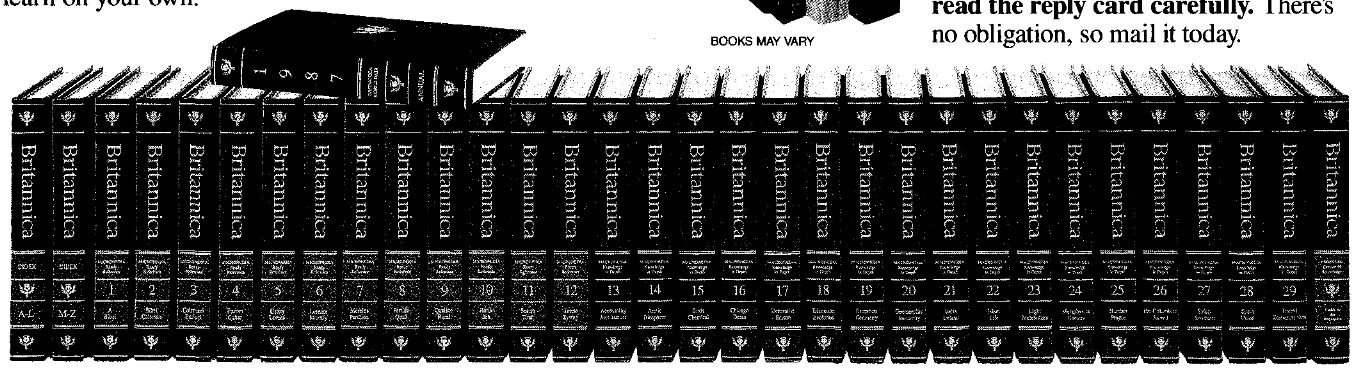

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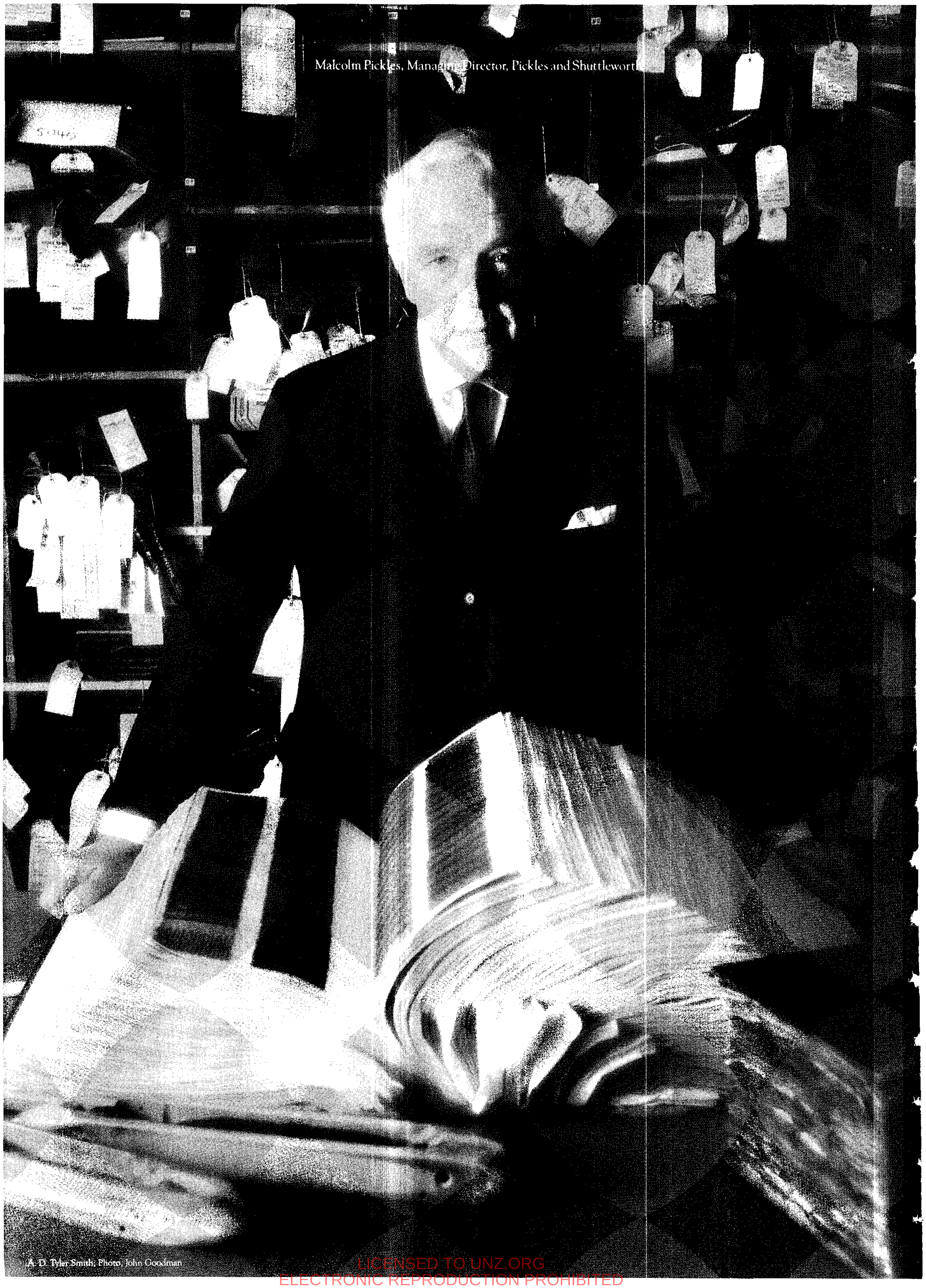

Malcolm Pickles, Managing Director, Pickles and Shuttleworth

A. D. Tyler Smith. Photo. John Goodman

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one, made for a kind of isolation that seemed to me worse than the isolation I felt when I was surrounded by over-solicitous people. Now people passed me on the street or sat down next to me in Frary Hall without so much as a word of greeting. I would try to greet people first, try to start a conversation. But my attempts would prove either faltering or unproductive. I might elicit a solemn exchange, but then the person would walk on or turn to someone else and laugh and joke. It was as if people couldn't be natural with me.

I realized that except for one summer in Little Rock which I'd spent out in the world doing a summer job I had been sheltered nearly all my life, in schools for the blind or in the circle of my family and relatives. I had therefore come to assume that people had an automatic understanding of my capabilities and deficiencies, without my having to explain anything, and the result was that when I arrived at college I was ill-prepared to adjust to my new circumstances, ill-prepared to face the fact that I was probably out in the world for good.

Although I hadn't seen much of my father since I came to Claremont, it was comforting to know that he was only a couple of hours' bus ride away. But by June he had completed his Fulbright term, and he had not found any other work since to keep him in America. I had to face the prospect that he would soon be homeward bound, and I would be all alone in my new, alien, sighted surroundings.

ONE morning toward the end of the summer session, just after I had crossed College Avenue I felt a light hand on my arm.

"Ved—I'm Anne."

Despite myself, I stiffened, thinking she was trying to help me, but she didn't let go of my arm. "You know me?" I asked.

"Everyone knows you," she said. I was annoyed that she knew me when I didn't know who she was. Then she asked, "Can I walk with you?"

"Sure—it's a free country," I said.

She didn't say anything, and we walked in silence for a little while. I wondered if she thought I'd been rude. I'm developing a carapace, I thought. Everything I say seems to have a hard edge. I've lost my chance to make my first real friend at college. I felt sad, because I had somehow concluded that she was attractive, was just the right height and age, and was going to be a freshman, like me. (I could pick up such things about people without exactly knowing how.)

"Can you come to dinner tonight?" she asked forthrightly, without any preliminaries. I listened to her sandals squeaking and scraping along the path. They gave her a summery air.

There was nothing I would have liked better, and I would have liked to say "Sure" and to ask what time and where. But I felt a little apprehensive. It would mean going to a house or a restaurant, since men did not eat meals with women on campus. How would I get there? How could I afford to pay for her? Would she have to escort me, when it was I who should have been escorting her?

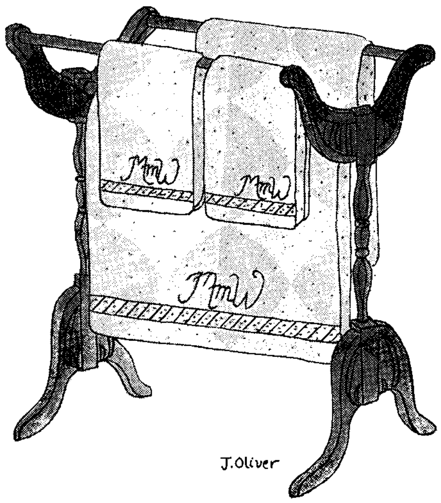
"Thank you very much," I said, "but I've already paid for my dinner in the dining hall." I felt a little lightheaded. If I had gone to dinner with her, I might have had to go to the bathroom in the middle of the meal. The very thought was excruciating. I would rather die than have to be taken to the bathroom by a girl—by a young, desirable, sighted girl—as if I were a helpless little boy. Who knows? She might insist on showing me the toilet. That would be so humiliating.

"Maybe another time," she said. She slipped her hand out from under my arm and walked away.

I speeded up. I wanted to get to a sink as quickly as possible and hide my hot face in cool water. But when I had almost reached the steps of Clark Hall I heard her running after me.

"Tomorrow night?" she asked. "I'll ask my mother. Maybe she could have you tomorrow night." She seemed to have interpreted my statement about having paid for dinner as the lame excuse that it was.

I wanted to say yes—that little word. (It's about the hardest word to get out, when it should be the breath of life.) She didn't wait for my answer. She was gone. I couldn't imagine how I would find her the next day to say yes, or how she might get in touch with me.



That evening, the wall phone in my room rang. "It's Anne—Anne Lockwood." She took it for granted I was coming, and said she would meet me on the steps of Clark Hall and walk with me to her parents' house. I hung up, thinking that she had taken all the initiative, that I was passive, just as people imagined all the blind to be.

I MUST have gone to the bathroom half a dozen times before I went out to the steps to wait. I had on a pair of Mr. Watumull's trousers, which I was wearing for the first time. They had been altered badly. Mr. Watumull's tailor had apparently taken in the waist, which must have been six or eight inches too large for me, from the back, because as I walked the side pockets rode to the rear and the creases at the knee came almost out to the side, making the trousers like a clown's pantaloons. I wanted to take them off and throw them away, but they were the only lightweight dress trousers I had, the only ones I felt I could wear with a white shirt and a tie, which I thought were required if I was to go to Anne's parents' house. As I waited on the steps, I felt as self-conscious as a bridegroom, because, deep down, I had decided that I was in love with Anne, that she had a perfect reading voice, and that she would be just like Mrs. tenBroek, who read books to her husband, Jacobus tenBroek, an eminent blind professor at the University of California at Berkeley. She read to him early in the morning, took his dictation in shorthand, typed his papers, walked with him to unfamiliar places until he got used to the way and could go by himself. At the same time, I thought, a little contradictorily, If I can just show Anne how independent I am—how, given half a chance, I could be just as good as a sighted man—she might love me back. She must already have fallen for me in some way, or why would she have taken the initiative, run after me to invite me again, arranged for me to meet her parents? After all, people at home, in India, got married virtually sight unseen, and Dr. tenBroek had met Mrs. tenBroek on a blind date. The thought of marrying Anne within six months, as the tenBroeks had, gave me pause, however. I

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MAIL TO: Save the Children, 50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880 couldn't imagine how I would go about studying if I had a wife around all day long.

I recalled that this was Saturday night, when all magical things happened in America. I stood there on the steps, pulling my trousers this way and that way, as alert as a fox for the sound of Anne's footsteps, so that I could greet her before she greeted me, and greet her in a normal, calm, grownup way. But people were constantly going up and down the steps, in a sort of thunder of footsteps, and she sneaked up on me. I jumped at the sound of her voice.

We set off, her hand on my arm. I stumbled over a curb, and I never really regained my balance. My wretched trousers, which seemed to pull across my front every time I took a step, kept me off guard. I would start crossing a street before a car had stopped coming. Even her hand on my forearm, which I could feel through my shirtsleeve, and which gave me a pleasant sensation all over, seemed somehow to be badly placed—it was too close to my elbow and kept slipping down—and I didn't know how to tell her that she should hold my arm firmly in one place. Then, abruptly, she took hold of my hand. I noticed with pleasure that she slipped her hand inside mine from behind, as if *I* had taken hold of *her* hand, instead of grabbing my hand from the front, as people did when they tried to lead me. Her arm was just the right length. We walked comfortably hand in hand, almost as if we were sweethearts.

"You were born in India, and I was born in China," she was saying. "You should know something about my parents. They worked for the Y.M.C.A. and were missionaries in China. There are a lot of retired missionaries settled in Claremont, in Pilgrim Place, and a lot of them spent their lives in the East. Having an Indian student at Pomona has created quite a stir among them."

I felt pleased that I was one of a kind, and at the same time felt a little depressed that, after Arkansas, I had ended up in another parochial place.

"Did I tell you that I spent some time in India?" Anne was saying. "I went to Woodstock School there, up in the hills, for a year and a half. My parents sent me there from China to get away from the war."

"So you know India?"

"I feel more at home in the East than in the West."

Oh, God, I can't believe my good luck, I thought. We share a background. Then I thought, Why would any parents prefer me to a normal fellow for their daughter? But they're Christians. Maybe Christians would disregard my disability. My father always thought that Christians, who believed in personal salvation, had compassion in a way that Hindus, who were fatalists, did not, and that, ultimately, only a Christian girl could make me happy. But how would even Christian parents in their right mind approve of a blind person for their daughter if they knew all the disadvantages? I felt suddenly crushed, flattened, as if someone had knocked me down from behind. "What do your parents do now?" I asked.

"My parents? Oh, they're retired."

I thought I felt the pressure of her hand on mine. How independent she is, I thought. Maybe she wouldn't pay any attention to what her parents said. I wonder if Mrs. tenBroek's parents objected, and how she got around them. After all, Anne is walking hand in hand with me, for all the passersby to see her love for me. The thought of it—the reality of it—made my spirits soar.

We walked along Seventh Street, between College Avenue and Harvard Avenue, and stepped into a modest house with a screen door, which slammed behind us, *BANG-a-bang-bang*—perhaps the most familiar sound of my own home. Anne took me to the kitchen. The tap was running, something was sizzling on the stove, and Anne's mother was chopping what smelled like onions. Nervously, I stuck out my hand to shake hers—a "blindism," I realized even as I did it, since I knew her hands were busy and messy.

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"My hands aren't fit to shake a dog's paw," she said. "But it's nice to meet you. We've heard a lot about you."

I stiffened. We had been taught in one of our social-adjustment classes in Arkansas that to say "heard a lot about you" was a faux pas, because it left the other person wondering what you'd heard.

"Nothing bad, I hope," I said, stupidly.

The thing on the stove sizzled very loudly.

"What did you say?" Anne's mother asked.

I couldn't bring myself to repeat it.

"He said, 'I hope nothing bad,' " Anne said, and rushed to the stove.

"No, all good," Anne's mother said. "People say you're a marvel, the way you get around."

Because of the kitchen sounds, normal conversation seemed impossible. I stood around, not knowing what to do with my hands, taking a couple of steps one way and then the other, wondering what kind of impression I was making, and hoping that my face didn't wear the stony expression associated with blind people, while at the same time feeling more and more that it did. I had somehow got it into my head that if I weren't talking or listening I looked asleep (that stony expression). The skin under my eyes certainly felt tense. Why has Anne left me standing here, I thought angrily. Why doesn't she show me to a seat in the living room? I longed to be in my own room in Clark Hall, to look the way I did without worrying about how I looked to other people, to let my face relax and look as dead as it would, to be near the bathroom just down the hall from my room. That got me wondering what it would be like to be with Anne twenty-four hours a day, to have to stand around the kitchen while she cooked, and to have to go to the bathroom when she was around. The prospect, instead of being enticing, was terrifying. I wanted to bolt from her mother's kitchen, to hide—to do anything but have dinner with her and her family.

Anne's father came in and shook my hand a little loosely. It could have been his normal handshake, but I imagined there was disapproval in it. "Let's go in and sit down," he said. "Dinner looks ready." He took me into the dining room.

There was a lot of awkward maneuvering as he tried to lead me by holding on to me and I tried to follow him moving independently, in my usual fashion. Throughout the dinner, I continued to feel a little out of sorts. I remember that at one point we played a guessing game. Each of us had to decide which famous person we would most like to be, and then give five clues. I chose Tolstoy; Anne chose Florence Nightingale. After each of us had guessed the other's idol, Anne and I got into a heated argument, which I provoked, about whether it was better to be a novelist or a do-gooder.

"Anyone who saves even a single life is a thousand times as good as someone who spends his life trying to entertain other people," Anne said passionately.

"What nonsense!" I said. "Without art, we'd be little better than animals."

During the argument, it emerged that Anne was going to major in political science and do social work. She's not literary, I thought. She's just a social worker. She won't be interested in reading to me or helping me improve my English, my writing. She's not lighthearted—she's depressing.

After dinner, Anne accompanied me back to Clark Hall. We walked in glum silence, her hand in mine feeling practical and heavy. It's terrible to be dependent, I thought. I hate the fact that I don't know my way all around Claremont by myself yet and have to be taken home like a child.

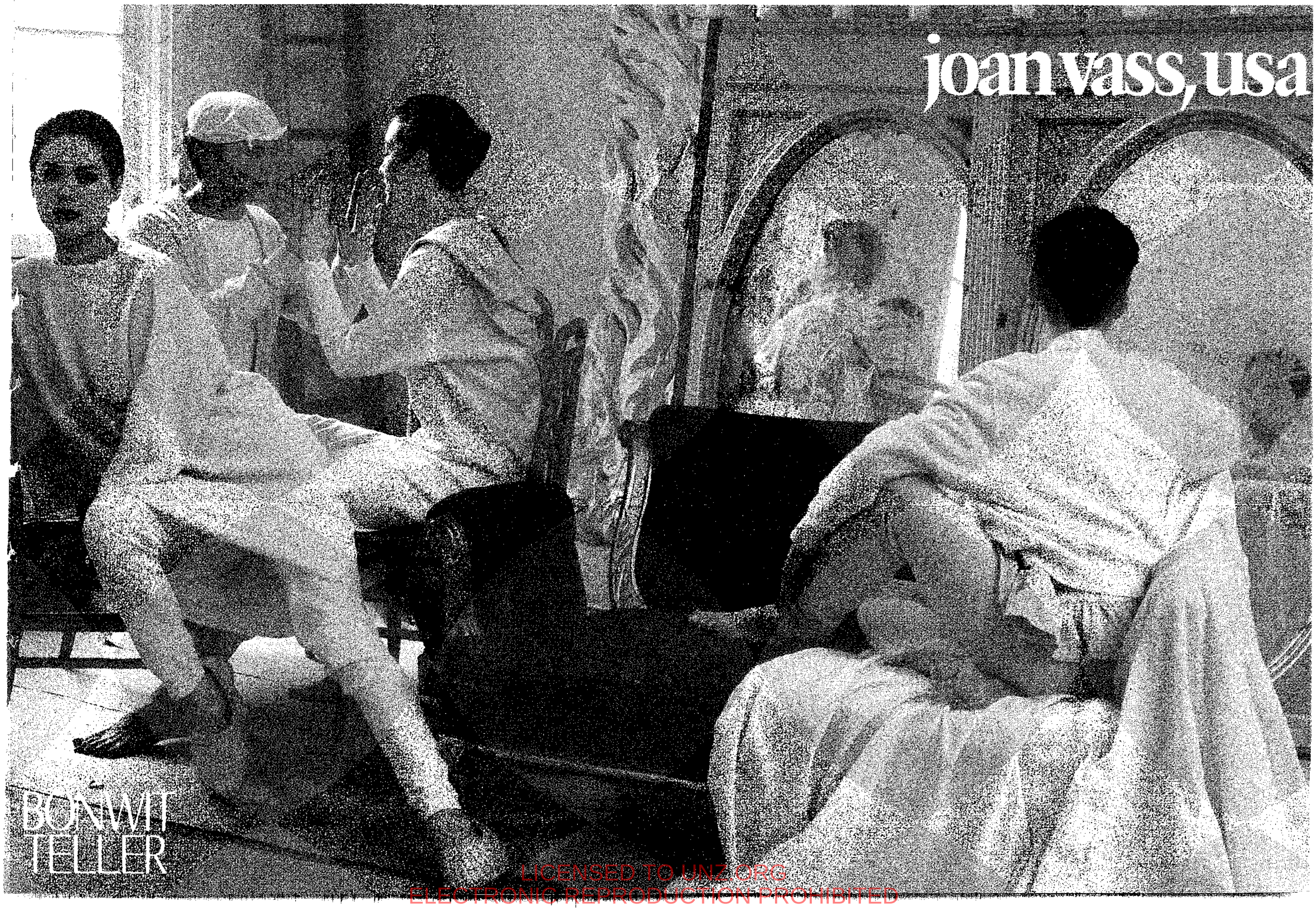
I was probably no more confused than the young usually are about being dependent and wanting independence, but because of my special situation I was more demanding of others and of myself, and therefore more liable to feel disappointed in others and easily saddened. I should note that in time Anne Lockwood and I became good friends, and enjoyed drinking coffee together to the sound of a Brandenburg concerto on the jukebox, but I was never able to summon up my original romantic feelings for her, and, as it happened, she had no use for romance. She made fun of women who went to college to find husbands.

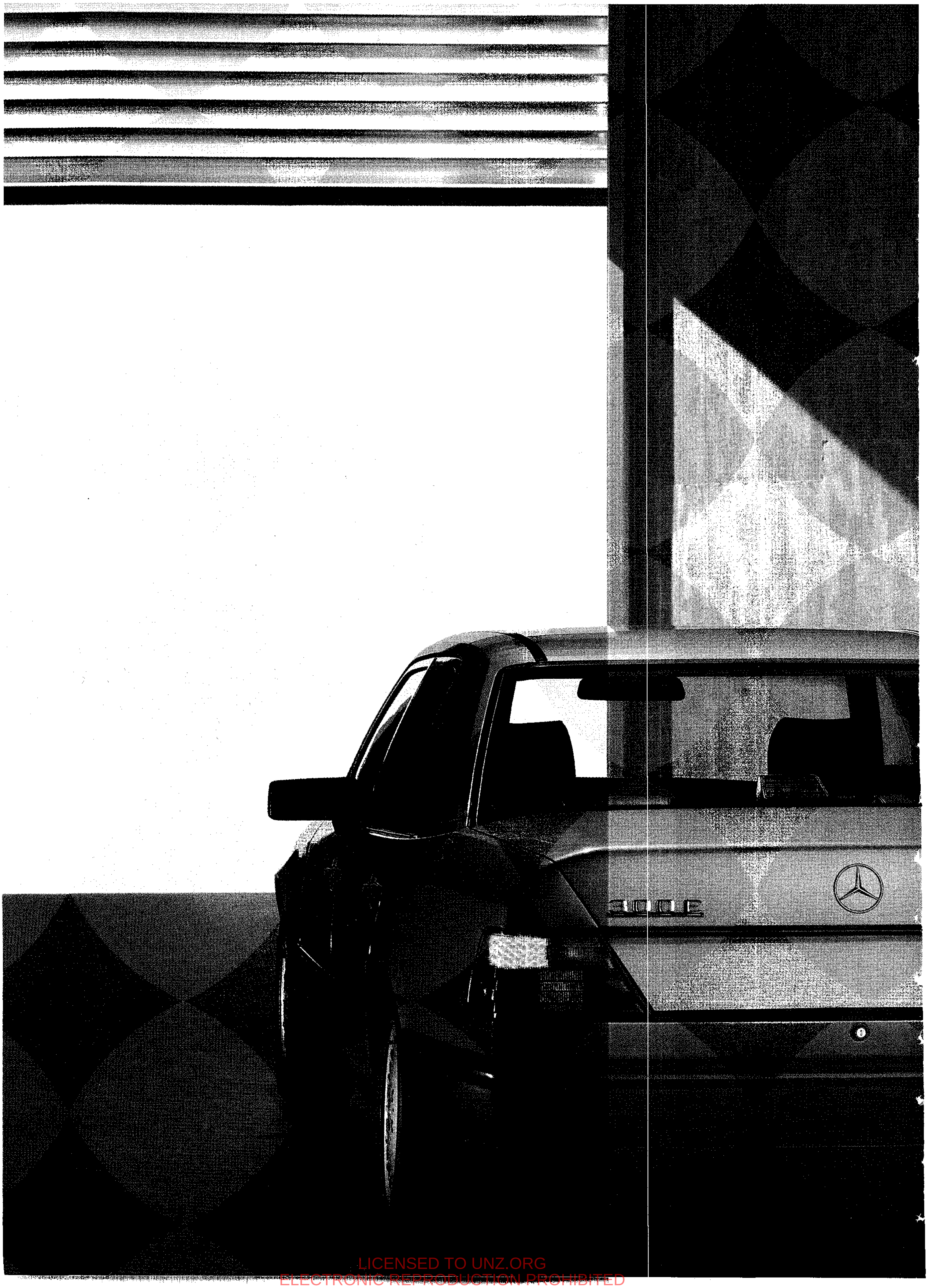
That night, I went to bed feeling disenchanted, bitter, as if I had been married and through a divorce within a matter of a few hours.

THE college had formally opened, and we freshmen had been going through an orientation program for five days now. After lunch, there was a battle cry. It may have been a call to battle by the Ghosts, the members of the big-brother honorary organization on campus. It may have been a single Ghost beating a metal tray with a spoon, or just men shouting "Mudhole! Mudhole!" I no longer remember the exact signal, but I vividly remember that the moment it was given I stripped naked, pulled on a cheap pair of trousers that my father had picked up for me in an Army-surplus store in Los Angeles, and ran outside as fast as I could. Other men—freshmen and sophomores, a hundred or maybe two hundred of them—were also running out of their rooms, shouting, cursing, calling to each other: "Bill Seelye!" "Come on, Summit!" "Where in the hell is Dick?" "These sophomores are pushovers! They're just like a bunch of Indians with war paint on!"

The mudhole was a ditch in the middle of an empty dirt lot the size of a football field, a few yards west of Clark Hall. A hose had been left running in the ditch for a couple of days, to turn it into a veritable bog.

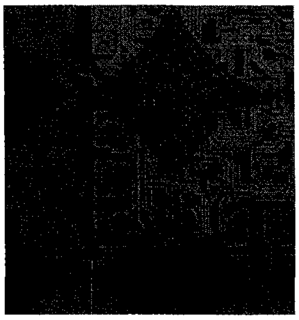
Generations of Pomona freshmen





300E

THE MERCEDES-BENZ 300 CLASS: MICROCHIPS, SPATIAL KINEMATICS, ERGONOMICS AND THE HUMAN SPIRIT.



The suspension elements interacted in perfect geometric harmony. The engine's microprocessor intelligence network functioned flawlessly. Every equation balanced; the computer screens could go blank at last. The 300 Class was clearly destined to be the most technologically advanced series of automobiles ever built by Mercedes-Benz.

Then came the most critical phase of development. Engineers slipped into a fleet of prototype 300 Class sedans. Set off in search of every conceivable driving extreme. And themselves became the test instruments—even more sensitive and discerning than those they left behind in their laboratories.

It was during long autobahn treks, protracted Alpine climbs, in the searing heat of the American West and bitter Arctic cold that the six-cylinder engines proved their mettle—thriving under adversity, forging an unprecedented blend of speed and silence. Corkscrew mountain passes and corrugated gravel paths vindicated the engineers' inspired application of spatial kinematics—a multilink independent rear suspension that promoted quick, sure handling without sacrificing the fabled Mercedes-Benz ride. On slick downhill grades and snow-covered turns, the Anti-lock Braking System (ABS) turned potential drama into controlled, unruffled stops. And the technology proved not only remarkably advanced, but remarkably reliable as well.

All of which might have satisfied less ambitious engineers. But to these engineers, the triumphs of technology were only a platform from which to reach higher. To nudge the 300 Class closer to perfection.

So they continued to drive, to record their impressions, to rework their formulas. And in the process, the seats became subtly more supportive. Handling, even more reassuringly predictable. Steering, so responsive that it seemed "connected directly to your optic system," as one journalist would later put it. And by gradual, painstaking steps, a very advanced design evolved into a full-fledged Mercedes-Benz.

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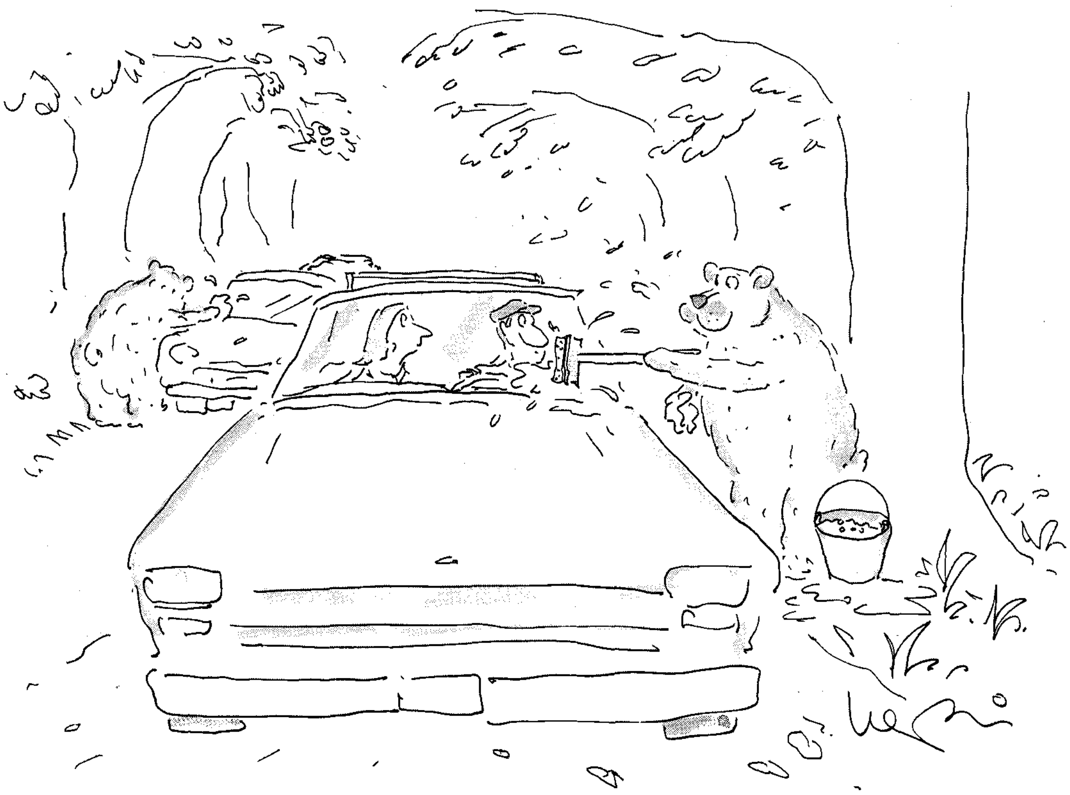


• •

had fought the sophomores in the mudhole, in order to prove themselves worthy of attending the college—of sharing the turf. The mudhole was both the culmination of the orientation program and an initiation into the life of the college, and now it was our turn. I couldn't wait to get into the mudhole and prove myself worthy.

As it happened, though I probably looked like a hooligan my head was full of lofty notions about the important place that Pomona occupied in the world and in history, in higher education and in Christian civilization, in dedicated service and in Christian fellowship. These notions came directly from the speeches of the college authorities during the orientation program. My head was also full of their remarks on the New England origins of the college (it had been founded by the Congregationalists, the same denomination that founded Harvard, for instance) and on the combination of New England-like intimacy and cosmopolitanism fostered by the missionaries of Claremont. Pomona had the advantages of Southern California and the Pacific Coast, and also the rich heritage of New England—even of England and Oxford. The authorities had told us that, in the best tradition of New England and England, we Pomona men and women were expected to uphold certain ethical principles and certain standards of intellectual excellence and physical vitality, for we were nothing less than "torchbearers" of our generation.

I was finally at the edge of the mudhole and ankle-deep in mire, under a sun that burned with the desert heat of nearby Death Valley. It was all I could do to keep my balance in the press of sweaty freshmen, all trembling with nervous energy, who were crowded on one side of the ditch. But I swelled with newfound college spirit, even as I felt a little exposed and out of place, thinking that I was probably scrawnier than any of the other men.

"Get back, you'll get hurt! You blind man, get to the back!" men shouted at me, but I managed to squelch forward. I was suddenly in the front rank, raring to go, like a hunting dog that has caught the scent of its prey. Then I was in the mudhole, thrashing about in eight or ten inches of soupy, gritty mush, my chest, arms, and legs burning and feeling raw. Someone—a sophomore—had me clamped in his grip. I rose up and wrestled him to the floor of the bog and sat on him so hard that I thought he was going to beg for mercy. At that moment of triumph, the mudhole was for me college, California, the baptismal font—the place in which my murky future lay buried. Within seconds, I was thrown, almost hurled, clear of the bog, as if by a volcano under me, and lay panting on the bank, wiping with the back of my hand the salty mixture of sweat, blood, and mud on my face and wriggling my toes to try to shake loose the scratchy mud caught between them. Over the sounds of the mob surging all around me I heard the clicks of a camera. (The battle was being photographed for the Metate, the college yearbook.)

The mudhole was the first in a series of freshman raggings—some male, some female, some joint events—that were part of the highly formalized, college-sponsored state of war between freshmen and sophomores. (The war lasted almost until Christmas.) It included events like a pie-eating contest, a wheelbarrow race, a tire-pulling battle, and a scrimmage with a six-foot rubber beach ball. As it turned out, the mudhole was about the only part of the war that I was able to take part in, because after that I became absorbed in my studies, and anyway the other contests seemed to call for the kind of outgoing nature that I didn't really have—not to mention sight. And even the recollection of the mudhole—however thrilling the battle was at the time—came to fill me with repugnance. I seem to recall that at least two men were taken to the infirmary from the scene of the battle, without our ever being told exactly who they were or how badly they had been hurt. (The college authorities must have had second thoughts, too. Some time after I left, they changed the fight over the mudhole to a gentler tug-of-war, and eventually paved the mudhole and made it part of Clark Hall parking lot.)

"I AM very fortunate in having met John Zeigel," I wrote home early in the first semester. "We are rooming together. We've got an excellent suite in Clark Hall, with a study, a bedroom, and a bath, and our own phone. Every room or suite in the college has its own phone. John and I have enough things in common to be good friends—he is also a freshman, and his father is also a doctor. We have enough things not in common to improve our natures—he likes Bartók, and I like Offenbach. He has been selected to be a violinist in the college orchestra."

I had met John during the summer session, but we hadn't decided to room together until after a session of the orientation program. We had been sitting next to each other. A speaker on the platform had used a Latin phrase, and I felt frustrated, because I didn't know Latin. John turned to me almost at once and said, "That means 'City of God.' That's a famous book by St. Augustine." He had been studying French at the summer school, but I had no idea that he also knew Latin. I had never heard of anyone my age who knew Latin. When I asked him about it after the speech was over, he said, "I had four years of Latin at St. Andrew's. Many boys there took Latin. It's a boys' school in Tennessee run by the Episcopal Order of the Holy Cross. In fact, I'm a postulant for the priesthood."

It all sounded unbelievably exotic. He's better educated than I'll ever be, I thought. I'd give anything to know Latin. But even if I started learning Latin right now I'd never catch up with him. Maybe I should room with him. Being around such a person will be ennobling. It will be an education in itself.

John and I had already been assigned separate single rooms. It seemed that as long as I could remember I had slept in rooms with relatives or in dormitories with a lot of other boys. The thought of having a room of my very own, where I didn't have to fret about how I looked—the fear of looking stony-faced in front of others was a constant preoccupation—and could play my Talking Book machine, my gramophone, or my radio any time I liked, was very appealing. All the same, I found myself saying, in a small voice, "What about sharing a suite?"

I was sure he would reject the suggestion out of hand. He had so much to offer me, and I felt I had nothing to offer him. To my surprise and delight, he said, "That's a swell idea. Let's try to change our assigned rooms." It's his charitable nature, I thought. It's his religious self that has made him accept me.

We went together to see Shelton Beatty, the Dean of Men, and got ourselves a suite. One of our first nights there, I got into bed and started reading a Talking Book, using my earphones, so as not to disturb John in any way. John, who had been getting ready for bed, suddenly knelt down in the space between the beds, opened a book, and started half chanting, half singing, "*Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem caeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium.*"

I let my earphones drop and lay there transfixed. He has such a beautiful singing voice, I thought. I fancied I smelled the wafting incense and melting candle wax of a chapel at my sisters' convent school, where I had once heard such a prayer said. Then, as now, I thought I heard the answering echo from above, but was no more sure of what it was saying than about what the words it was echoing had said.

"*Genitum, non factum, consubstantialem Patri: per quem omnia facta sunt.*"

John's prayer came across as a wail, at once repetitive and fresh, yearning and satisfied. The mysterious long words seemed to express my own vague, wordless yearnings and hopes for fulfillment, and the prayer had the ring of an Eastern melody, but with a Western cadence, as if it were set to some higher, universal music. Indeed, it seemed to speak to all my different selves.

"*Qui propter nos homines, et propter nostram salutem descendit de caelis.*"

When John had finished, I asked him if all the boys at his school said their prayers in Latin.

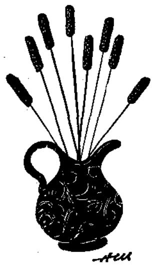
"Not at all. I was just saying them from a Roman Catholic service book because I like the sound of Latin."

I wished that I had gone to a high school that offered Latin. I wished that I'd been born an American. I wished that I were a violinist in the college orchestra, that I had a beautiful voice I could raise to God. I wanted to know Latin, possess it—as if it were a thing, as if it were the Meccano set I used to play with as a child. In fact, I wished nothing less than that I were John.

IT was registration day. We had all been furnished with the college's annual catalogue—a thick softcover book—and told to study it, choose our courses, and register accordingly. I imagined that everyone else had long since mastered the catalogue, but I had had mine sitting on my desk in the study for the last couple of days while I wondered how to get it read. Now the day was at hand, and I simply had to put, as it were, a voice in it and make it speak to me—make it tell me what all the course offerings were and how I was to proceed. Often, I had thought of asking John, but just as often I had rejected the idea. I felt that my relationships with readers should be independent of my friendships. In that way, I would avoid imposing the special problem of my blindness on my friends, and anyway I would get more work done with my readers, who, after all, were people I had to pay for their time. John was first and foremost my friend, and my wish to be on an equal footing with him—one of my first sighted friends—was so strong that in front of him I felt embarrassed that I had special needs, that I was blind at all. Yet, paradoxically, the person I immediately thought of for reading the catalogue to me—perhaps becoming a regular reader—was Johnnie Johnstone, a freshman girl I had become smitten with. And that was because getting her to read to me was about the only excuse I could think of for getting to know her—for having some contact with her, even if it was during paid reading time.

I had barely met Johnnie, but I couldn't get her voice out of my head. It was buoyant, it was considerate, it was careful in its choice of words. Above all, it gave the impression of discriminating intelligence. But I

knew I didn't stand a chance with Johnnie; a friendly, vivacious, outgoing person, she was already on the way to being a very popular girl in the college. I was sure she was going to be a campus figure, a student officer, a cheerleader—one of the girls most sought after by men. Still, during the various orientation events I had discreetly maneuvered to sit near her—to be within the range of her voice, her laughter, the very rustle of her clothes. On the college paths, I had already learned to pick out her practical, no-nonsense step. Unlike many other girls, she walked as if she were wearing sensible walking shoes, and there was a spring to her step which made me imagine that even her hair must bounce when she walked. But I didn't want her to know that I had mastered her step—that I was smitten with her—so I never greeted her first. Johnnie, however, never failed to call out "Hi, Ved!" even when she was chattering and laughing with other people. In this and in many other little ways, she seemed exceptionally understanding. Other people slipped by me without a word of greeting, even when they were walking alone; they didn't realize that I also knew their steps. Even though I felt that almost anyone who could see had much more to offer Johnnie than I did, I longed to be one of the people she laughed and chattered with. I felt I simply had to find a way of spending some time with her and having her take notice of me.



While I was walking on College Way, mulling over the problem of engaging Johnnie as a reader and getting her to help me register, I heard her step and her voice behind me. "I wish I was like some of those rich girls, and didn't have to work," she was saying to someone in parting. "But I've just got to get myself a job, before they're all gone. The problem is that I don't know what courses I'll be taking yet, what my schedule will be."

Sensing her just a few steps behind me made me want to run away and hide, as if the mere act of my imagining any connection with her had violated her. I was certainly invaded by a feeling of shame for my longing for her, for my need for help, for any kind of dependency—shame for my blindness.

"Hi, Ved!" Johnnie said, catching up with me.

I was terrified. The top of my head tingled under my "dink"—the little green beanie that all freshman men were required to wear when they were out-of-doors.

"Have you registered yet?" Johnnie asked. "What courses are you taking?"

"Well, I don't know yet," I said, my throat dry. "I have to go through the catalogue before I can register."

"You mean you haven't even done that yet?"

"Not really—there's been no way for me to really read it." I must not get tongue-tied, I thought. It's now or never. "When I took a course this summer, the way I got my reading done was to pay someone in the class to read the assignments out loud to me. Now that college is starting, I'll need readers again." I tried to control my trembling. After all, it's a job I'm proposing—not a date, I thought. I must sound businesslike. "Would you be interested in being a reader? We are bound to be in some of the same classes. I pay by the hour—seventy-five cents."

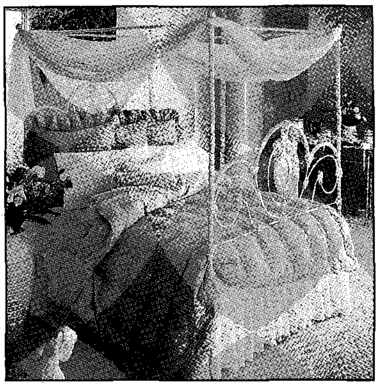
"That sounds great." I couldn't believe my ears. I was still shaking from the effort of having broached the idea, but her reaction was quick, direct, and actually enthusiastic. "I've never read aloud before. Still, I think I could do it. When will you need me to begin?"

She is going to be my reader, I thought. I'll get to be with her on a regular basis, hear her voice, maybe daily. I'll have her to myself, speaking only to me. A date can be a one-time affair, but a job—it goes on and on.

"Well, I have to go through the catalogue today to register."

"I can help you after lunch, if you like."

Throughout lunch, I fretted over the problem of getting Johnnie to sign a loyalty oath to the State of California. The state agency in charge of payment for my readers had instructed me that every reader had to sign a loyalty oath before his or her application for payment could be processed, and had sent me a whole ream of cyclostyled loyalty oaths for the purpose. I'd heard that several professors in the state-university system had refused to sign the oath, and I called up the agency and protested to a harried-sounding woman. I asked her what I was supposed to do if some readers refused to sign the oath. "Then they're



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"What's up? It's been aeons since you last whistled 'Old Buttermilk Sky.'"

Communists, and you should have no truck with them," she said. "Just look for new readers. You might be hiring them, but we're paying for them. They're state employees."

Writing this today gives me pause, but I was living in the California of the early fifties, when anti-Communism was virulent, and people seemed almost to be getting ready for an atomic war. For instance, in the front of the student telephone directory, which every student was furnished with, was printed this admonition:

> When and if an Atom Bomb falls:
>
> 1. Try to get shielded—bomb shelters listed below. If caught outdoors, seek shelter alongside a building or jump into any handy ditch or gutter.
> 2. Drop flat on ground or floor.
> 3. Bury your face in your arms.
> 4. Don't rush outside right after a bombing.
> 5. Don't take chances with food or water in open containers.
> 6. Don't start rumors.

Appended to it was a list of more than a score of bomb shelters—halls and basements of practically all the college residential and classroom buildings.

The first thing I did when Johnnie and I met to read the catalogue was to hand her the loyalty oath and ask her if she would mind signing it. We were sitting on the steps of Big Bridges Hall, the only quiet spot we could find without wasting time.

"What in God's name is this?" she asked, and she read the oath aloud as if her voice were on tape and the tape recorder were in fast-forward mode. " 'I, blank, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of California against all enemies, foreign and domestic—' " she paused long enough to exclaim "Heavens to Betsy!" and then read on: " 'that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of California; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties upon which I am about to enter. And I do swear (or affirm) that I do not advocate, nor am I a member of any party or organization, political or otherwise, that now advocates the overthrow of the Government of the United States or the State of California by force or violence or other unlawful means; and within the five years immediately preceding the taking of this oath (or affirmation) I have not been a member of any party or organization, political or otherwise, that advocated the overthrow of the Government of the United States or the State of California by force or violence or other unlawful means except as follows . . .' " She looked up from the paper and burst out laughing.

"I'm afraid I have to get you to sign this oath. All my readers have to, as state employees."

She laughed again. "Let's see—five years ago, I was thirteen. What did I belong to? Girl Scouts? No one would say *they* were Communists." She read the rest of the oath: " '(If no affiliations, write in the words "no exception") and that during such time as I am a member or employee of the (name of public agency) I will not advocate or become a member of any party or organization, political or otherwise, that advocates the overthrow of the Government of the United States or of the State of California by force or violence or other unlawful means.' "

"Then you don't mind signing?"

"Why should I?"

"Do you think other readers would mind?"

"Why should they? No one here at amiable Pomona could be plotting to overthrow our government."

She signed the loyalty oath with a lot of crackling of the paper and scratching of the pen, and handed the sheet back to me, saying jokingly, "Cross my heart and hope to die, I'll read nothing to you that will make you want to overthrow the government."

I was relieved, even though I was disappointed at the thought that Johnnie—and, by extension, Pomona—might be politically asleep. Johnnie had already turned to the catalogue.

I found her manner of reading it exasperating. She would skip around, dip into and out of paragraphs, read aloud little snatches, paraphrase, begin something and stop to make a comment. I had to strain to follow, and felt irritated with her for not reading me the catalogue text word for word and letting me form my own conclusions. But I suppressed my irritation, for fear of losing her as a reader. It's probably very irritating for her to have to read it aloud, I thought, trying to see things from the other person's point of view—something my father had drummed into our heads since we were children. If you're intelligent enough to take in a page at a glance, it must be very tedious to have to say it all slowly aloud. I moved closer to Johnnie on the step, touching ever so lightly the hem of her skirt.

"The catalogue says that the college is here to give us a good, liberal-arts education," she was saying. "Therefore, all Pomona students must take seven required courses, each lasting a full year." She looked up from the catalogue and said, "The girls in the dorm call these courses the Seven Pillars of Wisdom." She went on, at fast-forward speed, taking a deep breath, "These Seven Pillars are designed to enable us 'to use the English language effectively,' and to give us 'knowledge of scientific thought and method,' 'understanding of the historical development of our civilization,' 'understanding of human society, its problems and its institutions,' 'understanding of the nature and operation of the American economic and political institutions,' 'appreciation of literature and the fine arts,' and 'appreciation of ethical and spiritual values.' Whoa!" She read—or, rather, talked—on, and from what I could gather the Seven Pillars were an English course consisting of reading and writing, a course in a biological science, a course in a physical science, two courses in the social sciences, a course in literature, art, or music, and a course in philosophy or religion. "These pillars, as you can imagine, are the foundation of our curriculum, of our liberal-arts education, which is to prepare us, it says here, for 'leadership in diverse roles and offices, humble or great,' and 'a life in which professional achievement is accompanied by personal happiness, cultural balance, and social responsibility.' That's really putting a lot of weight on those poor pillars!"

She's being a little offhand, I thought. But then she's a woman. It is the man who has to carry the burden of the world on his shoulders. It is he who has to provide for her; to be a leader among men; to succeed in his profession; to buy a house; to create the kind of world the catalogue is describing, in which she will be safe and will be able to raise a family. Even as I thought this, I couldn't think of myself as that man. I had no confidence that I would ever be able to

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provide for myself, let alone for her.

"We have to be done with the pillar courses by the end of our junior year," Johnnie was saying. "But it says here we should probably also start taking some courses in our major in the first two years."

I looked at my watch. We had already spent about an hour's reading time, and hadn't even got to the descriptions of specific courses. "What do they say about specific courses? Can you find that quickly?"

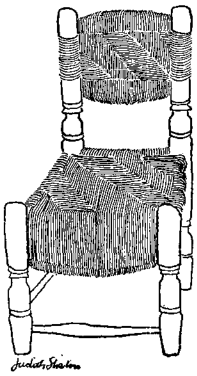
"They list all the departments here in alphabetical order, and it tells you all the courses and majors, or concentrations, that the college offers."

"Please do read them out." I feared I was sounding impatient and peremptory in spite of myself.

"There are a lot of them."

"I know, but I'd like to get some idea."

"Well, if that's what you want. But I'll just read a course or two in each department. Otherwise, we'll be here past registration, and until midnight. Most of the courses are probably too advanced for us to take anyway. 'Art . . . History of Art. Mr. Slive. A study of the historical development of art with special attention to an analysis of the works examined. . . . Astronomy . . . Celestial Mechanics. Mr. Whitney. A short course in the application of the laws of mechanics and gravitation to the motions of the heavenly bodies, with problems on the prediction of eclipses and occultations and on the computation of the orbit of comets. . . . Biology. . . Genetics. Mr. McCarthy. This course considers modern developments in the study of heredity and evolution and their general application to plant and animal breeding and to eugenics and race questions. . . . Geology . . . Introduction to Geology. Mr. Shelton. A survey of geologic principles and processes, and of earth history.' "



At the Arkansas School for the Blind, we had had no choice of courses. But here there were courses not only in art, astronomy, biology, and geology but also in botany, zoology, music, history, economics, government, chemistry, mathematics, psychology. There were language offerings in Greek and Latin and German and French and Spanish and Russian and Chinese. I wanted—I thought I needed—to learn everything the college had to offer, even if it took twenty, thirty, maybe forty years.

"I think I'd like to take that course in Celestial Mechanics with Mr. Whitney," I said.

Johnnie was silent, and then she laughed in a rather forced way. In fact, after that I could never be with her without thinking that her laughter was a little forced. "But you can't possibly take astronomy," she said. "How could you manage the telescopes and such?"

"History of Art, then. Genetics. Introduction to Geology." I realized I was almost shouting.

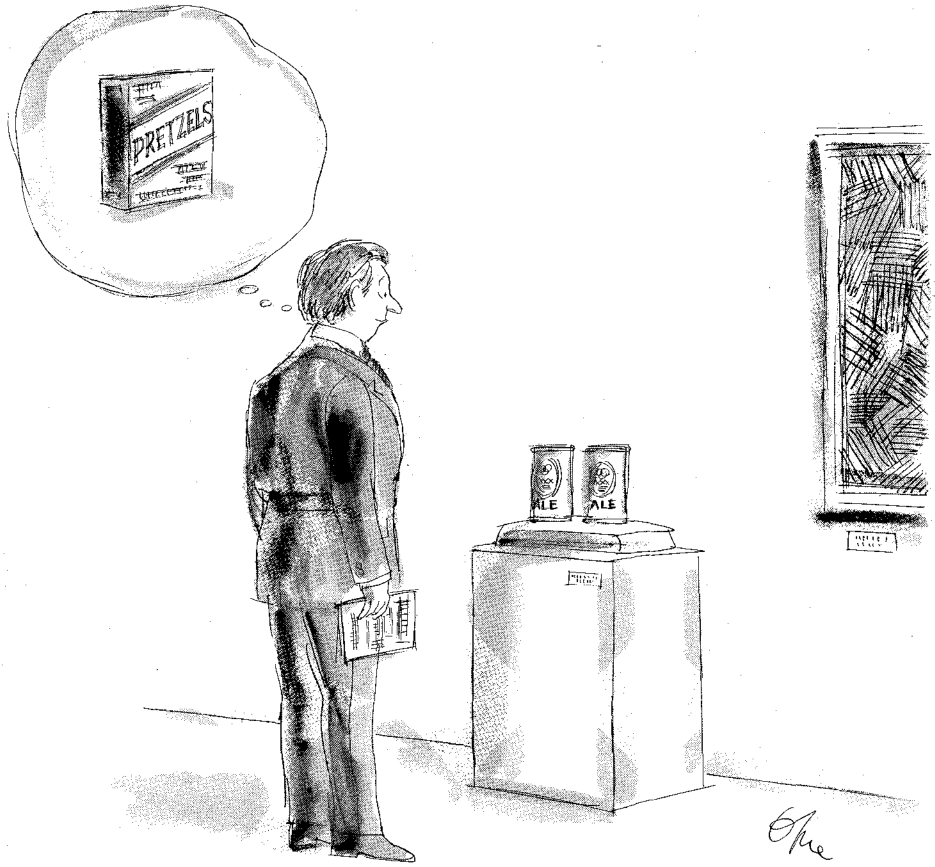
"Didn't you tell me you wanted to become a lawyer or a journalist? Why are you even interested in these courses?"

She had a point. Even when I was shouting, I knew that History of Art, Genetics, and Introduction to Geology were no more available to me than Celestial Mechanics. It seemed that sight was an unwritten prerequisite for the courses in so many departments. If it wasn't observing through a telescope, viewing paintings, dissecting frogs, charting chemical reactions or rock formations, then it was complicated graphs, symbols, and characters, beyond the capacity of Braille. There are so many subjects I can never major in, I thought. If I take those subjects at all, it will have to be only the most elementary courses in them, to fulfill the Seven Pillars requirements. The lack of sight is an obstacle to studying the subjects that attract me, just as it is to getting Johnnie to think of me in a romantic way—to getting a date at all. I felt deficient, frustrated, as if my high ambitions—to get the best education I could at college, and to find there a life's companion—were crashing around me. The sun suddenly seemed very hot, pressing me down, shrivelling up my soul.

"Besides," Johnnie was saying kindly, "I thought you said before that you're on a scholarship. You want to take courses in which you'll do well—get good grades." She's so smart, I thought. She knows so much about the world. She was saying, "I forgot to tell you, the catalogue lists times and days for all the courses. But you tell me what pillar courses you'd like to take and I can rough out a schedule and see if the times work out."

Whatever my ambitions, four short years are all I have at college, I thought. I must make the best of my opportunity. "I think I'll have to take mainly courses in things that basically involve reading, like history and philosophy," I said. Above all, I wanted to add English, but her remark about the scholarship and good grades made me have second thoughts. I became afraid that as a foreigner who had really been speaking English for only three years I wouldn't be able to do well in English courses—compete successfully with Americans, for whom English was a first language.

By the end of registration day, Johnnie and I were walking around to various tables set up on the grass of Marston Quadrangle, picking up forms, filling them out with the code numbers and meeting times of the courses I wanted to take, and handing them in, all in a certain mysterious order. Throughout the time with Johnnie, the only physical contact I had with her was to touch the hem of her skirt, yet now and again my heart would beat fast, as if we were out on a real date—as if I were having a romantic tryst with her on the secluded steps of a building, as if I were dancing around with her on the grass, showing her off to the world. The only thing was, our "date" had to be kept a secret, of course—especially from her.



I TRIED never to have a reader in the suite when I thought my roommate might be around, because I felt embarrassed and also because I didn't want to disturb him. One afternoon, when I knew that John had orchestra practice, I arranged to read a philosophy assignment with Eugene Rose in the suite. I felt very lucky in having found Gene as a reader. His own work was so well organized that he seemed to have plenty of time to give to me, and he read with such clarity that I almost had the illusion that he was explaining things. The assignment was hard and I was concentrating on it. Suddenly, the door opened and John walked in. Gene broke off his reading.

"John, I thought you were at orchestra rehearsal," I said sheepishly.

"The rehearsal was cancelled," he said, setting down his violin. He went over to his desk, pulled up his chair, and started shuffling papers, as if he intended to settle down to study. I felt I couldn't ask Gene to stop. He had saved the time for me and was counting on being paid for it. Yet I felt mortified at the thought of doing my work in front of John. The study was mine as much as his, and he often studied with music pouring out of the gramophone or practiced his violin in the room. But somehow, in my state of heightened self-consciousness, my reading seemed more of an intrusion in the room than his music ever had.

"John, would you like us to move?" I asked after a while.

"Well, a friend is coming over," he said, as if he were upset with me. "I don't want to force you out, but we have to do our Latin together."

I felt annoyed. I wanted to say that I had as much right to the study as he did, and that I had started working in it first, and to ask why he and his friend couldn't study in his friend's room. At the same time, I was afraid that if I took a position that was within my rights as an occupant of the suite he would mistake it as a plea for special consideration. And that was the thing I most wanted to avoid. I didn't want him to feel that sharing a suite with me was a burden in any way. So I told Gene we'd have to leave off reading.

That day was the beginning of my realization that I couldn't comfortably room with John, or perhaps with anyone—that I had to sacrifice my overwhelming need for companionship for the greater need, as I saw it, to get my work done. I needed to retreat with my problems within the four walls of a room of my own. I dreaded the prospect of living alone, of having to make an arrangement every time I wanted to be with someone instead of just coming home to my suite and finding a roommate there, but I felt I had no choice. In due course, John and I agreed to room separately and put in our requests to Dean Beatty for single rooms, and an awkwardness settled over our friendship, perhaps because neither of us ever discussed what had gone wrong. I now realize that if I had been a bolder, more self-confident person I might have confronted John with my needs and problems and battled it out with him, and, if sharing a suite with him didn't work out, found another roommate. For all I know, that would have been a better, "healthier" way. But that was not my way at the time. I did plenty of battle in areas that involved only me, but when they involved someone else—someone sighted—I tended to withdraw into my shell.

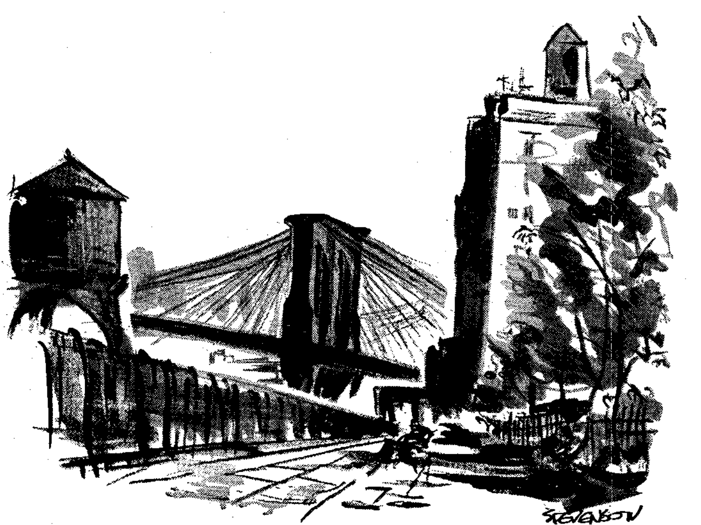
I WAS often bedevilled by lustful thoughts when I had a woman reader or any kind of brush with a woman. My desire seemed to roam and prowl and reach out in every direction—it seemed that it almost didn't matter who the object of my desire was. From my present perspective, this indiscriminate interest in women suggests an emotional promiscuity, but it was precisely because my desire remained unsatisfied, was not nourished by a single romantic involvement in which my feelings might have been reciprocated—might have found a voice, an expression, a home, an attachment—that I was desperate, frustrated, wild. One pretty-sounding girl—perhaps any compassionate woman—would have done as well as the next.

This lovesickness, I now feel, may have stemmed from homesickness. I had left home at fifteen, in the bloom of adolescence, and so had been abruptly separated from all the people who loved me and whom I trusted. Somehow, at the Arkansas School for the Blind my homesickness had been in some measure supportable, because I was in the familiar world of the blind and was able to make friends on an equal footing. But now, at college, I found myself, for the first time—and, it seemed, for good—in the cold world of the sighted. The predicament was challenging but also frightening; heady but also isolating. Every day, I felt more inadequate, because I had to live and study—socialize and learn—by standards that were not set with the difficulties of the blind in mind. Yet, of course, I wanted to raise myself to those standards, prove myself worthy of them, live by them. But I was too different to fit in, not only because I couldn't see but also because I wasn't athletic, I didn't have money, I didn't have a car, I wasn't a Southern Californian—I wasn't even an American. There were a hundred reasons for feeling inadequate. So naturally I imagined that if this sighted girl or that sighted girl accepted me it would be a sign that I was up to the standards, that I had made the grade. Being connected with just one girl would light up not only the pages of the book she read to me but also the path to social acceptability, and would make me a participant in events at which I was only a wistful bystander—would almost restore my sight.

AROUND the time I got my single room, I was also given an office in Honnold Library—an office all my own, with its own door and lock, to which I had the key. It smelled of fresh paint and new furniture, and was so spacious that I could almost have held conferences in it. From eight o'clock in the morning, when the library doors were unlocked, to ten at night, when they were shut, unless I was in class or at meals I was in my office, working with a relay of readers, getting them to read fast and to tape-record key passages from the books, from notes I had typed out on the books, or from notes they had taken on lectures. At the end of the long day, I would cart the tape recorder to my room and stay up late into the night reviewing the material. Yet I was steadily falling behind in my work. Even though I spent practically every waking minute reading, and constantly urged my readers to read ever faster, I seemed never to catch up. As if to compound my frustration, my ear took in information at the crawl of a tortoise, while my mind was ready to absorb it at the pace of a running Achilles. With the passing of each week, the backlog of reading grew—exponentially, it seemed. At night, I would feel like a spent force, without the mental energy even to read a novel on a Talking Book record. Yet I couldn't fall asleep. The pressure of assignments unread would build up in me like the water in a sealed kettle on top of a lighted burner, and I would seethe and boil until I couldn't stay in bed. I would creep out of bed, drink water, take aspirin, take a shower, put on music. When I did get back into bed and fall asleep, I would wake up a few minutes later with a heavy head. Sometimes I would slip out of my room, take the first unlocked bicycle I could find standing in an archway, and go riding in the empty streets—along Sixth Street, down College Avenue, along Third Street, up College Way, making a sort of tour of the main arteries of the campus. I would pedal hard, breathe in the eucalyptus- and pepper-scented air, wonder how I would get through college: how I would survive midterms and finals, college semesters and years; how I would get the grades necessary to continue obtaining financial aid; how I would ever get a college degree. I would return to the room dead tired, with the childish certainty that Mehtas didn't fail, that it was all a matter of hard work, that I would somehow manage. I would fall into such a deep sleep that an earthquake probably couldn't have woke me.

The pressure of getting reading done was combined with the pressure of having to write papers on what I read. One week, I had to turn in three papers: one for Mr. Gleason, on how Charlemagne helped to make Europe safe for Christianity; one for Mr. Jones, on the Milesians' theories of cosmic matter; and one for Mr. Dayton, on the style of Mozart's symphonies. Each of the courses relied mostly on one standard textbook—in the case of Mr. Jones' philosophy course, a textbook he himself had written—and the lectures parroted what was in the textbook. All I had to do, therefore, was repeat back to the professor, in summary form, the relevant pages of the textbook or the relevant bit of his lecture. Nothing could have been simpler, in theory. But in practice I was stumped.

The first of the three papers due was the one on Charlemagne, and I got one of my history readers, Jay Wilcoxen, to read me the pertinent pages in the textbook, R. R. Palmer's "A History of the Modern World." After Jay left, I sat down at my typewriter, fidgeting with the keys. I inadvertently pressed a key a little too hard, and a letter jumped out and struck the paper. I backspaced, hoping to go over the mistake when the right word came to me, only to have another letter jump out. Whatever I type, I won't be able to read over, correct, revise, I thought. It has to be perfect on the first go-round. I tore the piece of paper out of the typewriter and inserted a new one. To keep my restless fingers still, I put my hands under me, but without the keys



beneath my fingers, without the clicking sound, I felt blocked, as if I needed physical contact with the typewriter to write at all. I put my fingers back on the home row.

"Charlemagne won back northeastern Spain for Europe," I wrote in my head, and realized with a sinking feeling that, because the material had been read to me, I didn't know how to spell "Charlemagne" or, for that matter, "Pyrenees," "Aix-la-Chapelle," "Carolingians," and many other proper names that I had encountered in Palmer for the first time and knew only by sound. I should have got Jay to spell the words for me, I thought, but then it occurred to me that even if I had interrupted his reading every time we hit a new proper name, and had risked losing the thread of the narrative in order to have him spell the word for me, I probably wouldn't have retained it as well as if I had read the word with my fingers. There was something about reading a word for myself which helped me to visualize it, to make its configuration of dots almost automatically imprint itself on my brain. *I'm going to misspell, muddle everything in this paper.* Get Jay to read the chapter over to you and look things up for you. *But he's already read the material once. I can't afford to have him read it again and again.* Do it this once, and in future tape-record more carefully when you need material for a paper. *But I still won't know how to spell things.* Then type the paper first and ask Jay to correct the spellings afterward. *But I'll feel embarrassed. He'll think I'm stupid.* You are working yourself up into a lather. Where there's a will, there's a way.

My legs felt as if they were in irons, but I somehow walked over to Jay's room, in Smiley Hall. He was busy writing his own Charlemagne paper, but I interrupted him and got him to come back and tape-record some of Palmer's text on Charlemagne. Alone again, I reviewed the taped material and typed a few sentences, not caring how I spelled proper nouns, how I said what I said. Then I got stuck again. I'm stupid, I thought. I don't deserve to be at college. I can't keep going back to Jay. I have to find someone else I can dictate to, someone who is not a fellow-student, someone who has not read the same book, someone who is not writing the same paper, someone with whom I am not in competition, someone who has endless time, endless patience—someone who has the understanding of a woman. And then I remembered Miss Harriet Rietveld.

Early in the school year, Miss Rietveld had stopped me on College Way, taken my hand, and introduced herself. "I hear that you work with readers," she had said. "If you ever need additional help, please think of me. The only problem is, you'll have to come to me at Kenyon House." She had gone on to say that she was the head resident of Kenyon House, where a dozen or so girls who liked to practice speaking Spanish lived; that her duties there were light; that she had no family; and that the only thing that took her out of the college was Quaker meetings, so she had plenty of free time available and enjoyed doing volunteer work. I thanked her and told her I would call her if I needed her. I liked her manner—it was apologetic and gentle. But I had dismissed her from my mind as a lonely lady, a well-meaning, do-gooder type, who was probably not very well educated. In any case, it was clear to me that Miss Rietveld wanted to be a volunteer reader, and I generally avoided volunteers, because I had heard that they tended to be undependable. Good will wore thin, but the need for an income was solid as a rock. But now my need to get my paper written swept aside my qualms. Perhaps Miss Rietveld is just the person to help, I thought. It was late evening, but I got up and walked over to Kenyon House as if it were the most ordinary thing to do.

"What would you like to dictate to me?" Miss Rietveld asked after I had explained the purpose of my visit and told her that I must insist on paying her for the work.

"My papers. Do you know typing?"

"Yes. You would talk to me, and I would take it down on the typewriter?"

"Well, not really. The noise of the typing would get on my nerves. Maybe in pencil, and type it later, in your own good time."

"But I don't know shorthand."

"That doesn't matter. I think very slowly. Sometimes I can't think of the right word for five or ten minutes. Would you mind that?"

"I could go and attend to something else while you're thinking."

"Oh, no. That would break my concentration. I'd like you to stay

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there and be ready for the word when it came."

"Maybe you should talk into a tape recorder."

"That won't do. I have to look up spellings and quotes, look things up in the index—not only that but in the dictionary, in Roget's Thesaurus."

"Oh. So you will want me to read to you, also."

"Well, yes—some. It will be a combination of a lot of things—reading, taking down dictation, typing."

"How much time would you need?"

"I don't know, but a lot. Whenever I had a paper to do."

"But you know I couldn't work after ten-fifteen in the evening—that's when we lock the doors."

"I know. I can't get anyone to work after ten, even in the men's dormitories. Do you agree? Will you try?"

"I don't mind trying, but I still don't know exactly what is involved."

"I don't know myself. We will have to experiment, just work things out. By the way, where could we work?"

"Right here, I suppose."

"But this is the sitting room."

"But the girls are mostly out or in their rooms. I don't think we'll be bothered. When would you like to begin?"

I wanted to say "Tomorrow" or "On the weekend," to give myself time to adjust to a whole new set of circumstances. But the papers were due that week. Moreover, I was worried that if Miss Rietveld had time to think about the plan she might change her mind, back out.

"Now," I said.

"You don't mean right now?"

"Yes, right now." I made my voice sound as emphatic as I could.

"It's nine-fifteen. We'll only have an hour."

"It'll be a start."

With foresight born of desperation, I had brought along my Palmer and my American College Dictionary. And so it was that Miss Rietveld (she was always Miss Rietveld to me), whose name I had difficulty pronouncing (the letter "v" always gave me trouble), became my first amanuensis.

"It . . . is interesting to think . . . that before Charlemagne the Muhammadans were vanquished—no, stopped —the Muhammadans were stopped at the Pyrenees. Otherwise, he could not have made Europe safe for Christianity, as he did."

"How do you spell 'Charlemagne'?"

"I'm not quite sure. Could you look it up in the index of this Palmer book?" I was able to spell "Muhammadan" for her, but she had to look up "Pyrenees." There was a lot of stopping and starting. I would lose the thread of what I had written. She would have to read the sentence back to me. As soon as I heard it, I would start rewriting it. She fumbled, I worried. The hour was over before I had one satisfactory paragraph.

I returned the next day and the day after to dictate to Miss Rietveld. In fact, every time I had to write a paper I repaired to Miss Rietveld at Kenyon House, with a load of books that I had previously underlined and marked with the help of a reader. I became a fixture in the sitting room, almost oblivious of the girls who were coming and going, shouting to each other, or singing in the shower, as they were wont to do. I concentrated only on the paper I had to write. I would dictate something, Miss Rietveld would read it back, it would sound so awful that I would start again.

"It sounds fine," Miss Rietveld would say after reading something back to me. "The professor will like it."

"No, it sounds terrible," I would say. We'd begin yet again.

What education she'd had, how much she knew about what she was taking down, how accurately she could tell whether a draft was better than the one before it I never found out. For to me she was like a wailing wall, to whom I could go to cry out my struggles with words, cry out my tortured sentences and tortured opinions until I somehow became calm for having them written down on paper. I would leave them for her to type out, and somehow they would magically get done.

"JOURNAL" is perhaps too lofty a term for what follows. It consists of short entries on fleeting feelings, thoughts, events, typed out whenever I was alone and had a few spare moments. I probably never thought of the exercise as a proper journal. If I thought of it as anything at all, it was perhaps as notes for writing letters home, as talking points for a return home one day, or as a silent friend—someone I could talk to when my feelings overwhelmed me. All the same, the entries chart my hopes and fears, my highs and lows, my soaring dreams for tomorrow and petty frustrations of today. The entries that follow have been selected from the record of the first semester of my freshman year:

September 18, 1952

Daddyji left Los Angeles yesterday. He must be in Chicago by now—or would it be Lawrence, Kansas? After visiting Boston, Washington, and New York, he will head back to India. Then I won't have him in the country at all anymore. Though I daresay he has enjoyed his stay in the States thoroughly and has rested a good deal, his plans for his future are just as uncertain as mine, and it is uncertainty that deprives him and me of peace of mind.

September 19

Just thinking about the Arkansas school last night brought on a flood of tears. Why did I cry—because I missed the school? If so, it means that I am a sentimental person. If being sentimental is a mark of immaturity, then I am also an immature person. Perhaps I am only frightened because I don't know what's going to happen to me in college.

September 22

Today starts a new phase in my life. It will write a chapter all its own in my memoir, for, you see, it is registration day. Hence I am no longer merely a high-school graduate but a college man.

September 27

The Saturday-night mixer is even now probably going on full swing. But it seems to me that the mere act of holding a woman on the dance floor would publicly advertise my most urgent secret desire.

September 29

The college food is better than any food I've ever had at any other institution. In fact, it's even better than what we ate at home. Huge salads and fresh-fruit plates, and as much as you can eat. Coats and ties are mandatory for dinner, which is served to us. They are part of what is called "gracious living" here.

September 30

I am the only handicapped person at Pomona, and the only Indian.

October 4

Balboa Island, Newport Beach, Hermosa Beach, Manhattan Beach, Palos Verdes, Malibu. When I asked a fellow who was going to Newport

Beach what that was like, he said, "Oh, you wouldn't be interested. It's very expensive—you know, a fancy sailing club."

October 6

The word "sophomore" comes from the Greek, and means both wise and foolish.

October 8

I need to hear Edward R. Murrow every day. For me, politics is that apple which keeps the doctor away.

October 9

I have to fill out a form every quarter, and send it in to notify Mrs. Watumull of my progress. I must somehow make sure I don't forget, or I might lose my grant.

October 16

A lot of high jinks, and not just between freshmen and sophomores. A junior, Kaizo Kubo, was thrown in the Frary Courtyard fountain.

October 18

At the Arkansas school, I would have been part of the water-dumping from the Sophomore Arch and tire-pulling and pie-eating as a matter of course. But here . . . Well, I'm left out. How can I then hope to be a Ghost?

October 22

"Cars, trucks, or any motor vehicle, including airplanes, helicopters, etc., shall not be used in interclass rivalry, including abductions."—Handbook.

October 27

No Braille books are for sale, and even those few that I could borrow from the library I can't keep for more than two weeks at a time. In class, there's no way I can take Braille notes. Even if I weren't made extremely self-conscious, as I am, by the *click-click* of punching dots, no matter how frantically I tried there would be no way I could take down even a cursory summary of the lecture.

November 1

Now I know why so many blind students never go near a college—why they prefer to spend their lives in sheltered workshops. Life in the sighted world for us must be all tooth and claw. But even if only one blind person had succeeded in completing college, then I should be able to do it. I will have to work twice as hard as any other student, and keep up my determination and self-confidence, but always appear modest of demeanor, despite my secret vaulting aspiration.

November 5

Adlai Stevenson lost. The like of him will never be seen. His simple speech conceding defeat, about stubbing his toe, made me convulse with sobs.

November 6

I need readers more than ever, but except for Jay Wilcoxen and Jane Di Stasi all of them have stopped coming. They want to study for their own tests. I must get some townspeople as backup readers, or I'm going to fail my tests.

November 10

I have been seriously considering of late becoming a lawyer, and I doubt if this is a passing whim.

November 13

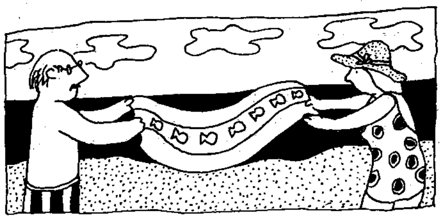
Anita has lived in France, and she has a perfect French accent. I spent half an hour today trying to learn how to pronounce the French "r" from her. I'm so lucky to have her as my French reader.

November 14

I'll have to wait now until I can again be with Daddyji so that he can select a suit for me. I have never bought a suit by myself and lack the confidence to do it. Since I've been in this country, I've had to buy almost every piece of clothing by myself, and I've had to rely on the judgment and sales talk of salesmen. But a suit is such a big item, and I want to buy a good suit that will give me long service.

November 15

My worries about being at college are lightened by the fact that I am a student among Americans, who, as a people, have a real generosity of spirit. They might be immature in their enthusiasms, but they are also sincere. They tend to see the good points of people before their bad points. This in itself creates an encouraging environment for me to live and study in.



November 18

I had a constructive correspondence with Daddyji about writing my memoir. I believe I should be able to spare two hours a week to devote to such writing, especially if I got a second tape recorder, with a foot control. But what's the use of even thinking about the features a second tape recorder should have, when I can't afford one?

November 25

Some readers, when they read, yawn a lot, as if they were starved for oxygen, or the drone of their own voice were putting them to sleep. Other readers seem to find that when they read aloud they don't take in the material themselves. It seems they are so busy enunciating and reading with expression that they can't absorb the material. These are but two of the many problems I am having in getting my work done.

December 3

Marvin just read words on the page, for a whole hour. Half the time, I had no idea what he was reading. Thank God, he's quit. Anita reads as if she were acting in a play. Jay reads faster than almost anyone—that's especially good, because he reads history to me. Yet it's frightening to think that he would be no good at reading philosophy, and Jane, who is so good at puzzling out abstruse philosophy passages, would be no good at reading history.

December 5

I'm terrified of Jay. Any time I ask him to go back and reread a passage, he makes me feel very stupid. I'm frightened of asking him to reread anything.

December 8

I don't have enough money to pay all the readers I need. This is an extra worry, from which I was free at the Arkansas school, where everything was done in Braille and we were all in the same boat. But, then, now I can go to an ordinary library and read any book I like—theoretically, at least. As long as I want food for my mind, I'll always have a hole in my pocket. But whatever the state of my pocket I will never let my reading suffer.

December 10

I wrote my first story for *Student Life* on a French student here, the

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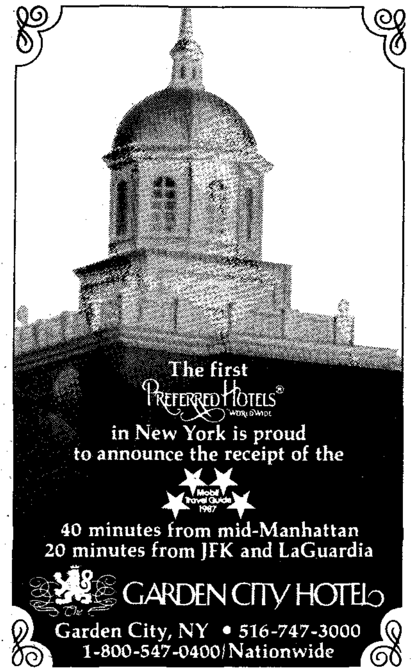

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beautiful Natalie. "We the French are better equipped to understand and appreciate the value of a college education," she says. "Our conversation is more a discussion of art, politics, and current events and is not limited to talk about boyfriends, calories, and clothes." Many other foreign students also feel that the concerns of American students are superficial.

December 15

Lately, I keep falling asleep when people are reading to me. My ears must get tired.

January 3, 1953

To attain my independence seems like an unending life-struggle. I have the fear that once I compromise on my independence, allow myself to be helped—say, in the cafeteria line—I will appear helpless, just as people imagine the blind to be, rather than every bit as self-reliant as the sighted, as I think myself to be.

January 6

I have a new reader, Mr. William Rattenbury. He's an old man, and a volunteer. He is such an eager reader that he sometimes arrives an hour early and waits. But the trouble with him is, if I stop him reading and ask him to reread something he gets all confused and can't find his place. I can really only use him for reading novels.

January 24

My social life is made up of solitary walks from one end of campus to the other, exchanging a few words along the way with people who greet me, and whose voices I recognize, because they are fixed in my mind and ring in my head like bell notes.

January 28

I keep on being surprised at the good grades I'm getting. My acquaintance with the better students makes me realize how deficient I am, but I'm working hard to catch up. Mr. Jones is right in calling me "a hothouse plant."

February 3

What comfort is contained in our Indian couplets, which our father used to recite to us when we were growing up. Whenever I get angry with someone, I recite to myself a couplet of Tulsi's and feel better: "In the world, there are different and still more different people. Sit and mix with everyone, the way a boat joins the river."

THE letters I wrote home during the first semester of my freshman year suggest that I felt isolated and was reaching out for someone with whom I could share my new experiences. That someone was naturally my father, who was the only one in my immediate family to have been in the West, and who therefore might have at least an inkling of what I was going through. Yet, at the same time, I was wary of telling him too much and so worrying him. I wanted to protect him from me, keep him in the dark about my problems. Rereading my letters now, I find them reserved and distant —filled with philosophizing, generalizing, rationalizing, hemming and hawing. Their sentences are often in the passive voice, the words abstract and formal-sounding. Between the lines, however, is a cri de coeur. Before Christmas break, I wrote:

December 9, 1952

MY DEAR DADDYJI,

Please forgive me for not writing you a detailed letter until now. I did not delay writing to you because of my failure to realize my duty or because of any unthoughtfulness on my part. To be honest, there were two reasons that governed my postponement: the first is that our first impressions usually prove unreliable. This is especially applicable in my case, for it takes longer for me to adjust and acquaint myself with new situations and new people. The second is that the strain of finding new readers and of getting used to new situations and methods of studying made me, at first, a little irritative and depressed. I have gone into this long explanation not in vain. You see, this letter will treat some subjects that might be rather hard for you to understand, since you are not here to experience the situation itself. If, therefore, you find a note of pessimism here and there and then a contradictory note of optimism scattered across the pages, please refrain from drawing any conclusions, as my college life is still in its infancy, and perhaps the views at present may be immature and may experience a change as time goes on.

I had considered not writing to you at all about my feelings, as they may cause you worry and concern. But then this would have been failure of my duty. The feelings, be they optimistic or pessimistic, must both be shared with you, for you are the only person who can guide and direct me as to how I can best solve my problems. I admit that perhaps I have sometimes shown hesitancy in accepting your advice. This, of course, was a sign of immaturity. And, as you often remarked, I later returned to your advice, and was thankful for it once I had had the experience for my own self. The desire to experience everything for ourselves varies from individual to individual, and I envy those who are fortunate enough to be able to learn from the experiences of others. Alas! My nature is not constructed in that manner and of that substance. I have the undeniable adventurous streak in me that forces me to live an experience *for myself*, and then, and only then, can I learn from it. If I were writing to someone besides you, I might concern myself with limiting the length of this letter. But I do not have this feeling in writing to you, since I feel you should know me thoroughly.

At the Arkansas school I lived among the people who suffered the same type of handicap as I did. Those who were not handicapped in this manner understood the capabilities of people such as us. Even there I had my ups and downs, as I guess we all must at one time or another. But when we look back on our past we recall only the happy memories and the memories that we cherish and the ones that we would like to relive.

As you know, there I had established myself well. I had the confidence of the students, who honoured me with the presidency, the highest honour they could bestow upon me. I received a medal for having the highest grade in the whole school, from kindergarten to and through the twelfth grade.

It is true that my office as school president took a lot of time and hard work, but my grades did not suffer, because I could do my work myself. I was not dependent for it on anyone else—no one was. In other words, I was not forced to do all of my studying in the daytime with readers. I was the master of my own will and time. To be honest and frank with you, I find none of these elements existing in my present situation. It is important that this fact be made clear, for the rest of the letter will fall back on it time after time.

In summary about my school life in Arkansas it can safely be said that I had friends in whom I had confidence and who in turn had confidence in my abilities; I was intimate with my teachers and spent long hours in learned discussion; I was completely independent and I had conquered my handicap, even if it was only for that period of time. I had completely forgotten my handicappedness and had become a normal, self-sufficient, and self-reliant individual. When I graduated from that school, Mr. Chiles, whom you know well from my previous letters, told me, "You came to us as raw material and now you are a polished and finished product. Do not fail us."

The Arkansas school became my second home, and I chose Pomona because I thought that here I would find the same type of homey atmosphere I knew there. My present impressions are that I was wrong in anticipating this. In order to lead the same type of life as I did in Little Rock, it is necessary for me to be accepted without any prejudice on account of my handicap. In order to have that, it is imperative that I cultivate friendships and continually make an attempt to fight the prejudice here. Were you to be skeptical about my use of the word "prejudice," I may say this in answer: the prejudice of which I speak is not a conscious prejudice in the minds of those with whom I live here. No, rather, this could not be true, for they see me go to any corner of the campus and into the town of Claremont, and are well aware of the fact that I am independent. They compliment me on my courage and independence over and over again, professors as well as students. The prejudice of which I speak is in their subconscious: their hesitance in being themselves when I am present. It is hard to put into words what I mean. I am not a part of them, accepted by them, as I was in Little Rock: students there talked about petty things and discussed problems with me, all the while perfectly at ease. Here, on the other hand, it seems that whenever I happen to be present the conversation can only pursue a general course, that being politics, India, America, or studies. I hasten to add that this is not true of all my friends. I have, indeed, cultivated some good friends among the students that live in my dormitory. They see me as I am and accept me as such. You may dismiss the whole situation by saying that it all exists in my mind alone. If it is so, I am unaware of it at this time. As soon as I learn this, I shall be the first one to admit it.

When I see some people who are active in college government, I am all the more convinced of my inability to be in there with them. This is due to the fact that these students spend their day working on their various projects and leave their studying until late at night. I can't do that. I have to do my studying in the daytime, for the readers cannot be expected to read to me after ten o'clock at night. I was given an assignment to cover a college-association meeting for *Student Life* but I had to refuse it, because the time of the meeting conflicted with an appointment I had with one of my readers. And I had wanted to cover that meeting so very badly.

All these moments of temporary depression are compensated by the intellectual side of the life here. I thoroughly like the courses in which I am now enrolled. This inspires me to study hard for them. The intellectual atmosphere is serene and subtle and breathtaking, such an atmosphere as could not be found in any country other than the United States. Their unregimented manner of education, which, though it seems easy, ends up being a hard-hitting program, leaves a foreigner gasping, and Americans are the last to appreciate it. This lack of appreciation may be attributed to their easygoing nature, to their immaturity in some respects—they are curious about new things at the expense of old institutions.

We may then conclude that college has its own charms, which are intangible. In order to be accepted socially as I had been in Little Rock and be one of them, it is necessary that one be like them in most respects or one is forever a stranger to that society which is not his.

Please excuse me for ending this letter abruptly. Perhaps later on, when we meet with each other, I will be able to discuss in greater detail my thoughts and feelings.

With all my love.

Affectionately yours,
Vedi

Even as I was writing such letters home, in the manner of the poet I was sitting and mixing with people, the way a boat joins the river.

—Ved Mehta

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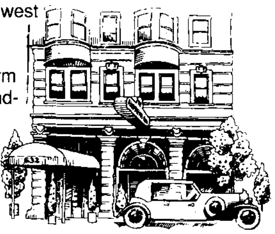

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THE THEATRE

That Old-Time Religion

THE central figure in Romulus Linney's "Holy Ghosts," the Reverend Obediah Buckhorn (Ollie Nash), is the leader of a group of Pentecostal snake-handlers—an obscure and illegal fundamentalist sect for whom a literal interpretation of the Bible (Mark 16:17-18: "And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them . . .") is the ultimate test and confirmation of faith. Among the members of his congregation are a man who is dying of cancer (Tavis Ross), another who seems to be haunted by his dog (Don McManus), a town floozy (Terry Eaton), a boy who is clearly not all there (Michael Lewis), and a mousy little woman (Barbara Murray) so terrorized by life that she can't even explain her reasons for joining the group. They're a peculiar lot: freaks and outcasts, the lowest of the low—a bit like the snakes they handle. They're also a bit like the characters in "The Iceman Cometh," another play about society's dregs and misfits. But where the habitués of Harry Hope's back-room bar still have illusions about life—that was O'Neill's whole point—the people in "Holy Ghosts" have lost their capacity for self-deception. All the other (legal) religions that might offer hope or consolation have failed or rejected them: the Reverend Obediah Buckhorn and the outlawed, bottom-of-the-heap religion he represents are their last resort.

"Holy Ghosts," which the San Diego Repertory Theatre is presenting at Theatre 890, is the fourth, and final, offering of the 1987 American Theatre Exchange. It concerns Coleman Shedman's attempt to win back his wife, Nancy, from the fundamentalist preacher for whom she left him. Written in 1970, the play has been seen twice previously in New York—once in a somewhat different version and once as an Equity workshop that had only twelve performances. This new staging, by Douglas Jacobs, offers an evening of spellbinding theatre; moreover, it's the only one of the American Theatre Exchange's presentations this season that really needed to be brought to New York.

This is the second time in recent months that one of Mr. Linney's plays has saved a theatre festival from being a washout: his "April Snow," directed by David Margulies, redeemed the Ensemble Studio Theatre's one-act-play marathon earlier this summer. "April Snow" is about New York sophisticates, "Holy Ghosts" is about the rural poor, but the two plays have a certain amount in common. Both use the plight of some lunatic fringe to explore the question of what one does or doesn't have a right to expect from life; both present characters whom one thinks one knows but who end by defying predictability or cliché, and both close with an image that lives on in your mind days after you have seen the play.

In description "Holy Ghosts" sounds a bit off-putting. Who would want to spend the evening with such characters? Who would care about them, except out of a sense of moral obligation? Linney *makes* you love and care about his characters. It's partly a result of his own fair-mindedness (the fact that he regards his characters with an equal share of fear and honor) and partly that he is so good at handling conflict. Ten times in the course of the evening your sympathies shift and you change your mind about whether or not this shack, set too close to a road somewhere in the rural South, is a justifiable refuge from an imperfect real world. Ten times you change your mind about whether or not you want Nancy Shedman to stay there. There's tension right up to the last moment about what will happen, and yet the resolution, when it comes, seems inevitable.

Every aspect of the production serves to make this cult of Christian smiles and kissing seem alternately frightening and alluring: the effective lighting, by D. Martyn Bookwalter (who also designed the set); the perfectly imperfect hymn-singing that, under the direction of Victor Zupanc and Linda Vickerman, fades in and out, weaving itself around this or that conflict or snatch of dialogue; and, particularly, the handling of the snakes. At the center of the stage, arranged around the makeshift "altar" of the church meetinghouse, are several boxes that have been

"What signifies the life o' man,
An' 't were nae for the lasses, O."

said to contain snakes. Ominous rattling and hissing noises can be heard issuing from them throughout the evening, and an immense amount of tension is generated in the audience: apart from your anxiety over Nancy Shedman and her fate, you're terrified that those damn snakes will get loose. The public has been assured that no real snakes are employed in the production; what it isn't told is that there aren't any snakes at all. The mime is effective as drama—it makes your flesh crawl—and adds a moral dimension as well. It seduces you, briefly, into sharing what must be the rest of the world's perception of these people. Because you were expecting to see *something*, there's a wild moment when you wonder if all this is a hallucination, and you think, Good God, these people really *are* crazy! It's the first time the thought has occurred to you. That "Holy Ghosts" keeps you guessing about what your take on these people should be is due to the way the playwright cheats your expectations about his characters—their motivations, their dramatic function, even their identity—and also to Mr. Jacobs' taste and judgment.

The acting is uniformly good. As the excitable Coleman, Bradley Fisher might perhaps take his performance down a notch or two—but only for the first ten minutes—and Diana Castle gives a superb performance as Nancy, the wife. There's nothing false or actorly about any of the performances: it's first-rate ensemble work—restrained, intelligent, and utterly lacking in the self-conscious quality that characterizes so much of what one sees on and off Broadway. Once or twice, I remember actually feeling sorry for the actors: they seemed so specifically suited to these roles! Priscilla Allen as Mrs. Wall, the former Sunday-school teacher whose Bible-thumping methods have been preëmpted by the advent of a more permissive age, Jim Mooney as the morose guitar player, Bill Dunnam and Ric Barr as the two truckers: they so clearly *were* these characters. Where would they ever find similar parts to perform? Later, passing by the photographs on the wall outside the theatre, I noticed that they bore no resemblance at all to the people I had spent the evening with. I could barely match a face to a name.

If the first three presentations by the American Theatre Exchange this summer—"Self Defense," "Hard Times," and "1984"—made you feel condescending toward regional theatre, the San Diego Rep's production of "Holy Ghosts" inspires nothing but admiration. It's nice that the American Theatre Exchange brought it to New York: a play written seventeen years ago that had already received two productions here (albeit minor ones) really isn't something we'd have been likely to see. All the same, one out of four isn't a very impressive record: if the 1987 American Theatre Exchange was representative of what our regional theatre has to offer, you have to ask, Why bother? If it wasn't, you have to ask why the program can't find better material. Any way you slice it, there seems to be something wrong.

—Mimi Kramer

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•

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Johnson and family of Remsen, Ia. were visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Madson on Sunday, June 14.

Chuck Madson had a cataract removed Tuesday, June 16th at the Wolfe Clinic in Fort Dodge.

Visitors Wednesday evening in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Madson were Mr. and Mrs. Charley Lane of Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Madson spent Thursday visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Mike Woods, Josh and Alicia at Charles City.

Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Peterson of Gowrie were Friday dinner guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Madson.—*Rockwell City (Iowa) Calhoun County Advocate.*

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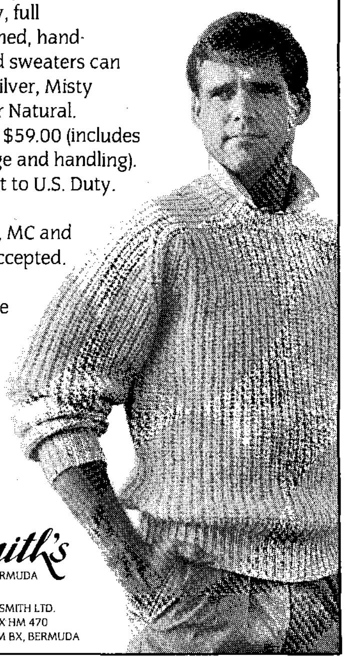

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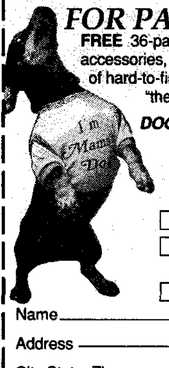


MUSICAL EVENTS

Venetian Airs

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY operas are pleasing modern listeners. Musical tastes alter. In the 1954 Grove, Egon Wellesz, who in 1913 had published an important study of Francesco Cavalli, wondered "whether it would be at all possible to restore to the modern operatic stage any one of Cavalli's operas." In 1967, when Raymond Leppard brought Cavalli to the modern stage—with "Ormindo," at Glyndebourne—he began a Cavalli boom. Twenty-seven Cavalli operas survive, and fourteen of them have now been given modern performances. Six have been recorded. The latest revival is of "La Virtù de' Strali d'Amore" ("The Power of Cupid's Darts"), heard in Venice in 1642-43, in Bologna in 1648, and unheard since until Underground Opera staged it in the Wadsworth Atheneum, in Hartford, on July 31st.

Wellesz suggested that Cavalli stands to Monteverdi rather as Richard Strauss stands to Richard Wagner: "Monteverdi is unquestionably the greater genius, but Cavalli is the more brilliant of the two." Jane Glover, in her Cavalli monograph (1978), proposed a different parallel: "It is perhaps true to say that Cavalli was to Monteverdi as Handel was to Bach." Cavalli began his career under Monteverdi, as a chorister at St. Mark's. In 1639, he became organist there, and in 1668 *maestro di cappella*. He wrote often for Venice's theatres, and his operas travelled widely. In 1662, his "Ercole Amante" inaugurated Louis XIV's splendid—but acoustically disastrous—Théâtre des Machines in the Tuileries (said to hold seven thousand people). His last operas for Venice, "Eliogabalo" (1667-1668) and "Massenzio" (1672-73), were both abandoned in rehearsal. Musical tastes had already altered: the public wanted showy arias for star singers, not fluent music dramas. Giovanni Antonio Boretti composed a different "Eliogabalo," and Antonio Sartorio reset the "Massenzio" text. (Cavalli's "Massenzio" is lost, but his "Eliogabalo" survives, available to any adventurous company eager to present a Cavalli world première.) Cavalli devoted his last years—he died in 1676—to music at St. Mark's. His reputation waned while younger men—Sartorio, Boretti, Giovanni Legrenzi—catered to the public appetite for modern operas.

The Cavalli-to-Monteverdi analogues proposed by Wellesz and by Glover are imprecise—such parallels never run quite true—but suggestive. Monteverdi established and defined "opera": the combination of arts in which music and poetry, voices and instruments, singing and acting, singing and stage spectacle, regular musical forms and progressive dramatic dialogue conspire or collide in ways to increase the effectiveness and expressiveness of each. In succeeding ages, whenever decadence set in as some individual element threatened to swamp the rest, a reformer—a Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Wagner, Verdi—arose to reëstablish the balance and recapture for opera the serious, elevating role it can play in human life. Monteverdi chose serious subjects; he despised (as we know from his letters) matter merely decorative. His first hero, Orpheus, embodiment and exemplifier of music's power over men, was the destined protagonist of many early—as of many later—operas. In "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse" and "L'Incoronatione di Poppea" Monteverdi used opera's power to vivify Homer and then history for his listeners. Cavalli was rather more of an entertainer, readier to consider popular expectation, prepared to cast an occasionally playful eye over even serious characters' plights. To say this is not to diminish his merit. One might venture another imprecise parallel, Venetian-based: Cavalli a Tintoretto to Monteverdi's Titian. Before Titian, one is awed, shaken, inspired. Tintoretto through large-scale mastery, vividness of detailed perception, and brilliance of execution quickens responses to the world around.

"LA VIRTÙ DE' STRALI D'AMORE" is an early opera. The first public opera house, the San Cassiano, opened in Venice in 1637. Cavalli composed for it from its third season. "La Virtù" was his fifth opera and his first collaboration with Giovanni Faustini, who became his regular librettist for the next decade. It is built on a situation that recurs in many Venetian operas (Shakespeare had used versions of it in "The Two Gentlemen" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream"): two couples, but both men in love with the same woman, while the other woman—in "La Virtù" she is an abandoned wife—strives to win the man she loves. To effect a happy ending, some supernatural agency may be brought into play: in the "Dream," the juice of the little western flower on which Cupid's bolt once fell; in "La Virtù," inoculation by that bolt itself. Erabena, the deserted wife, comes across Cupid asleep, steals his weapons, and jabs him with one of his arrows. He wakes and, of course, falls in love with her—well aware of the artificial cause but unable to resist, and not unfascinated by experiencing in himself what he has so often inflicted on others. (There are emotional intricacies in all Faustini dramas.) That's one of the interwoven subplots. In the main plot, Erabena has (like Julia in "The Two Gentlemen") disguised herself as a squire and followed the man she loves, Meontes. She looses at him the powerful dart. Meontes is disconcerted by an attack from his squire, and even more so by the sudden passion he feels for the youth, but reassured when Erabena reveals her identity. (There are similar ambiguities in later Cavalli-Faustini operas, notably "Calisto.") Another arrow prick seals the romance of the other pair, Pallas and Cleria. All is clinched by a revelation one would call Gilbertian were it not common in Venetian operas—and before that in Spanish drama, which permeated early operatic dramaturgy. The deadly rivals Pallas and Meontes are reconciled as long-lost brothers, Meontes having been carried off as a babe by pirates.

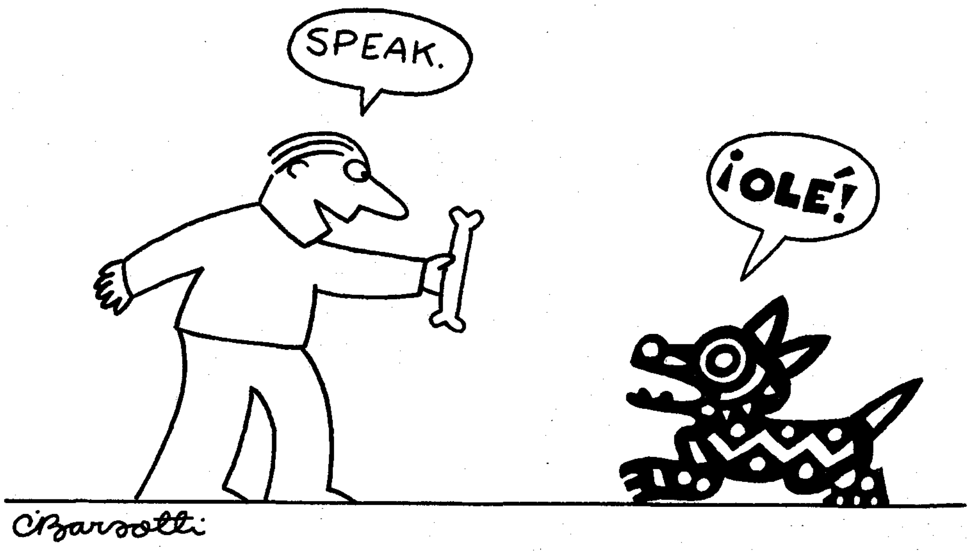
One of the fascinations of hearing "La Virtù" was discovering operatic images in their first freshness—not just situations but musical responses to them. The sorceress Cleandra adumbrates the Medea who sings in Cavalli's "Giasone" and again in Jacob Druckman's "Lamia;" Maria Callas and Jan DeGaetani are among those who have impersonated her progeny. The rapturous love duet of the penultimate scene, "O mio bene" (a late addition to the score, which does not figure in the printed libretto), links to the melting "Pur ti miro" of Monteverdi's "Poppea" (also a late addition, composed perhaps by Benedetto Ferrari) and leaps toward the "Verranno a te" of Donizetti's "Lucia" and Isolde and Tristan's "So stürben wir" exchanges. ("O mio bene" was not unfamiliar, since Raymond Leppard made it the first-act finale of his "Ormindo" edition. It fits more aptly in the original context.) Historical interest apart, "La Virtù" proved abundantly worth hearing—an elegant network of skillfully lapped emotional adventures both affecting and entertaining. Cavalli, like Monteverdi, could match verbal sentiment with musical phrases that speak directly across the centuries. And two centuries passed before opera again acquired the freedom of form he commanded: a flow of recitative, arioso, songs, ariettas, arias, duets, and the full-blown "laments" at which he excelled. Metres change in response to emotional pressure. Formal elements—ground basses beneath free melody, ritornellos that give the singers breathing space and time to prepare thoughts before uttering them—provide subtle, unobtrusive shaping. "La Virtù" has twenty-four characters. (It would be a good piece for student companies to tackle.) In the telling, the plot sounds impossibly convolute. Onstage, it is easy—and delightful—to follow.

The Wadsworth Atheneum is famous in music history as the place where Virgil Thomson's "Four Saints in Three Acts" had its glittering première, in 1934. "La Virtù" was a more modest affair but good enough to reveal the merits of the work. There was a cast of sixteen, some singers taking more than one role. Nancy LaMarch, the Erabena, and Lori Housholder, the Cleria, were pleasing performers. David Hayes directed a small band of strings, lutes, and harpsichords. For Underground Opera—which began operations last year, with Haydn's "La Vera Costanza"—this was a first step into the seventeenth century. Not all the artists took it surely; often one wanted thinner, lighter tone, livelier words and inflections, less dogged adherence to written note values. Susan Weinman, the stage director, inflicted some strokes of base comedy (even during "O mio bene") on her otherwise tactfully plain production. (Gilbert's chilly reproof to a Ko-Ko who won a laugh by extraneous business—"So you would if you sat on a pork pie"—should be graved on every director's mind.) A rhymed English translation, by Robert Hess, was used. The score had been prepared by Myron Schwager, of the Hartt School of Music.

Cavalli's biggest hit was "Giasone" (1648-49), with an admirable libretto by Giacinto Andrea Cicognini. I sang the praises of the piece after the American première, given by Clarion in 1977, semistaged in Alice Tully Hall. I enjoyed it again in a production by the Mannes Camerata, in May. This was an elaborate, ambitious affair, conceived and directed by Paul Echols. In the music room of Mannes College, four stages were set up, one in the center of each wall; the action moved from one to another. The orchestra—harpsichords, organ, lutes, theorbo, recorders, flute, dulcian, strings, directed by Dongsok Shin—sat in the middle of the room; a cornett-and-sackbut quintet played from a gallery. The audience—warned to keep its feet out of the busy tracks joining the stages—was disposed in the remaining space, in four segments. A lighting tower had been erected in each corner.

The four principals of this plot are Medea, her suitors Jason and King Aegeus, and Hypsipyle, Jason's abandoned mistress. (Before curtainrise, Jason has fathered twins on both Hypsipyle and Medea.) There's a large posse of subaltern characters—Argonauts, servants, confidantes. The capture of the Golden Fleece, shipwreck, and two bungled murder attempts propel the action. Jokes and scenes of high seriousness jostle: Orestes describes the difficulties of babysitting; Medea's famous incantation and Hypsipyle's lament—both utterly serious—are two great moments. The Mannes production veered surely between the extremes, with but an occasional lapse into coarse cliché. (Laughs won by Captain Bessus' leering at a full-bosomed statue or by Jason's antics with a peeled banana fell into Gilbert's pork-pie category.) The show moved well, musically and dramatically. It had been delicately and carefully rehearsed. Catherine Schwartzman, the Medea, and Charlotte Bacon, the Hypsipyle, were both affecting. Daryl Kroken, the Orestes, had the liveliest delivery. He has played in musicals. Broadway singers—the New York Lyric Opera's 1982 production of "Poppea," staged in the Xenon disco, showed it—may click more readily into Venetian music drama than do either old-music or Puccini-trained vocalists. "Giasone" was sung in an English translation by Martin Morell and Mr. Echols.

Venetian theatrical liveliness underlies Prokofiev's opera "The Love of Three Oranges," at a remove or two. The tale it tells first saw print in Naples, in Giambattista Basile's "Lo Cunto de li Cunti," "The Tale of Tales" (1634-36). Basile's singing sister, "la bella Adriana," was much admired by Monteverdi—but that's a fortuitous link into operatic history. In Venice in 1761, the dramatic reformer and practical critic Carlo Gozzi brought out his "L'Amore delle Tre Melarance," a commedia-dell'arte treatment of the old tale, seasoned with satire of Pietro Chiari's pretentious inanities and Carlo Goldoni's "bourgeois realism." Chiari and Goldoni provided matter for many eighteenth-century operas; Gozzi's appeal was to later composers, of higher



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aspiration. He probably left traces on "The Magic Flute," but the principal Gozzi operas are Wagner's "Die Feen," Busoni's "Turandot," Prokofiev's opera, Puccini's "Turandot," and Hans Werner Henze's "König Hirsch." Gozzi was taken up in 1914 Petrograd by V. E. Meyerhold and his circle. Anti-Stanislavsky, anti-"realism," ardent for "theatrical" theatre, they founded a magazine, *The Love of Three Oranges*, and in the first issue included their new working of the Gozzi play. Prokofiev had a copy with him when, in Chicago in 1919, he signed a contract to compose a piece for the Chicago Opera; and from it he fashioned his own libretto, adding commentary on opera audiences to Gozzi's and Meyerhold's on theatre audiences. To the onstage groups clamoring for tragedy or for light entertainment he added dimwits and lovers of lyricism. Adept in many veins, he composed episodes to please each group and cause the others to ponder or protest. "The Love of Three Oranges" is a brilliant, intelligent, quicksilver opera that in an intelligent presentation teases and tests an operagoer's responses to farce, tragedy, full-throated lyrical outpouring, orchestral glitter, lavish spectacle. In crass presentations, it has often become a boring, empty romp.

At the Hollybush Festival, in May, the opera received an intelligent presentation. This festival, held on the campus of Glassboro State College, in southern New Jersey, deserves to be better known. Lyndon Johnson and Aleksei Kosygin met on the campus for a summit conference in 1967. In the twentieth-anniversary year, Hollybush's festival fare was Russo-American. The Kirov Ballet and the New Jersey Ballet danced. The New Jersey Symphony, under Hugh Wolff, played the winning pieces of a U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. competition (Milton Babbitt and Rodion Shchedrin were among the judges): Eleanor Cory's "Tapestry" and Alexander Chaikovsky's "Battleship Potemkin" suite. The second-prize pieces, Michelle Ekizian's "Morning of Light" (U.S.A.) and Tolib Shakhidi's "Sado" (U.S.S.R.), were heard at public rehearsals. The operas were Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah" and Prokofiev's "The Love of Three Oranges," each given three performances. Four singers from Moscow's Stanislavsky Theatre came over to take part in the latter.

"Three Oranges" was conducted by Vjekoslav Sutej, the artistic director of the Split Opera, and staged by Tamas Ferkai, a Vienna-based director who has worked often in Split. A line in the program, "The opera takes place in a Hollywood film studio, c.1920," was initially disconcerting. The presentation of the filming of an opera, rather than of the opera itself, is a tiresome modern cliché. This summer, Rossini's "La Cenerentola" and Mozart's "La Finta Giardiniera" have suffered it. Yet the device did little harm to the "Three Oranges": alienation, distancing, cool observation of the ways various kinds of stage representation work upon an audience are built into the piece. Attendance at this "Three Oranges" compelled spectators to ask why opera, with its silly plots and costly apparatus, remains a defensible human activity, to search for answers, to take sides in the arguments.

The best of the Russian guests, Vitaly Terashenko, as the lovelorn Prince, made a strong case for cherishing lyricism for its own sake. He poured out a smooth, true, shining tenor. High spirits in the enactment of foolery, tragedy, spectacle did the rest. Let me, if it does not seem patronizing, express surprise that the ad-hoc large cast, large chorus, and large orchestra executed the virtuoso score, and a brilliant, scenically intricate production (sets by Philip Graneto, costumes by A. T. Jones), with a verve and a precision that some of our regular companies might envy. Badienne Magaziner was a gleaming, impressive Fata Morgana. Gweneth Bean was ripely lustrous as the wicked Princess Clarissa.

Prokofiev's "Three Oranges" is a comic complement to his "Fiery Angel." Both contain the musics of magic, lyricism, passion, menace, tragedy, and mirth. (So do Cavalli's operas.) But while the treatment in "The Fiery Angel" is expansive and serious, in the "Oranges" it is light, brief, and glittering. Nothing lasts long. Romance, scherzo, and pageantry are held in balance. In the Hollybush performance, the opera seemed something like a masterpiece.

—ANDREW PORTER

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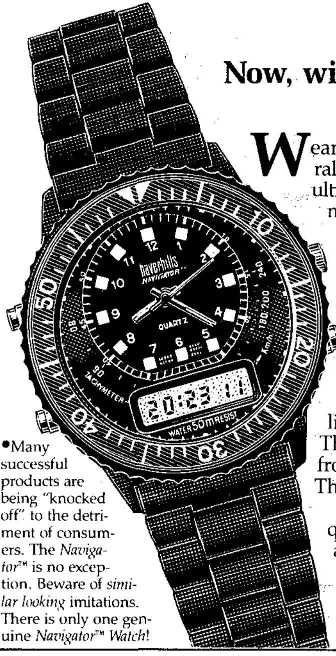

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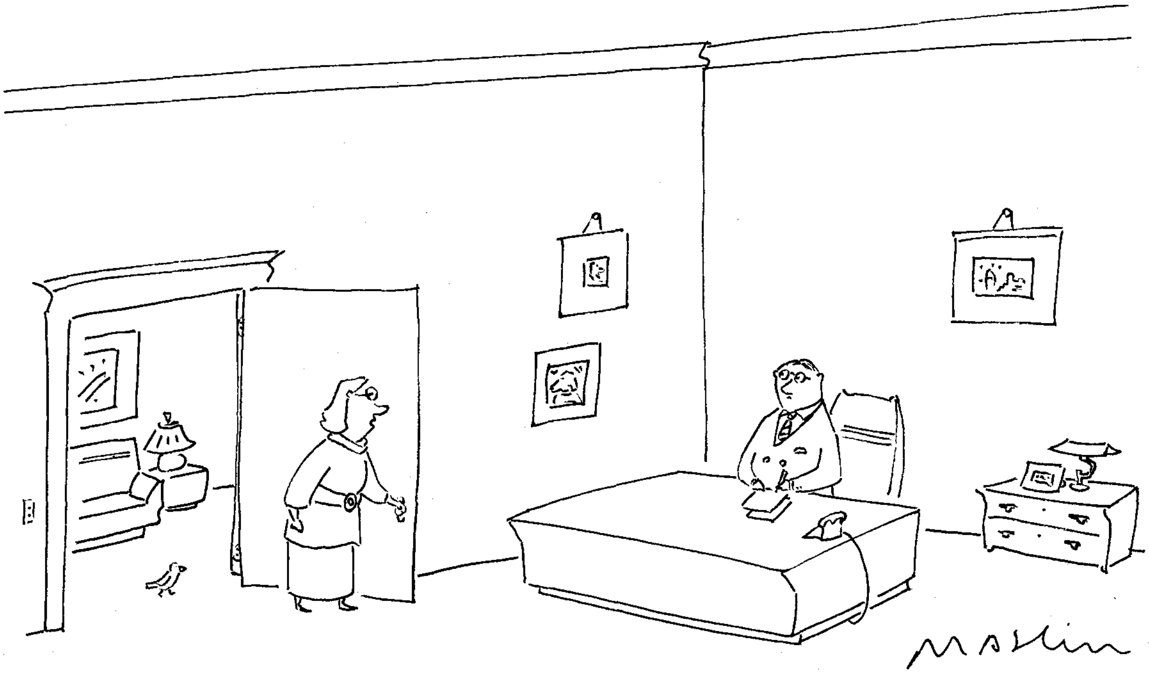
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS

MY neighbor Anna Silva has not lost Portuguese so much as she has learned, in over twenty years here, to feel in French. She may talk Portuguese to the other concierges on the block, and write letters to her son, Raul, in Portuguese, but her exclamations are the exclamations of a native. When Anna is startled or excited, she says "*Dis, donc?*" When she is sad, she shakes her head and says "*Ah, Seigneur!*" When she counts the small blessings of her hard and unaccountably tragic life, she says that at least she has had "*du pain, du vin, et du Boursin*," instead of saying whatever people say in the mountains near Bragança, where Anna was born. She sits with her sewing, in the concierge's lodge of an old apartment building around the corner, trying to comprehend that life, which has left her alone and lonely and far from home, and the trying confuses her. It makes her dreamy and distracted. Sometimes she turns on the television set and stares patiently at the screen, as if she were waiting for François Mitterrand or Jacques Chirac or the Antenne 2 weather girl to advise her. Sometimes she picks up the phone to call Raul, in Cleveland—that is, until she remembers how much a call to Cleveland costs, or that mothers in Cleveland are cheerful, independent people who exercise and play cards and never disturb their children with the burdens of grief and age. Sometimes she simply clears a space on the narrow bed that doubles as her couch and sewing table, and opens a round red biscuit tin in which she keeps the pictures and papers and correspondence of a lifetime. She rummages in the tin until she comes to a tinted postcard of a handsome man—middle-aged and a little thick at the waist, but handsome—dressed up in the golden doublet and tail-tipped ermine cape of some imaginary, composite court and century. The man is wearing a bright, black, wavy hairpiece. His face is framed by a petal ruff, which hides the beginnings of a double chin. His eyes are clear, though. His eyebrows arch. His smile is extravagant. He has a set of perfectly capped and whitened teeth. The man's name is Luis Mariano, and Anna says that in his day he was the toast of Paris. He starred in eighteen movies and recorded more than five hundred songs, but what he did best—what made him the toast of Paris—was sing in musicals at the Théâtre du Châtelet. Mariano made the kind of musicals the French call *opérettes à grand spectacle*—lavish, fantastical period musicals with simple songs, complicated plots, a production number for every change of scenery, and exotic names like "Le Prince de Madrid" and "Le Secret de Marco Polo" and "La Caravelle d'Or." He was a matinée idol for twenty-five years. It is said that when he toured the provinces theatre managers had to put up signs backstage saying "*Défense aux figurantes de toucher M. Mariano*," and that even in sophisticated Paris thousands of women got together every week to listen to their Luis Mariano records and exchange their Luis Mariano gossip and compare their Luis Mariano scrapbooks. Anna never had a scrapbook, but she has kept her postcard of Mariano for eighteen years. There is a message just for her on the postcard. It is scribbled across the doublet—thus avoiding the white ruff and the whiter smile—and it has the tenor's famous signature, with an "L" that loops around and trails like a ribbon, underlining everything. The message says: "To Anna, for remembrance."

Anna is vague about most things that affect her, but she has never forgotten the day she got her postcard. It was December 19, 1969, and "La Caravelle d'Or" was opening at the Théâtre du Châtelet. Anna watched from the wings that night. She watched while an ailing fifty-five-year-old Luis Mariano turned himself into a dashing young Don Pedro of Bragança and wooed a beautiful French princess and went to war against his wicked brother and ("to general rejoicing," the program says) was crowned King of Portugal. He was crowned in his doublet, his ermine cape, and a pair of green satin pantaloons trimmed with fat emeralds and gold braid. Anna was especially proud, she says, "because there was gold all over Luis Mariano" and, in a manner of speaking, she had put it there. In those days—those *golden* days, she likes to say, by way of a small joke—Anna was the seamstress in charge of "sewing-machine decorations" at the Théâtre du Châtelet, and most of the lace and the braid and the gold and silver piping on Luis Mariano's fabulous costumes was attached at Anna's big Singer in the Châtelet costume room. "Personally attached," Anna says now.

Anna was married for thirty-four years and lost her husband in an accident. (Anna is not her real name, and I have disguised some of the details of her life.) She bore two children and lost one. She worked for twenty years to build a house, and after it was finished vandals broke in to steal the television, and set the house on fire. But when she talks about loss, when she tries to explain what grief is, she always comes back to the fact that Luis Mariano got sick and had to leave "La Caravelle d'Or" and, a few months later, died—the word in the costume room was that he died from a Rumanian youth cure—and took the "sunshine" in her life with him. By now, Luis Mariano is as vivid in Anna's memory as the husband who carved tombstones for a living and loved flowering trees, or the child who died, or the new villa north of Lisbon, tiled and shining, before the vandals came. She feels a connection to Mariano that, in her mind, sets her apart from his more or less official mourners—from the thirty-three thousand women in Luis Mariano fan clubs, who call themselves Marianistes and make pilgrimages to his tomb, in the village of Arcangues, and show his movies at weekend "homages to Mariano" at the Lille fairgrounds. Anna married Lourenço Silva in the chapel at the Monastery of Jerônimos in Lisbon—just where Luis Mariano hid his beautiful princess in "La Caravelle d'Or." She and Lourenço lived for nineteen years in a little house near the monastery, and when they moved to France, to earn the money for their villa, she carried a letter of introduction from one of the Jerônimos fathers. For Anna, there is something mystical—something whose meaning just eludes her—in the fact that the last time Luis Mariano sang at Châtelet he was Don Pedro of Bragança, center stage in a papier-mâché-and-plywood monastery, wearing satin pantaloons and a golden doublet that Anna Silva had embroidered.



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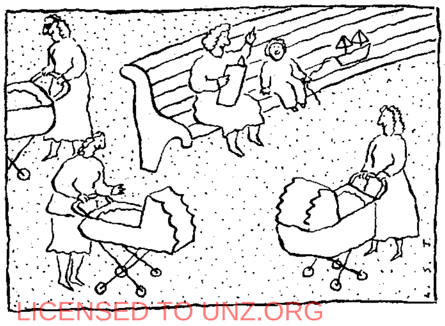
Anna is sixty-seven years old, and since Lourenço died she has dressed in mourning, like the women of Bragança, in a plain black dress and black stockings. She wears two rings—a thin gold wedding band and a thicker silver-anniversary band—and a silver medallion, blessed by John Paul II, that one of our neighbors gave her after a Rome vacation. Sometimes she wears a watch—but only when she decides to wear her glasses, too. Anna cannot read very well without glasses, and she certainly cannot read the faded gold numerals on a lady's 1947 wristwatch. She seems to prefer not reading to the thought of herself with a pair of eyeglasses on her nose. She will go to the fruit-and-vegetable stand on our corner with a long marketing list that she has written out in the privacy of her lodge, and hand the list to the Portuguese boy who always waits on her, and always cheats her, asking him, *s'il vous plaît*, to read it for her, saying, in her timid, stubborn way, that she has left her glasses at home. I do not know whether this is vanity, or whether it has to do with Anna's reluctance to see a harsh world any more clearly than she has to. Anna is a modest woman. She is so discreet, in her black dresses and her two plain rings, that in a neighborhood like ours, with its Left Bank mixture of migrant workers, local shopkeepers, and old Paris money, her discretion could pass for the understatement of a woman the French would call "a woman of a certain age." But I know that she is vain about some things. She is vain about her hair, which used to be brown but is blond now, and sometimes—if I have been in New York and managed to stop at the hairdressers' supply house near my office—a color that Anna refers to as "American blond." Anna dyed her hair for the first time in 1967, when Luis Mariano was singing Goya in "Le Prince de Madrid," and a pretty soprano—she was an understudy to the Duchess of Alba—would pay Anna to come in early and color her hair with a paintbrush and a bottle of something blond from America. One day, the soprano invited Anna to try the color on herself. Anna has kept the brush she used. She is still using it. It was one of the paintbrushes in Goya's secret studio in the Chapel of San Bernardino—the studio in which he painted the naked Maja five nights and two matinées a week for eighteen months while singing a duet and preparing for a bullfight and worrying about the Inquisition.

LUIS MARIANO—his real name was Mariano-Eusebio González y García—was born in the Basque city of Irún, in northern Spain, in the summer of 1914, just after the war broke out in Europe. His father was a Spanish mechanic who lived in Bordeaux but had headed home that summer to avoid fighting—and who seems to have spent the next twenty years shuttling the family back and forth across the border, unable to decide which country was safer. No one knows how "Basque" Luis Mariano was—there are no typically Basque names in the family—but he made his reputation as a Basque, and to his fans he was pure Basque, by which they meant that he was ardent, impetuous, honorable, pious, brave, romantic, noble, and a dozen other operetta qualities. The Basque country of their imagination had no borders. It produced no rain and no violence—no separatists or terrorists or secret revolutionary armies with unpronounceable names. It was a sunny and entirely bucolic place where high-spirited young tenors like Luis Mariano were always dancing in their village squares or bursting into song in their sweethearts' gardens or making ardent vows to the Virgin. Certainly no one who could sing got old in the Basque country. Mariano was six when Anna was born, but he dropped those six years in 1936 to avoid the draft—the family was back in Bordeaux in 1936—and once he became the toast of Paris and a famous stage lover he dropped as many more years as his roles demanded and his paunch allowed. The result was that he inspired in women like Anna a kind of modest, comfortable, maternal passion. There are women who began to love Luis Mariano when they were little girls, and kept on loving him while they aged and he got younger, and now those women are like the mothers of some handsome and heroic soldier who died (faithful to them) before his time. According to my friend Jeanine Parzy—Mlle. Parzy works in a bank in Lille, and she is president of all the Marianistes in the Pas de Calais and Belgium—there are always fifty or sixty women in Arcangues on a summer day, taking advantage of their *congés payés* to make a pilgrimage to the famous tomb and "discover Mariano, before our eyes, in the sun and the flowers and the beautiful Basque colors." Mariano owned a farm in Arcangues—a "Basque" farm, with a swimming pool and a chapel and a hundred acres. He left it to his chauffeur—the chauffeur's name was François Lacan, but Mariano called him Patchi—and the chauffeur's son Marianino, whom Mariano had adopted. Nothing has changed there since he died, Mlle. Parzy says, except the milk cows, which used to be named for Mariano's leading ladies.

Luis Mariano had a nice clear tenor voice with no particular character. His contemporary Marcel Merkes, who is sixty-seven and still singing on the provincial circuit, had a much more interesting voice than Mariano. And it was Georges Guétary (Guétary was Gene Kelly's rival in the movie "An American in Paris"), not Mariano, who had the important reputation abroad and got to sing on Broadway. Mariano couldn't act and he couldn't dance, but there was something about him that none of the competition seemed to have. "*Il portait le soleil*," Anna says when she tries to describe him, and that is what Mlle. Parzy says, too, and just about everyone else I know who saw him. They say that the sun was in him. It was in his terrible toothy smile and in the way he sang his songs (many of them were written by a French dentist named Francis Lopez, who provided a Basque history of his own for the purposes of their collaboration), and it literally warmed an audience. People who loved Luis Mariano would save for a year to come to Paris when he was performing. They would sit in the big theatre on the Place du Châtelet, with its crystal chandeliers and its "royal" boxes and its three thousand plush seats, and have the romance of their otherwise cautious and correct lives.

There are intellectuals who maintain that Mariano was not truly *populaire*—the way Edith Piaf, say, was *populaire*—but the fact is that their concierges and their butchers and their postmen and the plumbers on their block either went to Châtelet or wanted to go to Châtelet when Luis Mariano sang, and it would be difficult to prove that those people are any less *le peuple français* than the street waifs and four-in-the-morning truckers whom Paris intellectuals romanticize. Besides, it is hard to find a Paris intellectual who never went to Châtelet, as a boy, with his grandmother, or who never broke a date because of a Mariano movie on television, or who never knew "La Belle de Cadix" by heart or which words rhymed with "Mexico" in the famous finale of "Le Chanteur de Mexico" (*torero*, *nouveau*, *tropicaux*, *bateau*, *crescendo*, *bolero*, *galop*). People here have been going to *opérettes* since Jacques Offenbach moved into a wooden shed across the street from the Paris World's Fair of 1855 and invited the tourists to Les Bouffes-Parisiens for an evening—"*une soirée légère et plutôt gaie*"—where everybody sang and danced and said malicious, delicious, witty things to everybody else. (Offenbach and his librettists, Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, are said—by the French—to have been the Rodgers and Hart of the Second Empire.) Offenbach's musical theatre was his antidote to the pompous offerings at the Opéra Comique. He established a genre. The *opérettes* that Parisians liked best were written by people nobody remembers, and had names like "La Mascotte" and "Les Mousquetaires au Couvent" and "Mam'zelle Nitouche." Some of them were dreadful, and none of them were very good, or very demanding, but they suited the times. The new rich of the Second Empire had money to spend and not much culture, and they wanted to be worldly. Mainly, they wanted to forget that their parents had lived it up at country cattle fairs and had gaped at the jugglers and tumblers on the Pont Neuf when they came to town. Their insecurities survived the Empire. When Franz Lehár brought his "Merry Widow" to Paris, it had the longest run of any production in the city's history.

Mariano came to Paris—it was Occupied Paris—in 1942. He had studied for a year at the conservatory in Bordeaux, and had already sung with a Basque choir in a movie called "Ramuntcho" and made two records with the chorus of a Spanish tango orchestra, but Marianistes consider that his proper début was Christmas Eve, 1943, when he sang Ernesto in a special performance of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" at the Palais de Chaillot. They are not troubled by the idea of Luis Mariano carrying the sun to an audience of opera-loving German officers—and neither, apparently, was Mariano. He saw to his career in Occupied Paris, and then he fled to Les Landes during the bombings and celebrated the Liberation by singing the "Marseillaise." On Christmas Eve, 1945, he made his "second début." He opened—in a little theatre on the Rue de la Gaîté called the Casino Montparnasse—in Francis Lopez's operetta "La Belle de Cadix." By all accounts, it was not an *opérette à grand spectacle*. It was written fast, to fill a hole in the theatre's season, and it was put on with a four-man orchestra and eleven singers wearing homemade costumes that Mariano had designed. Lopez, who is seventy-one now and lives in an orange penthouse on the Boulevard Haussmann, with palm trees and pelicans painted all over the front hall, and sheets of plastic on the furniture, says that "La Belle de Cadix" made them "top number one" in Paris. (He usually adds that he was already top number one, owing to a song called "Allons, Petits Soldats de France," which he had dashed off for a troop show in 1939, when he was a young dentist in the French Army.) They were booked for six weeks, but by the time they closed there were eight hundred thousand Marianistes in France, and Luis Mariano was shopping for his first Cadillac and Francis Lopez had stopped pulling teeth. People were walking around Paris singing the song about the beauty from Cadix. They were dancing to it in basement clubs and at Saturday-night street balls, and listening to it on the butcher's radio while they stood in line with their ration books waiting to buy their weekly meat allowance.



ANNA was born in the Trás-os-Montes in 1920—the year that Luis Mariano chose for his birthday. Her father was a peasant. He owned eight acres of stony mountain land an hour's walk from the nearest village and about fifty miles from the city of Bragança; an ancient farmhouse with mud floors and animal stalls under the kitchen; a vegetable garden; and an assortment of sheep, cows, goats, and pigs. He had a wife and thirteen children. Nine of those children survived. Anna, who was the seventh, says that they ate "everything the earth gave us," even the maize they were supposed to save for pig fodder. Each September, at the village fair, they sold some calves and lambs for a winter's supply of grain and staples and, if there was anything left, woollen cloth for making winter clothes. Each January, they slaughtered four pigs to be smoked and cured. Anna had two jobs—getting up at four in the morning to milk the cows and make fresh cheese, so that the family could have a bowl of cheese with their bread at breakfast, and passing the rosary for mealtime prayers. She went to school in the village for a few years, but the walk was long—especially the walk home, up the mountain—and there was already too much work for her at home. She stopped—all the girls in the family stopped school—as soon as she could read and write and knew addition and subtraction and her multiplication tables. Her mother ran the farm, because even then there were not many men in the north of Portugal who could afford to stay at home. Men married and fathered their children, one a year, and then they left, looking for work, looking for better land, looking for anything to ease the poverty of their lives in that stony and remote corner of Europe, where—the saying went—nothing had changed in a thousand years except the priests and the policemen. Peasants in the Trás-os-Montes slept in the stalls with their animals, for warmth, and were often dead of work and disease at an age when the Lisbon rich were just settling down and getting married.

It was such a humiliating life, at least for Anna's father, that while he was still at home he hired a feeble village boy as a goatherd rather than herd the goats himself or have his sons herd them. Anna was six when he went away. He sold a field and went to Brazil with one of his brothers, and the children climbed to the top of the mountain carrying stones and built a shrine to protect him. He stayed in Brazil six years, working as a waiter in Rio, and when he came home, not much richer for his troubles, he sold another field and left for Brazil again, and died there. Anna's brothers left, too, as soon as they could pass for men. Her three oldest brothers went to the iron mines north of Lisbon, and two of them died there, in a cave-in. Vasco, who came next and was her favorite brother, ran away and joined the Navy. (Anna says it was the year that Luis Mariano began to practice his famous *écriture d'artiste*, with its long "L" and its letters slanting backward, signifying a pleasing combination of modesty and ambition.) Vasco got so seasick on his first cruise out that he ended up in a Lisbon hospital. He was discharged by an admiral whose brother, a professor of jurisprudence, needed a maid for his family. The admiral asked Vasco if he had any sisters at home in the Trás-os-Montes to take the job.

Anna moved to Lisbon after the harvest that year. She was fourteen. She sewed dresses for the professor's wife and knit pink sweaters for the professor's two daughters, and she showed such an aptitude for the work, such stubborn patience with a needle, that the professor paid for her to spend a couple of weeks with a neighbor's maid, learning piping and tucking and embroidery, and mastering the many uses of a foot-pedal sewing machine. Anna loved the professor's family. His daughters behaved. His wife wore perfume, and silk underwear, and took a bath with bubbles every afternoon, after her siesta. The professor himself spoke softly. Like Luis Mariano, he was respectful and commanding at the same time. He had a bottle of wine at lunch and a glass of port after supper, but he never drank himself into a rage, like the men at home, and smashed his glass and hit the women in his family. He was the first gentleman in Anna's life, and his wife, she says, was the first real *senhora*. His wife had long black hair—Anna would comb it back for her and roll it into a chignon—and a clear, high forehead, and she was beautiful. There is a picture of her in Anna's biscuit tin. It was taken in Spain, on a holiday, and in it she is all dressed up in Moorish clothes for an "Alhambra portrait." Anna thinks that the shadow on her cheeks makes her look like Carmen Sevilla, who was Mariano's leading lady in the movies of "La Belle de Cadix," "Andalousie," and "Violettes Impériales," and, according to the press agents and managers who were entrusted with Mariano's manly image, the great and unrequited love of Luis Mariano's life.

It is Anna's "disposition," she says, to look after people. She is uneasy on her own, but she tends the periphery of other lives with grace and even authority, which may be why she was so content as a maid in Lisbon. The re-

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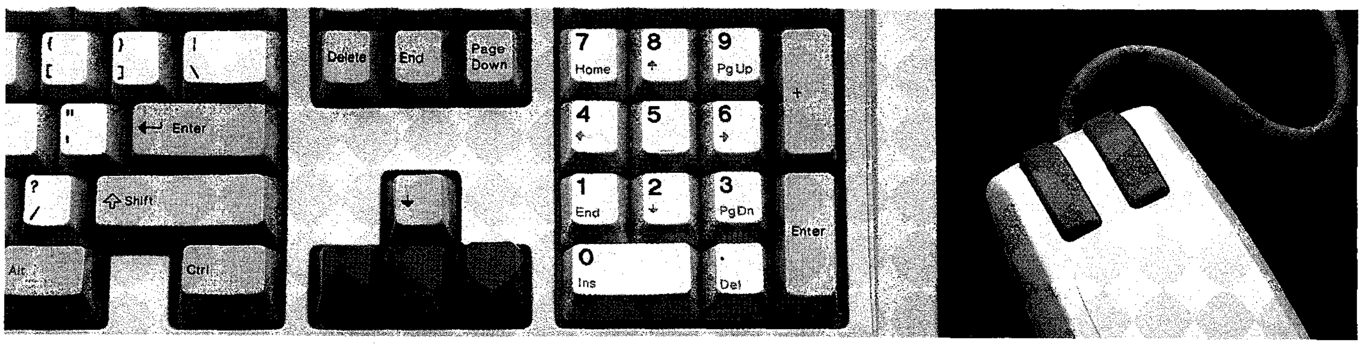
pression in Fascist Portugal seems to have passed in Anna's mind for a kind of civic discretion, because she keeps a postcard of Oliveira Salazar's simple stucco house in her biscuit tin and likes to say that while she does not know anything about politics she knows that Dr. Salazar was a pious man and made "Christian laws." (The last time Anna went back to Lisbon, she was shocked to discover young women swimming topless just across the highway from the Presidential palace, and the law she has in mind is one requiring women at the beach to wear modest, one-piece, skirted bathing suits.) Anna's only real sadness in Lisbon, she says, was the sadness of seeing her brother Vasco leave for Brazil. She was twenty when he emigrated, and he was going to send for her as soon as he had the money, but it was two years before he even wrote, and then there was no ticket for Anna with his letter. There was a snapshot of him, in a striped suit and white shoes, with a bride on his arm—a Brazilian bride, dressed in a smart, short dress with a peplum and padded shoulders and smoking a cigarette through an ivory holder. Anna says now that she never intended to move to Brazil. She will talk at length about Luis Mariano wooing Carmen Sevilla on a warm Andalusian night or sambaing through the gardens of Acapulco singing "Chica-chica-aie-aie-aie" (it was, so to speak, his vocal signature), but she has no appetite for real adventure. She preferred her life in Dr. Salazar's Lisbon, where the official love songs were laments called *fados* and anyone sambaing through town singing "Chica-chica-aie-aie-aie" would have been arrested as a Communist.

THE MICHAELS
HANGING TOUGH

Anna met Lourenço Silva in 1942. She looked out of her window in the professor's house and saw a young man carting a slab of striped black marble down the road, and a minute later the young man was at the back door, cap in hand, asking directions to the parish cemetery. Lourenço carved beautiful tombstones, Anna says. He had an eye for color—it showed in the way he planned a garden, and in the way he would design a grave with, say, a white marble Lamb of God and a pink marble Holy Spirit and a couple of green marble twining vines. He was barely nineteen, and skinny, with a widow's peak and a pointed nose and a long, pointed chin that gave his face an odd sort of downward direction. But to Anna there was something romantic about him. He was limp, like the sailors in American movies. He never stood up straight. He slumped into some imaginary wind and flung his arm across anything that was close enough to support him—a friend, a tombstone, the back of a chair—and at the same time he kept two cigarettes burning. In his wedding photograph there is one cigarette hanging from his lower lip and another cigarette between his fingers, and he is leaning on Anna—who is squat and solid in a shirtwaist gown, a white mantilla, and a crown of wilting orange blossoms and silver leaves. Anna was twenty-six when she married. She was happy to have a husband. She held Lourenço up and stared into the professor's camera with the beginning of that stubborn, almost defiant timidity which is so exaggerated in her now.

The professor paid for the wedding. He found the Silvas a little house near his own house, on the sea road out to the Monastery of Jerônimos, so that Anna could get to work in time to brew his breakfast coffee and stay late whenever his wife had a party. Anna rarely saw her own family anymore. I imagine that her mother had wanted her to marry someone from the Trás-os-Montes—someone with fields of his own and a job waiting in Brazil—instead of a rubbery Lisbon boy who was still apprenticed at a tombstone factory. But it may be, because Anna was plain and had never been courted until she met Lourenço, that her mother had started to think of her as the spinster daughter who would come home and take over in her mother's old age. Anna never talks about her mother. When she talks about the wedding, she talks about how beautiful the professor's wife looked, in her fur cape and her high-heeled, open-toed lizard-skin platform shoes. Or she talks about how beautiful the chapel at Jerônimos looked, lit by candles. Luis Mariano had just closed at the Casino Montparnasse, and it is reasonable to suppose that by March 12, 1946, when Anna and Lourenço celebrated their wedding, with salt cod and dancing at a restaurant by the sea in Cascais, even the bands in Dr. Salazar's dour Portugal had "La Belle de Cadix" in their repertoire.

Lourenço was young, but he dreamed of being retired. He wanted to leave Portugal. He wanted to get a job in a rich country, carving expensive tombstones for rich people, and make enough money to forget about tombstones and go home and build a villa and plant an orchard of flowering trees. He wanted to smoke his cigarettes in tranquillity while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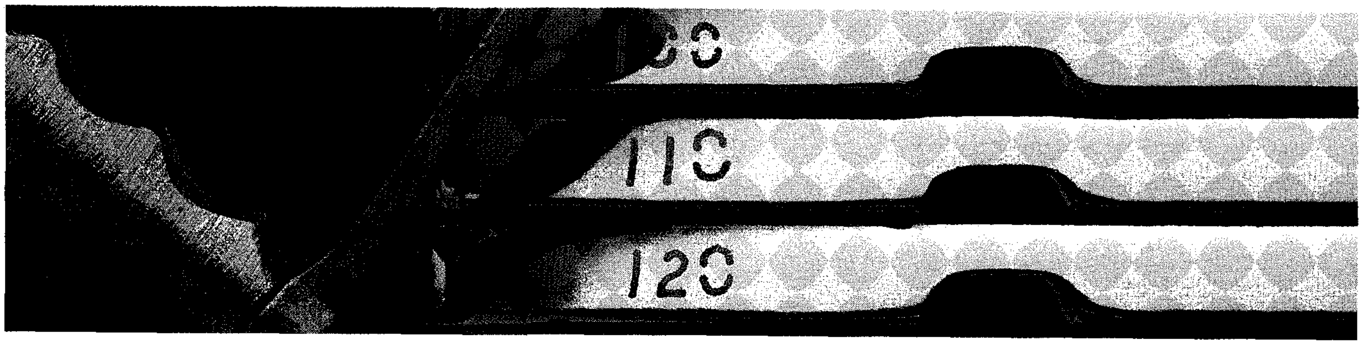

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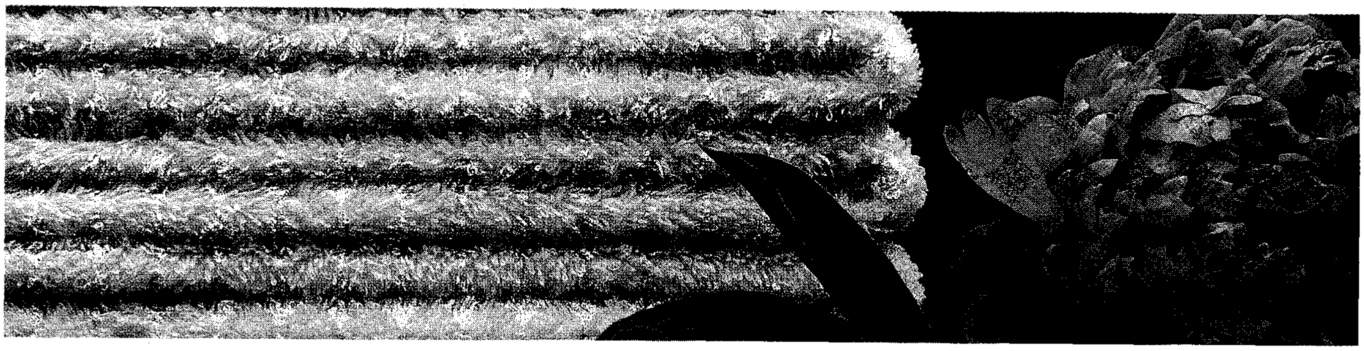

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Anna cooked his *bacalhau* and sewed his clothes. Once, when he was sixteen, he and two friends had stowed away on a freighter bound for America, but they were discovered six days into the crossing, and never even got off the boat. Then—it was the year he met Anna—he tried to emigrate to Portuguese Africa. He applied for Angola—there were recruitment posters for "Angolanos" all over the Lisbon tramway—and then for Mozambique and then for Guinea-Bissau, but for some reason he never got permission to go. Finally, he wrote to Anna's brother in Brazil. Vasco had bought himself a ranch in the province of Goiás, and he was making money. He had already sent Brazilian working papers to three of his brothers. Anna was sure that he would send them to Lourenço, too. He promised to send them. Every year, he wrote a letter promising, and every year Lourenço wrote a letter asking again. Anna had a boy, who died in his crib, and then she had Raul, who was born in 1950—the year Luis Mariano was voted one of the twelve most important men of the half century; the year he made his first movie with the beautiful Carmen Sevilla; the year he had his appendix out and someone stole it from the operating room and sold it on the Marianiste black market for the price of a Picasso, and Mariano's mother moved into the hospital with his Teddy bears and his stuffed Babars to see that the rest of Luis Mariano was safe. Lourenço went on writing his letters and carving his tombstones, and dreaming of an orchard full of flowering trees.

One day—it was 1965, and Raul was fifteen and just starting high school—Lourenço got a letter from an old friend who worked in Paris. His friend wondered if he knew that Paris was full of cemeteries. What was even more interesting, Parisians were always ordering new tombstones for their cemeteries, because the city dug up every grave that was left untended for over five years and auctioned off the plot, and this was extremely good for the tombstone business. Lourenço left that week for Paris. He was smuggled across the Portuguese border into Spain, and then across the Spanish Pyrenees into France, by a professional, who charged two thousand dollars for his services and split his profits with a Spanish border guard. Lourenço had to cross the Pyrenees on foot—right through Luis Mariano's wonderful Basque countryside, Anna says now—with eight or nine other immigrants. It was early October, and the weather was still good, but as soon as they got to France they were left alone in the mountains with no food and no water, and one of them died. Anna says that Lourenço nearly died himself. He weighed a hundred pounds by the time he found a town with a train station. His first real food in a week was a ham sandwich he bought on the train to Paris, and his first bed was a hammock in an abandoned warehouse, near a rail siding east of the city, where a group of French *patrons* hid their illegal workers from the immigration police. Lourenço "volunteered" as a carver for six months before his new *patron* gave him a work contract, and once he had the contract he had to go back to Portugal with it and apply for a French visa for himself and a residence permit for Anna and Raul.

They lived at first in a sixth-floor *chambre de bonne* near the Place Pigalle and then in an immigrants' hotel. Anna was unhappy. She missed the professor and the professor's wife and daughters and the professor's house, and she missed her own house. She took her letter from the Jerônimos padre to a priest at one of the Pigalle churches, and the priest read the letter—it said that Anna was a "militant parishioner"—and agreed with Anna that the Place Pigalle, with its whores and its night clubs, was not the proper Christian climate in which to raise a teen-age boy. He sent Anna across Paris to another priest—a priest at Saint François Xavier des Missions Étrangères—who sent her to a *gérant* in the parish, and the *gérant* looked around the neighborhood and finally settled the Silva family into the little courtyard lodge where Anna lives now. Anna was what the French call a demi-concierge. She sorted the mail twice a day, and kept the courtyard and the three entries off the courtyard washed and swept and the brass on the bannisters polished, and in return she got the use of the lodge, a small salary, and the understanding that she would really be working somewhere else.

Anna did not know French yet, but one of her new neighbors was

"But enough about the dollar. Let's talk about me!"

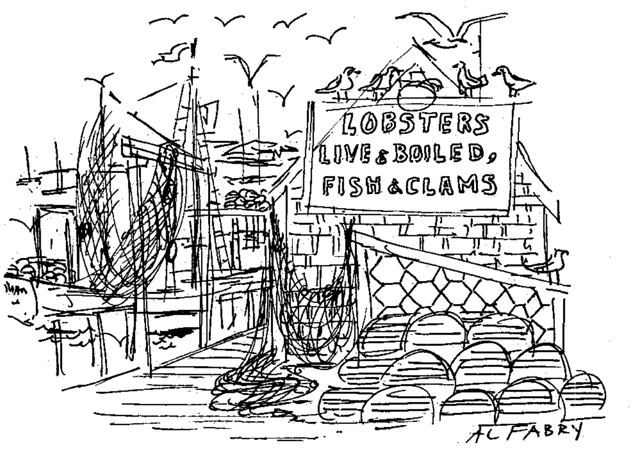
a Portuguese maid who cleaned dressing rooms at the Théâtre du Châtelet and talked all the time about Luis Mariano. Anna heard about how kind and glamorous Luis Mariano was. She heard about how sad everyone at the theatre was that things had not worked out between Luis and the beautiful Carmen Sevilla, and about the vow Mariano had made—the vow never to love anyone again except his mother, his sister, the Virgin, his chauffeur, and the little boy called Marianino, who was like his own child. She heard about Mariano's three Cadillacs and two Jeeps and his Rolls-Royce, and about his Basque farm and his country houses and his three Paris studios and the enormous building he owned in downtown Madrid. She heard about the famous smile that *portait le soleil* and the famous voice that *portait le soleil*, too. And one day—when the courtyard was cleaned and the mail sorted—she took the Métro to the Place du Châtelet and met her friend and saw Luis Mariano herself. It turned out to be a day when two of the Châtelet cleaning women had a terrible argument. They rolled around on the floor, kicking and scratching and punching each other, while Anna and her friend shook their heads and talked about how irritable Frenchwomen were. The women screeched "*Putain!*" and wailed so loudly that the rehearsal—it was a rehearsal of "Le Prince de Madrid"—stopped. Not even Luis Mariano, with his biggest smile, could calm them. By the end of the afternoon, Anna had a job cleaning the theatre.

ANNA learned French at Châtelet. She had a gift for it. Her French was better than Raul's, even though Raul was at a French school and speaking French for seven or eight hours every day. And it was much better than Lourenço's, because the only French that Lourenço bothered to learn was the words that had to do with marble and cemeteries. Anna's phrasing was precise, and even subtle, and her voice was delicate and clear, with hardly any accent. Luis Mariano, who had a thick Spanish accent, was surprised to learn that she was Portuguese. Once, when she was straightening his dressing room, Mariano asked her to sew a button on his blazer (she remembers the blazer, because it had the crest of his farm, in Arcangues, on the pocket), and she told him about herself, about her sewing machine in Lisbon and the clothes she had made—the embroidery and the tucking and the fine stitching—for the professor's wife. The next day, Mariano took her to the costume room. There were a dozen seamstresses working in the Châtelet costume room, but none of them had Anna's patience for fine, close work, and none of them were Portuguese. Most of them were French, and belonged to parties and unions and workers' committees, and they were always demanding their overtime and their Catholic holidays and their Communist holidays. They were never as obliging as Anna, who had an immigrant's terror of being turned away and sent home, and spoiling her family's chances for a better life.

Anna and Lourenço began to save for their villa in 1967, the year "Le Prince de Madrid" opened and Anna—she likes to say it this way—was "discovered." They bought five acres of land, not far from the sea, about forty miles north of Lisbon, and the next summer Lourenço went home and cleared the land, and the summer after that he started planting. He planted vines and built an arbor. He planted an apple orchard and then a pear orchard. A few years later—on a rise that he and Anna had chosen as the site for their villa—he planted a small grove of lemon and orange trees. Then he thought about a flower garden. He seems to have had an almost English sense of gardening. At any rate, he did not much like the gardens he had seen in France—the rows of marigolds and the sculptured hedges and the carefully clipped trees. He scattered seeds and waited for surprises. He planted for spill and charm.

At first, Lourenço rented a room for himself in the nearest town and walked out to his trees and flowers every morning, with his tools and fertilizers in a wheelbarrow. There was a farm about half a mile from his land, and he stopped there in the evening and got to know the family who owned it. Eventually, he started staying with them. He was an important person in his new neighborhood—the *marbrier* who lived in Paris, and had a boy spending the summer with the family of a Lisbon professor, and a wife sewing for Luis Mariano. Anna says that, even there, everybody knew about Luis Mariano. They knew about his cows named Carmen and Annie and Martine and Ludmila, and about his two million records, and about the concerts he gave in cities like Mexico City and Montevideo, where a hundred and fifty thousand people would fill a soccer stadium to hear him sing. They knew that every day he received a bunch of violets from a lady who had seen his movie "Violettes Impériales" forty-seven times and had taken the same seat at Châtelet—front row orchestra, fifteen seats to the left of the center aisle—for every Sunday matinée of every Mariano performance. They knew that he never sang on Good Friday, and that he always carried a statue of the Black Virgin of Castile on his trips. They knew that he opened his concerts with a song dedicated to his mother—"Maman, Tu Es la Plus Belle du Monde"—and that once a year he spent a whole day praying at his father's tomb.

In Lourenço's professional opinion, it was not much of a tomb. Judging from the pictures, Lourenço was sure that a Spaniard had carved it. He had a plan—he told it to Anna—to make a perfect tomb and sell it to Luis Mariano. He was certain that a man with two million records to his credit, a man who was said to be the *fils naturel* of the Spanish king Alfonso XIII, would have a lot of money to spend on his tombstone, and Lourenço Silva would be a lot closer to retiring from the tombstone business and coming home for good. He wanted Anna to tell her friend Luis Mariano about his tombstones, and about how all the truly prudent people in Paris were ordering their tombstones early, before the supply of good marble—the tender pinks and the brilliant greens—was gone. Anna listened to Lourenço, in her



maddening, meek way, and ignored him. She wanted him to have his villa and his flowering trees and the gentle life they had worked so hard for, but she did not want to leave the Théâtre du Châtelet—not yet, not while Luis Mariano was singing. And she certainly did not want to think of Luis Mariano dying, even if dying involved a beautiful tombstone that was really a little marble theatre, with a curtain and an orchestra of angels and an altar, like a stage, covered with Lourenço's sculptured flowers. Anna preferred to think about the gold flowers she had stitched up and down the arms of Mariano's green satin jacket when "Le Prince de Madrid" went on tour, and about the gold tassels on his red cape, and the gold ruffles and ribbons she produced a few years later for "La Caravelle d'Or." Besides, as Mariano got younger (or Anna got older) it was hard for her to think of him as an ordinary, mortal man. The first time she saw him looking frail, she says, was the day he came to the theatre after his Rumanian youth cure, and everyone started talking about the injections he had had in Rumania—*accélérateurs cardiaques*, the seamstresses called them—and about a mysterious woman doctor known as Doctoresse Aslan, who had invented those injections so that rich and celebrated people like Mariano could live forever.

Mariano had gotten thin in Rumania. He had never been thin before. In fact, he was always working out and getting massaged and going on diets. He had been dieting ever since a critic for *Je Suis Partout*—a collaborator who had to flee to Argentina during the Liberation—saw him in "Don Pasquale" in 1943 and wrote that the young tenor Luis Mariano was built like a boxer, short and squat and chesty like so many of the "*étrangers bien nourris chez nous*." And he had trouble dieting. Whenever he came home from a concert tour or a vacation, he would be ten or fifteen pounds heavier than when he left, and would have to start dieting again. This time was different, Anna says. The costumes she decorated for him in September of 1969—when he posed for his "Caravelle d'Or" postcard—were loose by October and much too loose by December, when the operetta opened. Mariano stayed with "La Caravelle d'Or" for two months. After that, he was so sick that he stayed in bed all week and performed only on weekends, to keep the production going. In May, he stopped performing at all. The critics complained that Luis Mariano was getting old, and he answered them, sadly, "But I have always tried to be young in spirit. In the end, isn't that what counts in a business like mine?"

Mariano died on Bastille Day, in the Hôpital Salpêtrière. His doctors conferred, and agreed on a diagnosis of "generalized hepatitis, aggravated by cerebral hemorrhaging," and then he was flown to Arcangues and buried by his parish priest, next to his parents' graves and under what Lourenço ruefully observed to be another very ordinary tombstone. His friends had wanted to bury him in his coronation costume from "La Caravelle d'Or"—the finest costume Anna ever worked on—but the manager at Châtelet refused to give up any costume, or even sell one, and Mariano was buried in a plain black suit, the kind of suit old Basques bought for their weddings and wore to their funerals. Anna knew then that the "golden" days at Châtelet were over. Even the obituaries said so—and she read them all. The obituary in *Le Monde* talked about the old, strict laws of operetta, according to which Luis Mariano had led his audiences into a land where shepherds as happy as princes got to marry princesses as pretty and sweet as shepherdesses, and "sadness turned to gladness in the time it took to sing a graceful song." The one in *France-Soir* talked about the famous smile, so full of *gentillesse* and simplicity, that no one would see again, and the famous voice, with its "mysterious power to move an audience to bravos and tears." The obituary Anna liked best was the *Paris-Match* obituary. It said that there had been two Parises since the war—the Left Bank, avant-garde Paris, where people listened to jazz and danced the Twist and sat in cafés talking politics, and the Paris "on the other side of the river," which belonged to Luis Mariano.

RAUL SILVA got married after Mariano died. He married an American girl he had met at a café near the Institut Catholique, where he was taking French classes, and they moved to Cleveland, to her parents' house, as soon as Raul got his visa. The girl's name was Florence. She was a crisp, nervous person, without much patience, but she was a good Catholic, ready to spend her honeymoon on a pilgrimage to the Trás-os-Montes, and Anna could see that she was prac-

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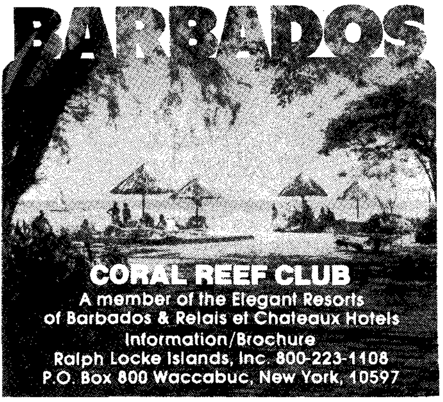

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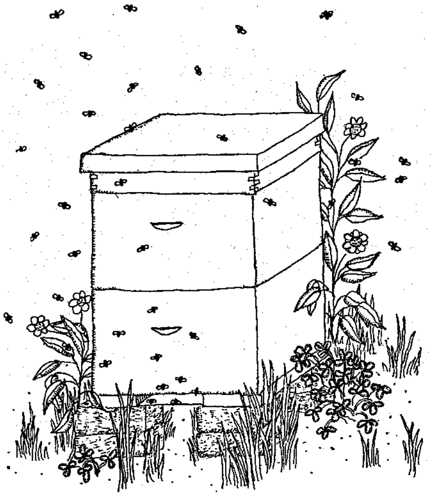
tical when she suggested using some of the Châtelet flowers to decorate the church for her wedding. She and Raul borrowed a truck from the tombstone factory and drove to the theatre, and they left with enough lilies for the church *and* the wedding lunch. Anna was comforted, she says, to know that it was Châtelet flowers at the altar of Saint François Xavier des Missions Étrangères for Raul Silva's wedding. She still has one of the flowers; she keeps it in an envelope with the wedding snapshots and a picture of Florence at a church in Bragança, worshipping the Virgin and wearing an ermine cape (a little like the cape Mariano wore when he was Don Pedro of Bragança) that the church provided for the occasion. She has the menu from the lunch, too. It was held in a private room at a pretty restaurant near the theatre, where tourists often ate after a Luis Mariano performance. Anna had never been to the restaurant, but she walked right in the day Raul announced that he was getting married. She asked for the manager. She said that she was a *couturière* at Châtelet, the *couturière* who put the gold on Luis Mariano's costumes, and the manager gave her a special price on a wedding banquet for sixteen. It came with champagne, three red wines, and eight courses, beginning with *foie gras en brioche* and ending with a tiered white wedding cake with a spun-sugar bride and groom.

The restaurant is still the same, but the old Théâtre du Châtelet—the theatre of *opérettes à grand spectacle*—went bankrupt sixteen months after Mariano died, and the lease changed hands, and the seamstresses were let go. By now—two leases later—the city has taken back the building, and turned the theatre over to the mayor's *conseiller culturel*, whose seasons run from imported modern-dance companies to French amateur nights. Anna never goes there anymore, unless she is on her way to Printemps during a January sale and stops at the Place du Châtelet for a cup of tea when she is changing trains. No one at the theatre remembers her, and she says that not many people there even remember Luis Mariano. Every year on July 14th, she lights a candle for Mariano in the chapel at Saint François Xavier des Missions Étrangères, and three months later she lights a candle for Lourenço, who died in Lisbon the year after he had finished building their villa and had finally retired to smoke cigarettes and look after his flowering trees.

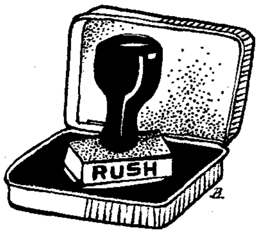
Anna was back in Paris when Lourenço died. It was October of 1980, and she was nearly sixty—the age at which she could start collecting her concierge's pension and her social security from the French government. She was working full time as a concierge then—working so hard and saving so conscientiously that it made no sense to lose that social security for the sake of a few extra months at home. Sometimes she says that if she had been in Portugal, cooking for Lourenço and doing the marketing—that maybe Lourenço would be alive. He was always helpless in the house without her. He never shopped ahead, and he couldn't cook or clean, so while he was waiting for Anna to retire he stayed with his friends from the farm, and only lived in the villa in August, when Anna was there. He was driving to town with the farmer to pick up cigarettes and a bottle of milk when a car, speeding around a curve, hit them. The farmer was barely hurt (he broke an ankle), but Lourenço was unconscious by the time the ambulance came. And what Anna wanted to know when she had the news—the question she kept asking—was whether Lourenço had gone out late at night mainly for the cigarettes and only incidentally for the milk, or mainly for the milk and only incidentally for the cigarettes, because cigarettes were his own affair, his own bad habit, whereas milk was something that would have been taken care of if Anna had been home. There would have been fresh milk in a pretty blue pitcher in the German refrigerator in the shining tile kitchen in their new villa—and Lourenço would not have crashed. The question haunted Anna on the long train ride home to Portugal. It was the first thing she asked Lourenço when she managed to find him in the hospital, but Lourenço, lying on a hospital cot with tubes all over him, couldn't remember anymore.



Lourenço spent a bad month in the hospital. It was a poor, overcrowded Lisbon hospital, nothing like the Hôpital Salpêtrière, where dozens of important specialists had fretted and conferred over Luis Mariano, ordering tests and making diagnoses. Lourenço kept telling Anna that he was fine. He would wake up suddenly and ask for cigarettes, or for a piece of Gruyère—he was partial to Gruyère—or he would tell Anna to get the car fixed or water the flowers or remember to prune the trees. And then he would groan with pain and fall asleep again. Anna gave up, finally, on the hospital. She called the town firemen to take Lourenço to his villa to die. He lived at home for an hour. The firemen propped him up in a chair on the balcony, overlooking his lemon trees, and the priest arrived to give extreme unction, and then he died, Anna says, with a cigarette in his mouth and another cigarette between his fingers.

THERE are days lately when Anna cannot remember very clearly. She can talk about the pilgrimages she made as a little girl, or the day she carried a rock up the mountain to build a shrine to protect her father in Brazil. But she cannot talk about Lourenço Silva's funeral, or about the lawyer who took her savings to settle the problem of insurance after the people in the car that hit Lourenço produced a "witness" to say that the accident had been Lourenço Silva's fault. She never saw the lawyer again, or the money, or, for that matter, Lourenço's car, and whenever I ask her why she gets vague and shakes her head and says "*Ah, Seigneur!*"—life in Portugal is like that. She does not know why her life "disappeared" so quickly and so completely. But she knows that after all those years in Paris she had "lost the habit of Portugal." She had forgotten that lawyers in Portugal will take your money and then stop answering your phone calls; or that witnesses will appear two weeks after an accident and no one at the police station will think to ask them why, if they were there, they hadn't rushed to a telephone to report that someone was lying, dead or dying, in the middle of a country road; or that important specialists will not show up at the hospital for tombstone cutters, even tombstone cutters who have been to Paris and built a villa on five acres of flowering trees. She had lost, if not the language, then the appropriate measure of Portuguese cynicism. "*C'est une autre mentalité*," she tells me whenever she comes back from an August at home.

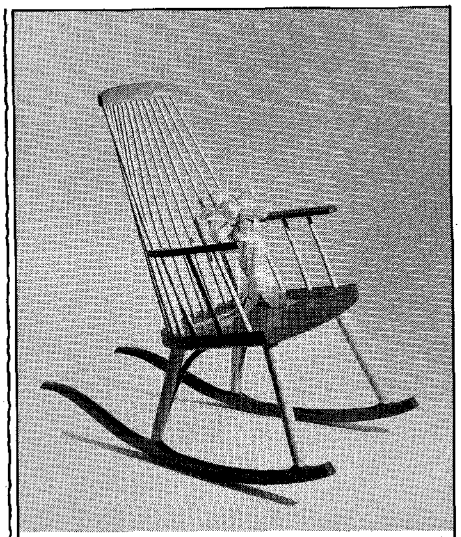
She goes, though, because she is proud and does not want to stay alone in her lodge in August, with none of her tenants around and all the other concierges in the neighborhood off visiting their children. Raul goes camping with his children in August, or rents a cabin on a lake. He wants his children to have proper American vacations, not the kind of vacations the children of immigrants have, looking after grandmothers who arrive in plain black dresses and black stockings, smelling of French courtyard disinfectant. Anna has been to Cleveland twice in seventeen years. Once, when Lourenço was alive, they went for Christmas. They drove in the snow through pretty suburbs where every window was lit with strings of Christmas lights, and every yard had a Christmas tree and a sleigh and reindeer. Anna says that she felt at home in Cleveland at Christmas. She says that the only difference between a Portuguese Christmas in Cleveland and a Portuguese Christmas in Paris is that in Paris you eat *bacalhau* on Christmas Eve and in Cleveland you eat pork roast. She would like to have gone again, but the next year Raul and Florence went skiing at Christmas, and the year after that they took a charter to the Virgin Islands. In the end, Anna did not go back to Cleveland until after Lourenço died, and then it was in August, and she was alone in the house all day, because Raul and Florence had decided to work that August and had taken their vacation in July, and her grandchildren were at camp.



Anna had always thought that the family would be together in Portugal in August. She had fixed up a bedroom in the villa for Raul and Florence—a white room with voile curtains at the window and a white crocheted bedspread—and a big pink room for the two girls and a blue room for their brother. But Raul was not interested in Portugal anymore. He and Florence and the children came to see the villa one summer—it was the summer Lourenço retired—and he drove around the neighborhood, and the only people he saw were old couples, like his parents, working on their houses before they had to go back to jobs in Paris or Lille or Clermont-Ferrand. He must have been bored, Anna says, because he never came again. Anna waited for him the summer his father died, and she waited for him last summer, after the robbery and the fire.

She expected him then because there was work to do—the vandals had slashed the furniture and ripped up all the clothes in the closets, looking for money—and it was much more than she could manage alone. She did not mind losing a television set, she says. What hurt her was that everything she loved was ruined—burned or shattered or torn apart—from the little flannel-covered bed warmers in her grandchildren's beds to her framed wedding portrait to the best sewing machine she ever had. She was alone when the insurance agents drove out from Lisbon to inspect the damage. She had no receipts to show them, and before she knew what was happening she had signed a paper agreeing to a settlement of a thousand dollars for her ravaged house. When she called Raul, in Cleveland, he said that the Portuguese mentality was *merde*. It was another mentality. And there was nothing Anna could say to that, because it was just what she always said herself.

On the way back to Paris, Anna made a pilgrimage to Arcangues. It was closer to Biarritz than to the Basque country. Anna bought roses from a Biarritz florist who specialized in flowers for Luis Mariano's tomb, and then she took a bus that stopped near the Arcangues cemetery, in a special lot for the pilgrims, and checked into a pilgrims' hotel. The next day, she joined a group of Marianistes from Belgium for a walk to the famous farm. She saw two "Luis Mariano look-alikes" at the farm, and after dinner that night she saw Mariano himself, in his Châtelet costumes, in a picture book the Belgians passed around for signatures, and heard a tape called "Mes Premières Opérettes," which included his love song about the nightingale—the *rossignol de mes amours*. Before the Belgians left, they told Anna that 1989 had been set aside as Luis Mariano Year. There was going to be a big homage to Mariano in Lille that



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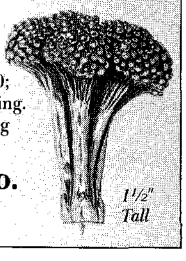

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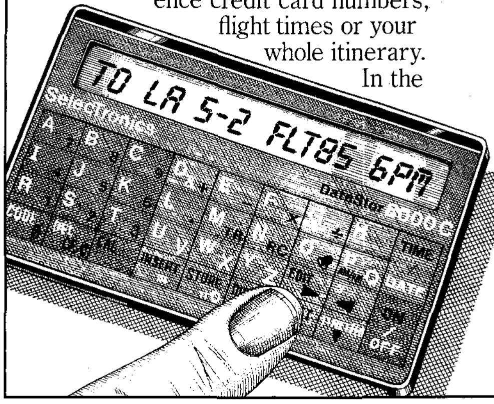

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winter, and a summer of celebration in Arcangues. Anna was embarrassed, she says, because she had thought that 1989 was only the year of the French Bicentennial.

THERE is a picture I like of Anna and Lourenço on their balcony in Portugal. Raul took it when he flew over with his family to see the villa eight years ago. The color has faded, as it sometimes does with old Polaroids, but you can still make out the fresh pale green in the faïence tiles that Anna chose for the front of the house, and the pink and white blossoms on the fruit trees, and Anna's American-blond hair. Lourenço is standing almost exactly the way he stood for his wedding portrait. He is loose-limbed and smoking two cigarettes—and he is leaning on Anna. But the change in Lourenço, at fifty-six, is remarkable. There is an easy confidence about him now. He looks fine in his khaki slacks and his open-necked sports shirt, and it is hard to see in him the skinny apprentice of twenty-three in a shiny wedding suit, or the immigrant worker posing with a couple of other immigrants outside a Paris tombstone factory. There is a difference in Anna, too. She is almost fifty-nine years old, and she is getting stout, but, standing on her balcony, in a long print skirt and a soft shirt and the string of pearls that Lourenço bought at the Bon Marché for their thirtieth anniversary, Anna is beautiful. There is a look about her that I have never seen. It is a look of being finally in her own house, the mistress of her own life—in a country where a real sun shines and real flowers scent the air, and the sound of the nightingales singing is broken by the hum of a brand-new electric sewing machine, with attachments. Anna keeps the picture in her biscuit tin, but she never takes it out, the way she takes out Luis Mariano's postcard. She does not know why, but it is easier to look at Luis Mariano when she is feeling lonely in her Paris lodge than to look at a picture of Anna and Lourenço Silva on the balcony of the villa that Anna was going to call the Golden Caravel.

—JANE KRAMER

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DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*From an address by Ronald I. Spiers, of the State Department, quoted in State, the State Department newsletter*]

The espionage and fraternization reported in Moscow appears to have taken place clandestinely.

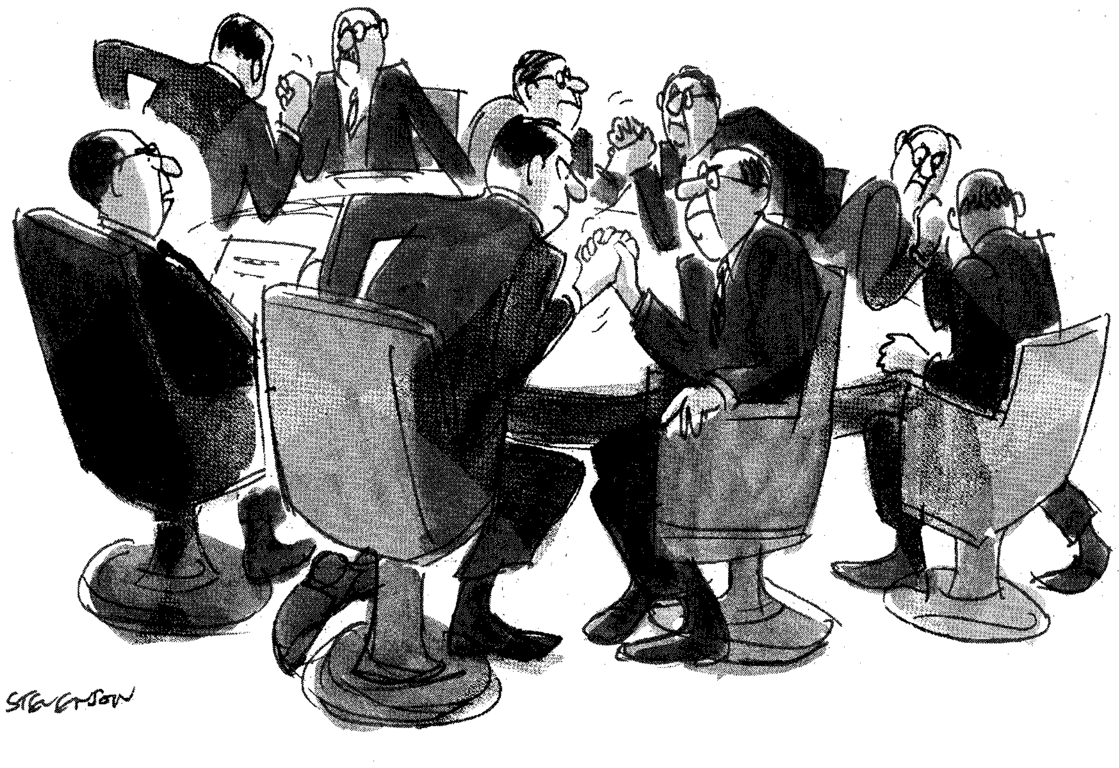
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Tender Hooey

SLOWED down and seen in stop-motion, the dancing during the titles of "Dirty Dancing" turns into writhing and groping. It's so sexual it's funny, and it's a promise of giddy good times ahead. Set in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. Baby Houseman (Jennifer Grey) is a serious-minded seventeen-year-old with a mop of curly blondish-brown hair. She has intentions of joining the Peace Corps, but that's still a few years away. So here she is on vacation with her family at Kellerman's Mountain House, a resort in the Catskills. Not much interested in the sports and other activities that occupy her doctor father (Jerry Orbach), her complaisant mother (Kelly Bishop), and her square older sister (Jane Brucker), she wanders about alone, and on one of her nighttime explorations she chances on a party in the staff's quarters where couples are wriggling orgiastically to the loud sound of the hot Motown record "Do You Love Me?" Their erotic dancing—a sultry form of moving while holding each other close—is a shock to Baby. She's scared of it and drawn to it, and when Johnny Castle (Patrick Swayze), the resort's muscular young dance instructor, reaches out for her and shows her how to move with him she adores it. A new world of physical sensation is opening to her. But Max Kellerman (Jack Weston), who is all foxy smiles to the guests, is a hard-eyed businessman, and he has issued an edict that the help (the working-class ones) should not become involved with the daughters of his (prosperous, middle-class) customers. So after sweeping Baby into his arms and getting her to loosen up, Johnny Castle thinks better of it and abruptly leaves her on the dance floor. Stirred, excited, she goes on moving alone for a second before she knows she's alone. It's coitus interruptus.

The movie is ruefully perceptive up to this point. Jennifer Grey has the soft manner to make Baby's chagrin gently comic. We feel that we're seeing a movie written from memory and imagination, and that we're seeing this girl as the innocent, protected fool the screenwriter now realizes her to have been. And though the dance scenes don't knock you out or get you wildly elated, they seem just right—even if this close dancing was actually more popular in the late fifties. (By the early sixties, the Twist was in, and couples were already separate and gyrating.) The director, Emile Ardolino, has a background in dance documentaries, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, is experienced in music videos, theatre, and films; they've given the dance sequences a growing-out-of-the-story feel yet made them brisk and rousing. When Swayze's Johnny Castle and his blond partner, Penny (Cynthia Rhodes), are trying to sell lessons to the guests, they do exhibition dancing that's very different from their dancing at the staff party. And when Baby, who has befriended Penny, goes through a quick intensive training to fill in for her and serve as Johnny's partner at a public performance you can see that the plot is getting rigged, but Jennifer Grey's natural-looking acting and her tentative dancing carry you along. This young actress—she's Joel Grey's daughter—is tiny, but all of her is expressive; she's affecting right from her first scene. As Grey plays her, Baby is convincingly scared and awkward, yet it doesn't take long to realize that she leads a charmed life. At a training session, Baby follows Johnny's strong lead while Penny dances behind her with her hands on Baby's hips to give her more of a sense of the movements. The scene has the texture of a dream; Baby, in the middle, is safe.

Dancing here is a transparent metaphor for Baby's sexual initiation, and when she goes to bed with Johnny—who's written as experienced, sensual, and loving, an honorable working-class youth with a streak of early-Brando alienation—he's as ideal a partner as he is on the dance floor. By then, you know that the gifted but self-romanticizing screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein (the daughter of a doctor, and a competitor in "dirty dancing" contests), still shares the view that Baby the seventeen-year-old has of herself. Ardolino does a steadfast job of directing, and the movie never loses its energizing spirit, but the material turns into something like a young-adult novel. Baby wears a halo of good motives. Her love for Johnny is strong and sure; she has the nobility to see the baseness of class distinctions and rise above them. Johnny recog-



"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! May we please start the meeting?"

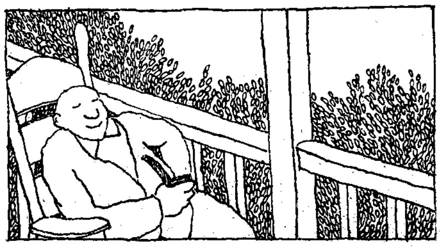
nizes her qualities; his love for her is deep and honest. And everybody comes around to recognizing what a wonderful girl she is. By the end, the whole world is collaborating in Baby's (and Bergstein's) fantasy: parents and children and staff are all dancing together in the main dining room, and Baby, high up on the stage, nods in approval.

What Bergstein has written is a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' versions, the hero typically had a bitter revelation: his eyes were opened to the weaknesses of the person he'd idolized—the older brother (Warren Beatty in "All Fall Down") or the uncle (Paul Newman in "Hud") or the father figure (Richard Crenna in "The Flamingo Kid"). Typically, the boys in these coming-of-age movies came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: she ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to Johnny. He has been treated as nothing and he has come to believe he's nothing; Baby the fearless changes all that. Soon Johnny is telling the assembled guests and staff that she has taught him the kind of person he wants to be. Too many life lessons are learned in this movie, and, of course, its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material.

"Dirty Dancing" starts smart and ends dumb, with Baby having made the transition into an independent woman who will now be called Frances. It even has scenes that you can hardly look at, like one in which Baby's father (also an honorable, loving man), who has misjudged Johnny and refused to shake his hand, apologizes to him. It's lucky that Bergstein writes light, rumpled dialogue; it helps you over the hooey. So do Grey and the other performers. Cynthia Rhodes is very appealing as the hard-luck Penny, whose dancing has a professional sheen; Penny moves in keeping with what she says—that dancing is all she has ever wanted to do. Lonny Price is impressively skunky as Max Kellerman's bustling, officious grandson. Jack Weston plays knowingness like a master—he should change his name to Max. In the role of a 1963 bandleader, Honi Coles doesn't get much of a chance to tap, but he blends in neatly, and he and Weston have a moment of goofing off together. (The two-faced Max is light on his feet.)

Patrick Swayze was a principal dancer with the Eliot Feld troupe and danced on Broadway before he entered movies ("The Outsiders," "Red Dawn," "Uncommon Valor," and, perhaps his best performance, "Grandview, U.S.A."). And though we're made too conscious of his broad, gladiator's chest, especially when it's bare and Baby says urgently, "Dance with me," he gives the film a masculine dance strength. (Baby's like a soft child holding on to big, virile Daddy; the picture seems subconsciously shaped to the reveries of teen-age girls.) Swayze isn't much of a singer, though, and his rendition of his own composition, "She's Like the Wind," is a slack spot. The score has half a dozen new numbers, but it's mostly period "classics;" and songs like the Shirelles' "Will You Love Me Tomorrow?" and Maurice Williams & the Zodiacs' "Stay" and the Blow Monkeys' "You Don't Own Me" and Otis Redding's triumphant "Love Man" have a pop ardor—they heat up the images. Some of the songs have synthesizer effects laid on them like a slime, but even so the score has verve, and Ardolino knows how to edit dance to music. The dancing here brings out the sensual dreaminess of the songs. "Dirty Dancing"—what a great title! —is such a bubbleheaded, retro vision of growing up in the sixties (or any other time) that you go out of the theatre giggling happily.

YOU have to hand it to John Badham: he's no shirker. After "Blue Thunder" and "WarGames" and "American Flyers" and "Short Circuit," he trots right on to "Stakeout." What keeps him going? What could possibly interest him in these projects? Yet there's no rage in them. Impersonal as they are, each is brought off proficiently, with the shots attentively angled and the whole film marked by careful, studied effects—by what at the Kennedy Center is called "excellence." The body of work he's been building up represents an immense amount of effort. But there are no signs of the funkiness of his earliest films—"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings" and "Saturday Night Fever." They were the work of a man who had some belief in what he was doing, who got excited about it. "Stakeout" is the most entertaining of his recent string of cold, craftsmanlike films, but he was a better director when he knew less about moviemaking; he was a more promising artist when he was less of a craftsman. Now he takes a piece of recycled garbage—like this shrewd Jim Kouf script about two Seattle police detectives (Richard Dreyfuss, Emilio Estevez) who are assigned to the night shift on a stakeout, watching the former girlfriend (Madeleine Stowe) of an escaped convict (Aidan Quinn)—and he thinks about all the technique he can use on it. He works dedicatedly, painstakingly, and he comes out with a piece of first-class, polished garbage.



If you've been going to many recent movies, this one is so much more cleverly put together than most that you can say to yourself "It's a hit." You can even say—though that's a bit obscene—that it's one of the better American movies of the year. What you can't say, though, is that you truly enjoyed it.

Always a skillful comedian, Dreyfuss has an unusual, empathic warmth, but it has its downside: he's often a shade adorable. That was true back in his "Goodbye Girl" days, and it's still true. Yet wanting to be loved isn't necessarily the worst thing in an actor; Dreyfuss makes his adorableness amusing here, and gives his most confident star performance. "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" had a genuine sunbaked satiric vision, but Dreyfuss's role was limited: he was the henpecked husband, the patsy. And in "Tin Men" he was a little smarmy and ill-at-ease in the courting scenes. He's more assured in the man-woman relationship here, because it has a comic booby trap. He plays a veteran cop who knows better but finds himself falling in love with the woman he's spying on, and when he breaks the rules and spends time with her he's aware that his partner, Estevez, is watching him. Hypnotized by the soft-lipped Irish-Mexican beauty played by Stowe, he's also mugging for the benefit of the young worrywart Estevez, who's afraid that this infringement of the rules is going to get them both in trouble. Estevez' innocent-eyed dopiness here is rather endearing. He and Dreyfuss, both short, wear matching mustaches, and Estevez is a nagging, wifely stooge to Dreyfuss—partly a put-on that the cops engage in to while away the dull stretches of the twelve-hour shifts, and partly an expression of the younger cop's loyal, dogged nature. Stowe, meanwhile, conveys the sense that, having spent too much of her girlhood admiring defiant, volatile studs like the convict, she now finds Dreyfuss's soft-spoken unaggressiveness infinitely appealing. Stowe has a tantalizing quality, and plays these scenes just right: she's desirous, she's more than willing. And the Dreyfuss character, surprised to discover that she's attracted to him, and conscious that he's being seduced in front of an audience across the street, can't help feeling tickled.

All this is a jolly setup for amorous farce, and Dreyfuss has a Chaplinesque glee in some of the scenes; he's fun to watch. But when, having overslept at Stowe's place, he tries to escape the eyes of the day-shift team of detectives by borrowing a pink hat and a scarf and running through the neighborhood, the chase, complete with a dog at his heels, degrades the farce scenes. So do the pranks that the two shifts of detectives play on each other. And even in the moments of improvisatory cheerfulness you feel the pressure of engineering underneath. You know that the movie is scheduled to deliver action, and Badham keeps everything dark and grungy, with frequent cuts to the cop-hating escaped convict, who is committing a few murders as he makes his way to Seattle. You feel the mechanical format despite Aidan Quinn's flame-breathing, paranoiac performance. It was a smart move to cast the handsome young Quinn as the psycho: his high-keyed unpredictability makes it clear why the girl would have been drawn to angry outlaws and also why she has had enough of them. Quinn, who first appears heavily bearded, has a dashing, bulging-blue-eyed scariness. He's not afraid of touching emotional depths. His performance on TV as the AIDS victim in "An Early Frost" was an intense, restrained piece of work, and then, in Jack O'Brien's PBS American Playhouse production of "All My Sons," early this year, he sprang some real surprises—he was spectacular. (So was the show; it's the best Arthur Miller I've seen—far superior, I think, to the more widely publicized Dustin Hoffman "Death of a Salesman.") Quinn keeps his role here from being that of a standard brutal villain; still, his function is to provide the movie with periodic moments of terror and a big climax. And the desperately calculated zing of the action scenes, culminating in a sawmill sequence right out of silent serials, is parody played straight.

Badham doesn't have the temperament of the early action directors, who could take some lowdown joy in staging a scene like the one of Dreyfuss chasing a suspect through a fish-processing plant and falling into a conveyor belt full of thousands of pounds of herring. (The picture was shot in and around Vancouver.) Badham lacks the instincts and the common touch of those directors. Even in the best-staged big scene—the prison riot that's instigated so the Quinn character can break out—the jangling fast cutting is *too* terrific. It's like a metronome running amok. This scene has a potentially memorable device: the inmates hold mirrors out through their bars so they can see what's going on in the corridor and in the cells near them. The area is alive with flashing mirrors. But Badham doesn't follow through: we don't get to see what's reflected, or how it determines what the inmates do next, or even their disappointment at how little they can see. For all the nippiness in the dialogue, and the comic interplay of the actors, "Stakeout" isn't meant to affect you or leave you with anything. It's an example of high-grade commercial formalism. It's hip, it's violent, it's funny. These pictures begin to add up: you laugh in the theatre, but you take the chill home in your bones.

WHILE you're watching "Nadine," you have to keep reminding yourself that you're not just watching the trailer. It features such faded thrills as a shack full of dynamite, a box packed with rattlesnakes, and an ancient, rickety ladder stretched horizontally between two rooftops. You never quite get involved. Nadine, a manicurist in a beauty parlor in Austin, Texas, in 1954, is played by Kim Basinger, a lusciously pretty woman with a stunning figure (especially when it's in motion), who's peculiarly muted as an actress. She's livelier here than usual—she obviously enjoys her Southern accent, and her line readings have some humor—but she's still vacant and she doesn't seem to play off anybody. (It's as if she did her scenes alone, and then the other

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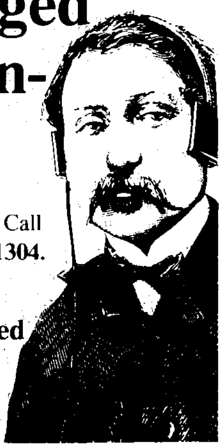

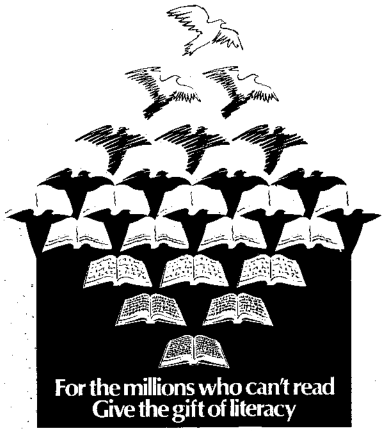
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actors were put in at the lab.) Nadine stalls on giving her small-time dreamer husband (Jeff Bridges) a divorce, because she still loves him, and the story has her running around trying to outsmart him. We're given to understand that that isn't difficult. Nobody in the movie seems meant to be hefty in the brains department. They're all jes' folks—comical and kooky. Nadine has been at the scene of a murder and, by mistake, got hold of copies of state plans for a superhighway—inside information that real-estate speculators could parlay into big money. She turns to her husband for help, he swipes the plans, and then they're both trapped by the local crook (Rip Torn) who arranged for the copies in the first place. They escape, and the crook's dimwit thugs chase them. That's the movie. They release the snakes, crawl and crawl across the collapsing ladder, and explode the dynamite.

Some members of the press seem to be taking the writer-director Robert Benton's word for it that "Nadine" is about marriage, and that the mechanism of the Basinger-Bridges relationship is modelled on that of Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant in "His Girl Friday." The picture, though, is more like a genteel variant of a redneck, hillbilly burlesque about how it pays to be lucky and dumb. Basinger doesn't have star presence, and Bridges doesn't have it here, either. (He no longer has the manic, boyish spontaneity the role calls for.) As a scuzzball photographer, Jerry Stiller, who has just one scene before he turns into the murder victim, conveys a lifetime of self-disgust—that's more felt life than anyone else shows. (He would have fit into the world of Benton's "The Late Show.") About the only image you take away is Basinger on that ladder in a body-hugging deep-pink suit with a wiggly flounce on her rear that looks as if it would light up like a clown's nose. Despite Benton's statements, he has made a cuddly romantic piffle about two people who *really* love each other. Nadine is revealed to be (secretly) pregnant. This gives her an extra layer of pluck and darlingness. It's extras like this that shake your respect for a filmmaker.

—PAULINE KAEL

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Olympia* (*Wash.*) *Olympian*]

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT NOT CONSISTENT WITH FORGIVENESS

BOOKS

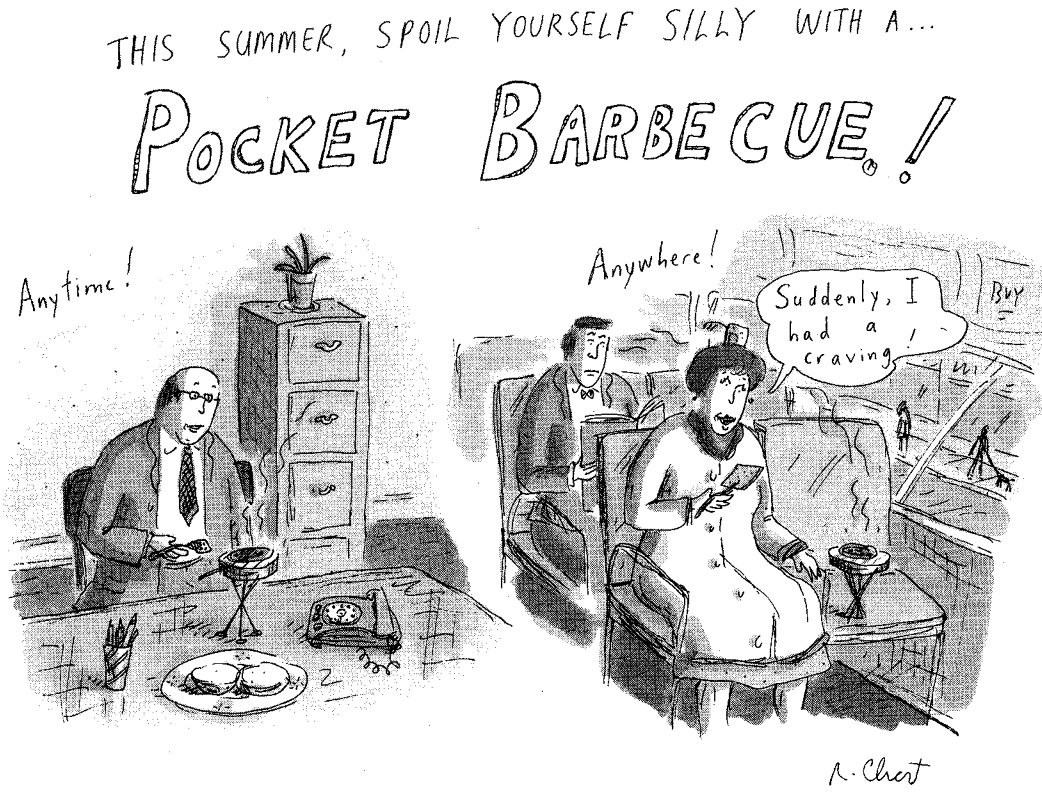
Resisting the Big Guys

THE Peruvian man of letters Mario Vargas Llosa is almost too good to be true; cosmopolitan, handsome, and versatile, he puts a pleasant and reasonable face on the Latin-American revolution in the novel, and, in such gracious public performances as his panel appearances in New York last year and in Washington this, makes everybody, even North Americans, feel better about being a writer. Yet his fiction has a gritty side, a mode in which the ugly native truths of poverty and brutality abrasively rub through his urbane inventiveness. His recent "The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta," while in a sense mocking the unreal aspirations and clammy psyche of its Trotskyite hero, also conveyed the sour taste and decaying texture of modern-day Lima and in some of its incidental episodes penetratingly savored of intimate, as well as political, squalor. Even his farcical love romp, "Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter," has some authentically harsh touches among its antic, patently fabricated episodes, and at the end returns the reader to reality with a bump. Vargas Llosa's newest fictional offering, "Who Killed Palomino Molero?" (translated from the Spanish by Alfred Mac Adam; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $14.95), is nasty, brutish, and short; its first words are "Sons of bitches," and its first page displays the body of a young man tortured to death:

> The boy had been both hung and impaled on the old carob tree. His position was so absurd that he looked more like a scarecrow or a broken marionette than a corpse. Before or after they killed him, they slashed him to ribbons: his nose and mouth were split open; his face was a crazy map of dried blood, bruises, cuts, and cigarette burns.

The time is 1954, in the strongman Presidency of General Manuel Apolinario Odría, an era in which Vargas Llosa has located most of his novels. The place is Talara, in northern Peru; the protagonists are two members of the Guardia Civil, Lieutenant Silva and Officer Lituma, who, with resources so slender they must take the town's one taxi on their investigative journeys, attempt to unravel the murder. The victim, they soon discover, was Palomino Molero, a young recruit at the local Air Force base, who was distinguished chiefly by his lovely voice and his skill at singing boleros. The Air Force is not coöperative, and Lieutenant Silva, who has some of Sherlock Holmes's uncanny gifts, persists in his investigation mainly as a favor to his Watson, Lituma, who has been touched and rendered indignant by the crime. Silva seems to know that the society will ill reward their successful police work and is more interested in his incongruous amorous pursuit of Doña Adriana, the hefty married proprietress—"old enough to be his mother"—of a local restaurant. Yet he and Lituma detect on, through a series of dusty and heated interviews that in sum sketch the meagre, furtive, and faintly menacing life of the Peruvian provinces. The ruling oligarchy of "the big guys" figures as a presiding apathy, an ominous airlessness in which the two policemen gasp for truth.

The Pacific coastal-desert towns are less cheerful in their torpor than Gabriel García Márquez's Caribbean Macondo. In Piura, the victim's home town, the air smells of "carob trees, goats, birdshit, and deep frying." Talara's principal recreational facilities are a whorehouse on the edge of town and an outdoor movie theatre whose screen is a wall of the parish church ("so Father Domingo determined which movies . . . could show") and whose projector needs to be reloaded after every reel: "The movies, accordingly, were strung out in pieces and were extremely long." The weather is hot, the nearby oil refinery's housing compound with its gringos and swimming pool keeps the locals aware of their lowly status, and an emphatic racism divides the society. Officer Lituma (who figures, at least in name, in one of the soap-opera episodes of "Aunt Julia") is a *cholo*, a half-breed, and as such instinctively subservient to Lieutenant Silva, who is "fair-skinned, young, good-looking, with a little blond mustache." Palomino Molero was also a *cholo*, and Lituma sympathetically imagines him "in the half light of the streets where Piura's purebreds lived, beneath the wrought-iron bars on the balconies belonging to girls he could never love, captivating them with his pretty voice." When Molero and the daughter of the base commandant, Colonel Mindreau, fall in love, trouble is certain. In Lituma's view, the Air Force men "all thought they were blue-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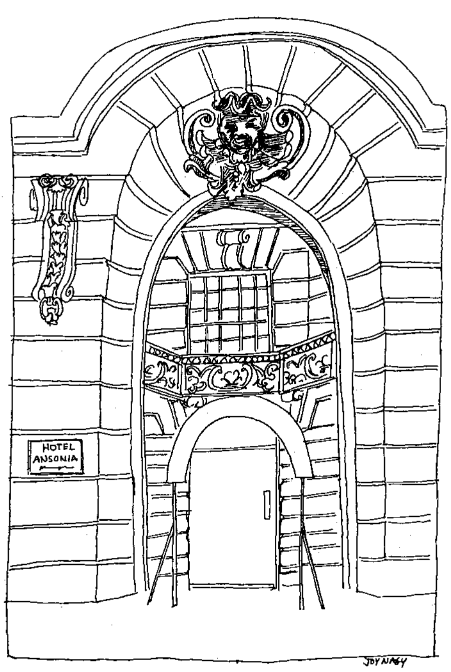
bloods" and also thought "the Guardia Civil was a half-breed outfit they could look down on." "These damned whites," Lituma says to himself. Another character complains of being treated "like some damn nigger." Generally we credit our Latin-American neighbors with less racism than northern Europe and the United States. As the historian Allan Nevins put it: "Aside from the small white ruling class, society in the greater part of Spanish America was comparatively level and devoid of racial antipathies . . . Long before the Moorish conquests, before even Hannibal's invasions, the people of what are now Spain and Portugal had been familiar with their African neighbors, had intermingled with them, and had learned to attach no excessive importance to the color line. The burnished livery of the sun carried little if any stigma." But in Peru, where the viceregal aristocracy lived and ruled and where a mining economy was based upon Indian slavery, distinctions of bloodline are still jealously observed, to judge from Vargas Llosa's fiction. The question of his title implies the answer "the society"—a society, we see in the flurry of idle gossip at the end of this detective novel, willing to believe anything but the truth.

Sherlock Holmes and his myriad successors in American and English mystery fiction had the satisfaction of social approval; the identified criminal was hauled off to justice, and the detective's ingenuity was richly remunerated, sometimes, by a grateful client. At the least a significant clarification was achieved and the rule of law and reason reaffirmed. In the Peru of "Who Killed Palomino Molero?" the diligent detectives are demoted and their findings dissolved in a babble of xenophobic rumor: "With all these murders there had to be Ecuadoreans in the woodpile." For the book's final words, Lituma again pronounces, "Sons of bitches," and such do seem to be running this corner of the New World as of 1954. What, then, impels our two officers of the Guardia Civil to serve, via rickety taxi and rough encounter, the cause of truth and justice? Claude Lévi-Strauss, in "Tristes Tropiques," asks much the same question in regard to the chiefs of the nearly extinct Nambikwara Indians: Why do men seek power when it offers next to no rewards? He concludes, "It is because there are, in every group of human beings, men who, unlike their companions, love importance for its own sake, take a delight in its responsibilities, and find rewards enough in those very burdens of public life from which their fellows shrink." Just as no society is ideal enough to erase our darker impulses, so our more noble and altruistic tendencies persist, it would seem, even in the worst-managed system.

"OF LOVE AND SHADOWS" (translated from the Spanish by Margaret Sayers Peden; Knopf; $19.95) is Isabel Allende's second novel and is smaller, paler, and less magical than her first, "The House of the Spirits," which transposed into an upper-class, Chilean key the dreamlike sweep of "One Hundred Years of Solitude." Rather than the Trueba family living through eighty years of history, "Of Love and Shadows" tells of three families—the upper-class though no longer wealthy Beltráns, the middle-class Spanish émigrés the Leals, and the lower-class Ranquileos, whose mother, Digna, runs a farm and whose father, Hipólito, is a circus clown. One of the Ranquileo children, Evangelina (she is actually a Flores, but was switched with the real Evangelina Ranquileo in the hospital and the mothers, unable to buck the obdurate system, were compelled to abide by the mistake), becomes subject, at the age of fifteen, to noontime fits that are taken by some of the superstitious to signify sainthood. Irene Beltrán, a journalist, and Francisco Leal, a photographer, come together on assignment to cover this newsworthy phenomenon and then to investigate Evangelina's abrupt disappearance, and while investigating fall in love and into conflict with their unnamed country's military regime. Evangelina, during one of her trances, has struck and, with supernatural strength, thrown Lieutenant Juan de Dios Ramírez out of the Ranquileo house. From this unconscious affront to military authority her own doom and that of Irene and Francisco flow. Evangelina is the only magical character in this somewhat misty but basically realistic novel, and her fits, her curious swap with the Flores infant (also called Evangelina), and her alleged miracles consort uneasily with the book's burden of political protest. So-called "magic realism" I take to be basically a method of nostalgia: the past—personal, familial, and national—weathers into fabulous shapes in memory without surrendering its fundamental truth. Fantasy, for García Márquez and his followers, is a higher level of honesty and directness in the rendering of experiences that have become subjectivized and mythologized. But in rousing the reader to care about a contemporary evil—the thinly disguised Pinochet regime—fantasy intrudes as a softening veil; it allows us to take the protest more lightly. If Evangelina's miracles are merely a manner of speaking, then the cave of corpses that the lovers discover, and the good Cardinal to whom the lovers confide their discovery, and the ordeals and disguises to which they submit, can also be felt as a manner of speaking.



And speaking deteriorates into rhetoric. The diction suffers from primness, of a radical rather than conservative bent. We read of Francisco's "black eyes shining with understanding; the boyish grin when he smiled; the different mouth, thin-lipped, hard, when he saw evidence of man's cruelty to man." A worker-priest is not merely described but posterized:

> Although José Leal did not claim to be the Cardinal's friend, he knew him through his work in the Vicariate, where often they worked side by side, united in their compassionate desire to bring human solidarity where divine love seemed to be lacking.

This sentence, with its concluding rap on God's knuckles, does help animate the worker-priest movement; but when it comes to a family parting, the mural style smears into lugubrious cliché:

> . . . and their voices and footsteps resounded dully in the desolate air like an ominous omen. . . . Tense, beyond words, they embraced for one last time. Father and son clasped each other for a long moment filled with unspoken promises and

> guidance. Then Francisco felt his mother in his arms, tiny and fragile, her adored face unseen against his chest, her tears at last overflowing. . . . When they turned the corner, a harsh sob of farewell escaped Francisco's breast, and the tears he had held back during that terrible evening rushed to his eyes. He sank to the threshold, his face buried in his hands, crushed by ineffable sadness.

Perhaps the translator should share the blame for "ominous omen" and "ineffable sadness;" in general the English seems stiff, compared to Magda Bogin's flowing version of the earlier novel.

"Of Love and Shadows" comes to life mostly in its corners: Professor Leal's quixotic vow never to wear socks until Franco is deposed, and Irene's fiancé's return from an Antarctic sojourn with "his skin burned almost black from the reverberating snow," and Señora Beltrán's old-age home full of senile dreamers and her young lover who lazes his life away in a far-off beach resort and her incorrigible taste for luxury and her vain armory of "little bottles of oil for her breasts, collagen for her throat, hormone lotions and creams for her skin, placental extract and mink oil for her hair, capsules of royal jelly and pollen of eternal youth." The senior Leals are unpredictable and vivid in the account of their escape from Fascist Spain and, when a son dies, of their joint descent into and return from an abyss of mourning. The mystery of why military dictatorships are repeatedly allowed to arise is illuminated in a phrase: Irene's soldier fiancé explains to her, "I thought the nation needed a respite from the politicians." A respite from politicians is what Oliver North, for his moment on television, offered enchanted millions; more tragically, it is what the Latin-American armed forces, from Bolívar on, have stood ready to offer the nations to our south.

A CHILE both more actual and more surreal than Isabel Allende's is fragmentarily glimpsed in "Clandestine in Chile: The Adventures of Miguel Littín," by Gabriel García Márquez (translated from the Spanish by Asa Zatz; Henry Holt; $13.95). Littín is a filmmaker who, in 1970, was appointed by President Salvador Allende to be head of the newly nationalized Chile Films. When, on September 11, 1973, the Allende government was toppled in a bloody coup led by General Augusto Pinochet, Littín just barely escaped with his life. Since 1973 he has lived with his family in Mexico and Spain, and his name has remained on the government list of exiles forbidden to return to Chile. In May of 1985, disguised as a Uruguayan businessman, he returned to Chile on a false passport, and for six weeks travelled throughout the country, directing a number of film crews in capturing, on over a hundred thousand feet of film, twenty-five hours of life under the Pinochet dictatorship. This footage was smuggled out and subsequently edited to make a four-hour film for television and a two-hour feature for movie theatres. In 1986, in Madrid, Littín described his feat to Gabriel García Márquez, and the novelist persuaded the filmmaker to undergo "a grueling interrogation, the tape of which ran some eighteen hours." Out of nearly six hundred pages of transcript García Márquez condensed the ten chapters of this short text, much as, over thirty years ago, as a young journalist in Bogotá, he produced from interviews with Luis Alejandro Velasco "The Story of a Shipwrecked Sailor." Both narratives come to about a hundred printed pages, and in both cases the story and perhaps the words are another's but the élan is all Gabriel García Márquez's.

Just as the shipwrecked sailor, in his extremities of hunger, thirst, and isolation, manifested a fabulous poise and capacity for observation, the clandestine filmmaker, amid the perils and strangeness of his situation, shows a breathtaking insouciance. Coming into Santiago for the first time in twelve years, in a disguise that includes a fake Uruguayan accent, plucked eyebrows, a doctored hairdo, a twenty-pound weight loss, and the fancy, expensive clothes of a *momio* (a smug conservative bourgeois; literally, a mummy), and further equipped with a fake wife—a Chilean expatriate, called Elena, actively associated with the Chilean resistance—Littín endangers the whole scheme by impulsively hopping from a cab and mingling with the crowds:

> Elena tried to dissuade me, but she couldn't argue with me as vehemently as she would have liked, for fear the driver would overhear. In the grip of uncontrollable emotion, I had the taxi stop and jumped out, slamming the door. . . . I was weeping when I got back to the hotel a step ahead of curfew. The door had just been locked and the concierge had to let me in. Elena had registered for both of us and was in our room hanging up the antenna for the portable radio when I entered. She seemed calm, but the moment I was inside she blew up like a proper wife. It

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> was inconceivable to her that I could have run the risk of walking the streets alone until the last minutes before curfew.

Further, while in Chile, he stares at policemen and attracts their attention, ignores the passwords the resistance has set up, takes spur-of-the-moment excursions, neglects to remove his notes from his suitcase and his true identity card from his wallet, and pays an improvised, after-curfew visit to his mother. He stays in the country to the very last minute, after his crews are gone; the police are closing in, and the underground is signalling him to "Get out or go under," but he tries to arrange one more clandestine interview and comes within seconds of missing the plane out. He keeps pushing his luck, in short, like a good director upping the suspense in a movie.

His misadventures generate some gaudy imagery. Told to meet, at a certain street corner, "a blue Renault 12 with a sticker of the Society for the Protection of Animals on the windshield," he jumps into the first blue Renault that comes along, without checking for the sticker, and finds himself in the back seat of a chauffeur-driven car with a woman "no longer young but still very beautiful, dripping with jewels, provocatively perfumed, wearing a pink mink coat that must have cost two or three times as much as the car itself. She was an unmistakable but rarely encountered example of the Santiago upper crust." To this startled apparition he gives the password, "Where can I buy an umbrella at this hour?" Recovering her composure, the lady in pink mink obligingly asks her chauffeur to drop Littín off at a department store that is still open. On another confused occasion, a restaurant liaison with a member of the resistance is broken up by a punch-drunk ex-boxer, and, on a third, Littín hides from the police in a theatre where a spotlight suddenly hits him and he is made the butt of a stripteaser's lewd banter—a scene right out of Hitchcock. Moments of magic realism fringe our hero's hazardous travels: Pablo Neruda's house in Isla Negra ("this legendary place is neither an island nor black") trembles every ten or fifteen minutes throughout the day; and at Littín's boyhood home his mother, "carrying a lighted candle in a candlestick, as in a Dickens novel," leads him to an exact reconstruction, complete with furniture and disordered papers, of his old study in Santiago, just as he had left it when he went into exile twelve years before. Glimmers of fantasy play, too, about his brave fellow-conspirators; one wealthy elderly woman who hides him talks like an old gangster film:

> She could not resign herself to the possibility that she had wasted her time bringing up children to be *momios*, playing canasta with moronic matrons, to end up knitting and watching tearjerkers on TV. At seventy, she had discovered that her true vocation was the armed struggle, conspiracy, and the headiness of audacious action.
>
> "Better than dying in bed with your kidneys rotting away," she said. "I'd prefer to go out in a street fight against the cops with a bellyful of lead."

Needless to say, both Littín and Isabel Allende see Pinochet as a monster and the Allende years as happy days when land was distributed, industries nationalized, and the masses given a break from centuries of oppression. Dying in the assault that partly destroyed the Moneda Palace, Allende became a martyr, even a saint. Littín tells how the former leader's photograph was hidden, in one home, behind an image of the Virgin, and how in many homes floral offerings and votive lamps were placed before the small busts of Allende that were sold in the markets during his Presidency. Such reported facts tell more of a story than the somewhat abstract romance and sugary socialism of "Of Love and Shadows." Further, Littín's random encounters, as mediated through the ghost authorship of a great writer, afford us a politically unfiltered picture of life, a reality wherein the clandestine visitor keeps blundering up out of the underground and can entertain, concerning a beautiful rich woman who tries to help him buy a code-word umbrella, the passing thought, "She was as charming and warm as she was beautiful and one would have wished to linger in the pleasure of her company, forgetting, for just one night, repression, politics, even art." Without some anarchical openness to possibilities, the Latin-American novelist is in danger of writing whodunits wherein the government, invariably, did it. —JOHN UPDIKE

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The Chautauqua Opera's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has a special meaning for Spiro Agnew who sings the role of "Bottom." The world premiere of the piece took place in England in 1960. Agnew sang "Bottom" in the opera's New York premiere in 1963.—*Chautauquan (N.Y.) Daily.*

He also sang "Nolo contendere" in "Greed."

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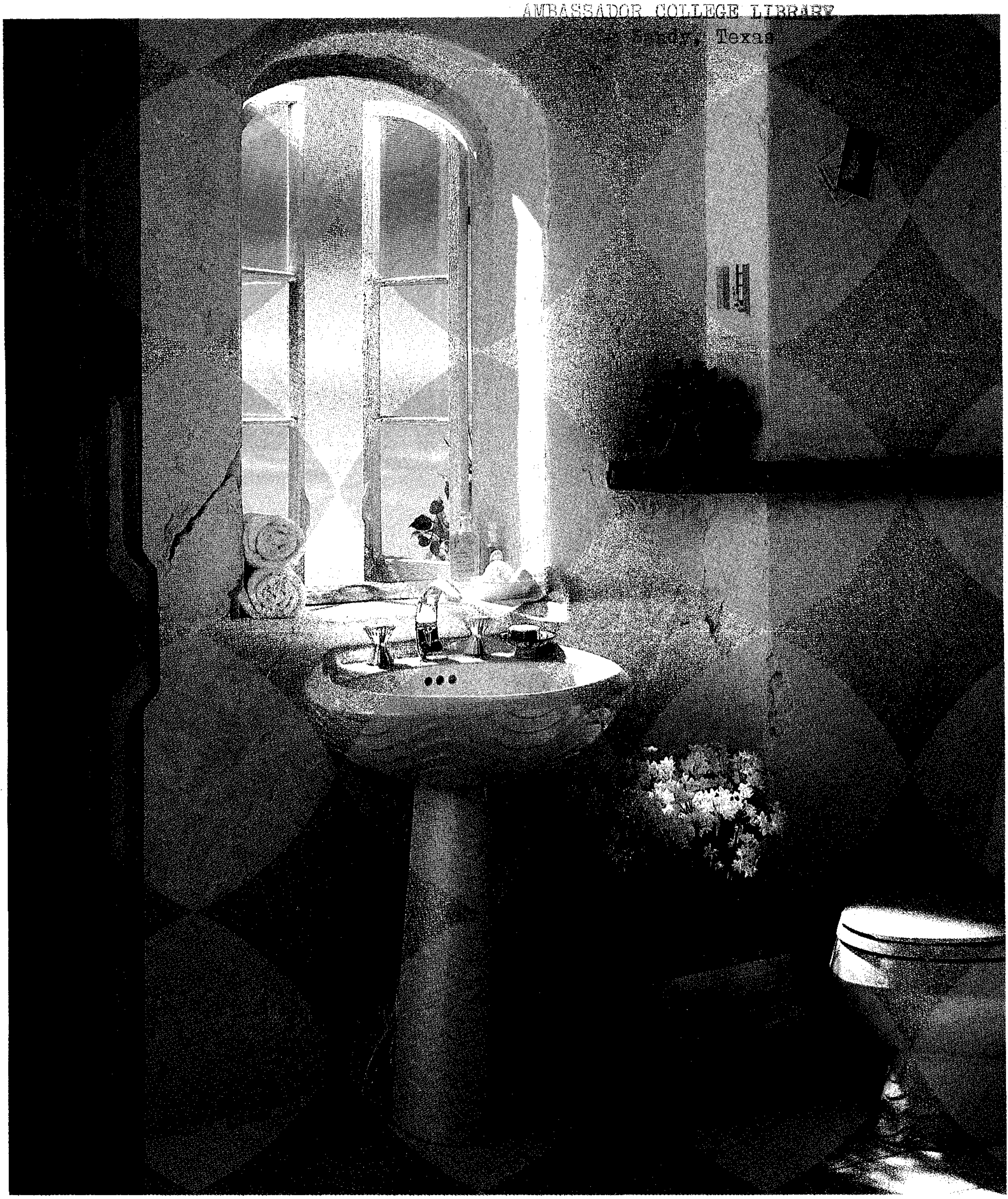

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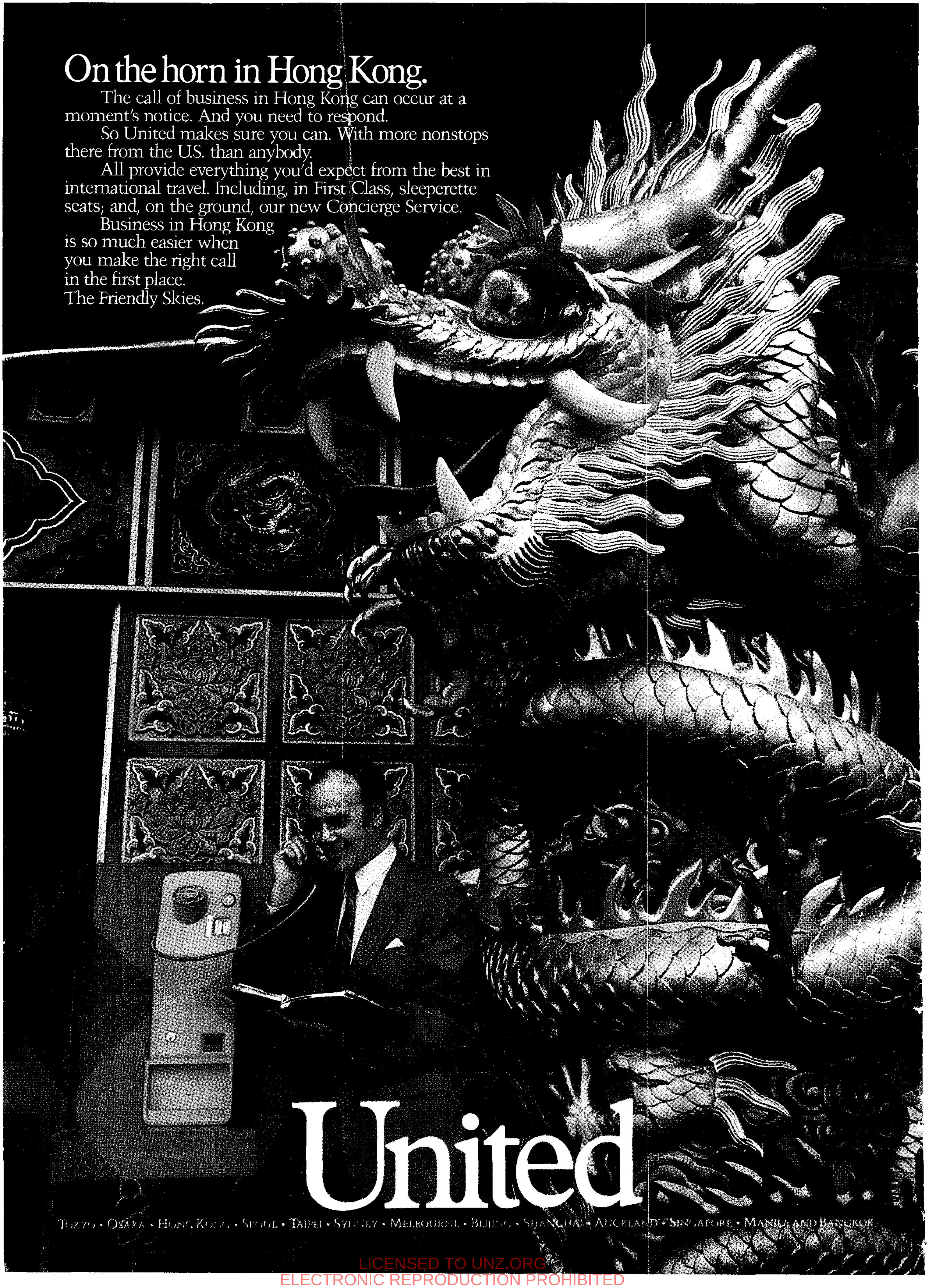
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